

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:
A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXVI. — SEPTEMBER, 1895. — No. CCCCLV.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XVI.

IMMEDIATELY I opened the packet. True enough, the two books of poems I had lent Alixe were there. They were written by one of my masters at the university, a man of singular talents and delicacy of mind, who had never sought fame, his poems being privately printed, and destined only for his few friends, of whom it was my great joy to be one. For though I am of a rough exterior, I have great sympathies for all natural and artistic refinements; nor am I without some small gifts of imagination.

I turned the leaves over quickly, and held the books up, so that anything might drop out; but there was nothing, save the flying leaves, to the eye. I was convinced that there must be a message somewhere in the books; that this was a means of my dear girl to send me news. But was it not most daring, to send it by our mutual enemy; to hoodwink the very man who, by touching a spring, as it were, could overwhelm us both with misery? I held a book open in my hand, beside the stove, thinking and wondering; but presently, glancing down, I saw one poem marked. I thought at first that I had missed it when I searched before, and whether the marking was by my own hand or Alixe's I could not remember. Soon, however, I saw that it was not mine, for it had been done, I found, by

a tiny brush, and the color had been put on wet. It flashed upon me that this was a color which showed only when exposed to heat and light — an old ruse, yet serving well enough. But when I looked again at the poem, and read it through, I was still tossed about in my mind. I will give the verses here: —

(*He.*)

"Oh, could I read thy heart, dear maid,
If eyes were thoughts behind,
If in the prism of a tear
Flashed out thy constant mind;

"If from thy lips, the scarlet clasps
Which bind the covers rare
Of thy rich volume, I could know
The story hiding there;

"If I could to thy prisoned heart
Steal by some hidden way,
And at the window-bars look in
Where love doth hide and stay;

"Oh, I would publish forth the tale, —
Yet privately would I, —
Thy book with mine should go to find
One immortality."

(*She.*)

"Why shouldst thou seek the hidden way?
In wisdom thou hadst known
The tale held by the scarlet clasps
Hides in the cover alone."

I read the poem over slowly, the last verse twice or thrice, and then the whole thing came to me. Her message was hid in the covers of the books. At once I

examined them minutely, and I saw that, most deftly indeed, the covers of one book had been taken apart, and filled in with what must be a letter. I lifted carefully the inner paper of the covers, and there was her message, written upon thin, closely pressed paper : —

DEAR ROBERT, — I know not if this will ever reach you, for I am about to try a perilous thing, even to make Monsieur Doltaire my letter-carrier. Bold as it is, I hope to bring it through safely.

You must know that my mother now makes Monsieur Doltaire welcome to our home, for his great talents and persuasion have so worked upon her that she believes him not so black as he is painted. My father, too, is not unmoved by his amazing address and complaisance. He does not proclaim himself of any merits, but rather hints his badness so frankly and with such delicate touches of over-color that he makes an argument for his virtues. And these things are so set off by occasional charities, by his public honesty, — for he is against all the corruption led by the Intendant, — by his skill in conversation, and by his adroit tenacity that he goes much farther with the best folk than you would guess possible. I do not think he often cares to use his arts — he is too indolent ; but with my father, my mother, and my sister he has set in motion all his resources.

Robert, all Versailles is here. The genius of that brilliant but flippant and wicked court is here. This Monsieur Doltaire speaks for it. I know not if all courts in the world are the same, but indeed, if so, I am at heart no courtier. I love the sparkle, the sharp play of wit and word, the very touch-and-go of weapons ; I am in love with life, and I wish to live to be old, very old, that I will have known it all, from helplessness to helplessness again, that I may miss nothing, even though much be sad to feel and bear. Robert, I should have gone

on many years, seeing little, knowing little, I think, if it had not been for you and for your troubles, which are mine, and for this love of ours, builded in the midst of sorrows. Georgette is now as old as when I first came to love you, and you were thrown into the citadel, and yet I am ten years older than she ; necessity has made me wise. Ah, if necessity would but make me happy, too, by giving you your liberty, that on these many miseries endured we might set up a sure home. I wonder if you think — if you think of that : a little home away from all these wars, aloof from these vexing times and things.

But there ! all too plainly I am showing you my heart. Yet it is so great a comfort to speak on paper to you, in this silence here. Can you guess where is that *here*, Robert ? It is not the Château St. Louis — no. It is not the Manor. It is the Château, dear Château Alixe, — my father has called it that, — on the Island of Orleans. You would never have guessed it, would you ? I feel so free here, more as I used to do when you knew me at the Manor House, in the good old garden there. Do you remember the hawk you set free, that clear morning ? Three days ago I was sick at heart, tired of all the junketings and feastings, and I begged my mother to fetch me here, though it is yet but early spring, and snow is on the ground.

First, you must know that this new Château is built upon, and is joined to, the ruins of an old one, owned long years ago by the Baron of Beaugard, whose strange history you must learn some day, out of the papers we have found here. I begged my father not to tear the old portions of the manor down, but, using the first foundations, put up a house half castle and half manor. Pictures of the old manor were found, and so we have a place that is no patchwork, but a renewal. I made my father give me the old surviving part of the building for my own, and so it is.

It is all set on high ground abutting on the water almost at the point where I am, and I have the river in my sight all day. Now, think yourself in the new building. You come out of a dining-hall, hung all about with horns and weapons and shields and such bravery, go through a dark, narrow passage, and then down a step or two. You open a door, bright light breaks on your eyes; then two steps lower, and you are here with me. You might have gone outside the dining-hall upon a stone terrace, and so have come along to the deep window where I sit so often. You may think of me a-hiding in the curtains, watching you, though you knew it not till you touched the window and I came out quietly, startling you, so that your heart would beat beyond counting!

As I look up towards the window, the thing first in sight is the cage, with the little bird which came to me in the cathedral the morning my brother got lease of life again: you *do* remember — is it not so? It is never from my room, and though I have come here but for a week I muffled the cage well and brought it over; and there the bird swings and sings the long day through. Robert, it may seem strange to you, but I can never look upon it without a feeling that it was no mere accident which sent it to me. It is a close and dear companion, and it alone hears all my secrets — those which I bless myself in thinking you would care to know. I have heaped the window-seats with soft furs, and one of these I prize most rarely. It was a gift — and whose, think you? Even a poor soldier's. You see I have not all friends among the great folk. I often lie upon that soft robe of sable — ay, sable, Master Robert — and think of him who gave it to me. Now I know you are jealous, and I can see your eyes flash up. But you shall at once be soothed. It is no other than Gabord's gift. He is now of the Governor's body-guard, and I think is by no means happy, and would prefer

service with the Marquis de Montcalm, who goes not comfortably with the Intendant and the Governor.

One day Gabord came to our house on the ramparts, and, asking for me, blundered out, "Aho, what shall a soldier do with sables? They are for gentles and for wrens to snuggle in. Here comes a Russian county oversea, and goes mad in tavern. Here comes Gabord, and saves county from a ruddy crest for kissing the wrong wench. Then county falls on Gabord's neck, and kisses both his ears, and gives him sables, and crosses oversea again; and so good-by to county and his foolery. And sables shall be Mademoiselle's, if she will have them." He might have sold the thing for many louis, and yet he brought it to me; and he would not go till he had seen me sitting on it, muffling my hands and face in the soft fur.

Robert, in the hour of sore trial this man will help me. We have gone through sad things, you and I, but something tells me there must be sadder still before we come to quiet. I am learning how, in all noise and stir and confusing motions, one must stand still, saving the brain and will for the great moment, fencing one's self about with deep motives.

Just now, as I am writing, I glance at the table where I sit — a small brown table of oak, carved with the name of Félise, Baroness of Beaugard. She sat here; and some day, when you hear her story, you will know why I begged Madame Lotbinière to give it to me in exchange for another, once the King's. Carved, too, beneath her name, are the words, "Oh, tarry thou the Lord's leisure." It is like a word from out a sanctuary. Perhaps one does not need such things to keep one in believing, but they are like little lights which tell us that the sun is coming, that the day will break.

And now you shall laugh with me at a droll thing Georgette has given me to wipe my pen upon. There are three lit-

tle circles of deerskin and one of ruby velvet, stitched together in the centre. Then, standing on the velvet is a yellow woolen chick, with little eyes of beads, and a little wooden bill stuck in most quaintly, and a head that twists like a weathercock. It has such a piquant silliness of look that I laugh at it most heartily, and I have an almost elfish fun in smearing its downy feathers. I am sure you did not think I could be amused so easily; but indeed I have an eye for the grotesque and droll. It is that which saves me many an hour from gloom, and keeps me spirited abroad, when but for thought of your good I could be dull enough, Heaven knows. You shall see this silly chick one day, humorously ugly and all daubed with ink.

There is a low couch in one corner of the room, and just above hangs a picture of my mother. In another corner is a little shelf of books, among them two which I have studied constantly since you were put in prison — your great Shakespeare, and the writings of one Mr. Addison. I had few means of studying at first, so difficult it seemed, and all the words sounded hard; but there is your countryman, one Lieutenant Stevens of Rogers' Rangers, a prisoner here, as you know, and he has helped me, and is prepared to help you when the time comes for stirring. I teach him French; and though I do not talk of you, he tells me in what esteem you are held in Virginia and in England, and is not slow to praise you on his own account, which makes me gentler towards him when he would come to sentiment in our work together. Why is it, Robert, why is it that men traffic so with their dignity and honesty? Does man think woman all vanity, all silliness, that he feeds her on honey and confections so? I have not met a man in my short life, save yourself, who from the hour of our meeting did not stoop to silliness of some sort. I sometimes ask myself, Am I the cause? Is there an invitation in my eyes, my face, my

words? I pass myself back and forth, and I cannot find the reason. I am, indeed, told often that I have no heart, that I am light and cruel, and that I care only for being first among the gay and fashionable. Could they — these foolish folk — see me shut in my chamber, as here, alone with myself, and thinking, thinking, thinking, they would not speak so. But there are some who know better: my father and mother, and these poor friends of ours, Voban, Gabor, Mathilde, and Lucy Lotbinière and Monsieur Doltaire. Lucy has seen me fall a-weeping once or twice, and Monsieur Doltaire has forced me to moments when all that I am came into action, all that God and our love have made me.

In another corner is my spinning-wheel. In its slow buzzing song my troubled thoughts have passed away, and softened reveries come upon me. This spinning-wheel has not been a mere fancy of self-interest, Robert, for I have sent the work of my hands to poor folk here; and when I have seen Mathilde sitting by me, patient yet *distrainée*, I have had a heart to do a thousand times more than may be possible. It is most pitiful to see the troubles of the poor; for there are no soft lights of luxury to ease their suffering, and when they fall, they fall so utterly. As Monsieur Doltaire said once to my father, "Break a poor man's sleep with Shame, or let Starvation walk beside him in the field he tills, and you have there both the unpardonable sin and the unpardonable punishment. The poor man must have sleep and bread and housing." My father answered, "What then of La Friponne?" Monsieur laughed at that, then shook his head. "The keeper of this famine-house shall tremble," said he, "and you and I will live to see it."

How slow I tell you all! yet it is a sweet boon to empty out the heart and soul without reserve. Oh, Robert, Robert, you love me, do you not? When you escape you never will give me up?

Nay, nay, you will not! You are of nobler elements than that. You will come back to me, or I will go with you, and in some quiet corner of your land we will sit still and let the world go by, till we have gathered strength again. Tell me that; for sometimes I am weak. I am only a young girl, after all, and I am here apart from the world, alone with my soul and you.

There is a harpsichord in a corner here, just where the soft sun sends in a ribbon of light; and I will play on it for you a pretty song. I wonder if you can hear it? Is it not so that we can sometimes set free our spirits, so that they fly to those we love, and speak with them? I am fain to think it, and I will sing the song. Where I sit at the harpsichord the belt of sunlight will fall across my shoulder, and, looking through the window, I fancy I can see your prison there on the Heights; the silver flag with its gold lilies on the Château St. Louis; the great guns of the citadel; and far off at Beauport the Manor House and garden which you and I know so well, and the Falls of Montmorenci, falling like white flowing hair from the tall cliff. I kneel at my priedieu and say an Ave, and now I sing to you: it is the song of Félice, Baroness of Beaugard, telling of the sad times when all the land was set against her, all save the man who loved her, and how at last she triumphed. Some day, perhaps, I shall be set alone against this whole country, and, like her, I shall not yield my will where my heart cannot follow.

You will care to know of how these months have been spent, and what news of note there is of the fighting between our countries. No matters of great consequence have come to our ears, save that it is thought your navy may descend on Louisburg; that Ticonderoga is also to be set upon, and Quebec to be besieged in the coming summer. From France the news is various. Now, Frederick of Prussia and England defeat the

allies, France, Russia, and Austria; now, they, as Monsieur Doltaire says, "send the great Prussian to verses and the megrins." For my own part, I am ever glad to hear that our cause is victorious, and letters that my brother writes me rouse all my ardor for my country. Juste has grown in place and favor, and in his latest letter he says that Monsieur Doltaire's voice has got him much advancement. He also remarks that Monsieur Doltaire has reputation for being one of the most reckless, clever, and cynical men in France. Things that he has said are quoted at ball and rout. Yet the King is angry with him, and La Pompadour's caprice may send him again to the Bastille. These things Juste heard from D'Argenson, Minister of War, through his secretary, with whom he is in friendly commerce.

I pray daily that La Pompadour may recall Monsieur, for his presence here is a menace both to you and to me. He stayed your execution through vanity and a whim; he might hasten on your death from the same cause. Those letters you will never give him, I know. You were tempted once, for my sake; you never will be again. He can do no worse than he has done. Oh, Robert, I fear that man, and I fear no one else in all the world. You may not guess what my life has been since that day your death was stayed by him, since that hour I talked with you in the cell where you now are. But I will do what I never thought to do: I will inclose you here some extracts from my journal, which will disclose to you the secrets of a girl's troubled heart. Some folk might say that I am unmaidenly in this. But I care not, I fear not. I know my heart, and I will bare it before God with any maid in the land, fearing no humiliation.

December 24. I was with Robert to-day, and told him all that there was time to tell. I let him see what trials I had

had with Monsieur Doltaire, and what were like to come. It hurt me to tell him, yet it would have hurt me more to withhold them. I am hurt whichever way it goes. Monsieur Doltaire rouses the worst parts of me. On the one hand I detest him for his hatred of Robert and for his evil life, yet on the other I must needs admire him for his many graces, — why are not the graces of the wicked horrible? — for his singular abilities, and because, gamester though he may be, he is no public robber. Then, too, the melancholy of his birth and history claims some sympathy. Yet is he so bad, so lost to all responsibility, — that great salvation for man or woman, — that, if one were just, one should look upon his graces with horror, as being the gilded means to evil ends. But sometimes when I listen to him speak, hear the almost piquant sadness of his words, watch the spirit of isolation which, by design or otherwise, shows in him, for the moment I am conscious of a pity or an interest which I flout in wiser hours. This is his art, the potent danger of his personality.

To-night he came, and with many fine phrases wished us a happy day to-morrow, and most deftly worked upon my mother and Georgette by looking round and speaking with a quaint sort of raillery — half pensive, it was — of the peace of this home-life of ours; and indeed, he did it so inimitably that I was not sure how much was false and how much true. Still, I am sure it was but a trick of temperament, a reflection of some by-gone hour when he may have felt such things; for it is well known what his orphaned youth was like. I tried most constantly to avoid him to-day, but my mother as constantly made private speech between us easy. At last he had his way, and then I was not sorry; for Georgette was listening to him with more color than she is wont to wear. Oh, God, I would rather see her in her grave than with her hand in his, her sweet life in

his power. She is unschooled in the ways of the world, and she never will know it as I now do. How am I sounding all the depths! Can a woman walk the dance with evil, and be no worse for it by and by? Yet for a cause, for a cause! What can I do? I cannot say, "Monsieur Doltaire, you must not speak with me, or talk with me; you are a plague-spot." No, I must even follow this path, let it wander where it will, so it but lead at last to Robert and his safety.

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

Monsieur, having me alone at last, said to me, "I have kept my word as to the little boast: this Captain Stobo still lives."

"You are not greater than I thought," said I.

He professed to see but one meaning in my words, and answered, "It was then mere whim to see me do this thing, a lady's curious mind, eh? In faith, I think your sex are the true scientists: you try experiment for no other reason than to see effect."

"You forget my interest in Captain Stobo," said I, with airy boldness.

He laughed. He was disarmed. How could he think I meant it! "My imagination halts," he rejoined. "Millennium comes when you are interested. And yet," he continued, "it is my one ambition to interest you, and I will do it, or I will say my prayers no more."

"But how can that be done no more,
Which ne'er was done before?"

I retorted, railing at him, for I feared to take him seriously.

"There you wrong me," he said. "I am devout; I am a lover of the Scriptures — their beauty haunts me; I go to mass — its dignity affects me; and I have prayed, as in my youth I wrote verses. It is not a matter of morality, but of temperament. A man may be religious, and yet be evil. Satan fell, but he believed and he admired, as the English Milton wisely shows it."

I was most glad that my father came between us at that moment; but before Monsieur left, he said to me, "You have challenged me. Beware: I have begun this chase. Yet I would rather be your follower, rather have your arrow in me, than be your hunter." He said it with a sort of warmth, which I knew was a glow in his senses merely; he was heated with his own eloquence.

"Wait," returned I. "You have heard the story of King Artus?"

He thought a moment. "No, no. I never was a child as other children. I was always comrade to the imps."

"King Artus," said I, "was most fond of hunting." (It is but a legend with its moral, as you know.) "It was forbidden by the priests to hunt while mass was being said. One day, at the lifting of the host, the King, hearing a hound bay, rushed out, and gathered his pack together; but as they went, a whirlwind caught them up into the air, where they continue to this day, following a lonely trail, never resting, and all the game they get is one fly every seventh year. And now, when all on a sudden at night you hear the trees and leaves and the sleepy birds and crickets stir, it is the old King hunting — for the fox he never gets."

Monsieur looked at me with curious intentness. "You have a great gift," he said; "you make your point by allusion. I follow you. But see: *when I am blown into the air I shall not ride alone.* Happiness is the fox we ride to cover, you and I, though we find but a firefly in the end."

"A poor reply," I remarked easily; "not worthy of you."

"As worthy as I am of you," he rejoined; then he kissed my hand. "I will see you at mass to-morrow."

Unconsciously, I rubbed the hand he kissed with my handkerchief.

"I am not to be provoked," he said. "It is much to have you treat my kiss with consequence."

March 25. No news of Robert all this month. Gabord has been away in Montreal. I see Voban only now and then, and he is strange in manner, and can do nothing. Mathilde is better — so still and desolate, yet not wild; but her memory is all gone, all save for that "François Bigot is a devil." Poor soul. Her gift, the little wooden cross, never leaves me. "If you wear that, the ring of fire will never grow in your head," she whispered to me all those months ago. It is a token to keep me humble and watchful, too. To-day, when I went to see her, she laid her hand upon mine and said, "I know where you and I can hide. And there we can hear the mill-wheel and the crying of the grasshoppers, and a wren has a home there — I have seen it. 'Pretty wren, pretty wren,' I said, 'you have a happy home.' It *peeped* at me then, and I said, 'I will give you soft hairs from my head to line your nest with, and when it is cold in the trees you shall come and lie in my breast. You shall be warm there, though you shall not hear my heart beat, for it was stole from me as I slept, my pretty wren,' I said."

So strange it is: Gabord calls me the wren; and Mathilde talks of the wren, "the bird of the good God," as the people say; and it is a wren that sings in my cage, my gift from God that day in the church. But, Mother of God, was ever girl so set about with snares? Was ever girl so hatefully entreated and cajoled? My father has taken anew a strong dislike to Monsieur Doltaire, because of hints that are abroad concerning him and Madame Courнал. I once thought she was much sinned against, but now I am sure she is not to be defended. She is most defiant, though people dare not shut their doors against her. A change seemed to come over her all at once, and over her husband also. He is now gloomy and taciturn, now foolishly gay, yet he is little seen with the Intendant, as before. However it be, Monsieur Doltaire and Bigot are

no longer intimate. What should I care for that, if Monsieur Doltaire had no power, if he were not the door between Robert and me? What care I, indeed, how vile he is, so he but serve my purpose? Let him try my heart and soul and senses as he will; I will one day purify myself of his presence and all this soiling, and find my peace in Robert's arms or in the quiet of a nunnery.

This morning I got up at sunrise, it being the Annunciation of the Virgin, and prepared to go to mass in the chapel of the Ursulines. How peaceful was the world! So still, so still. The smoke came curling up here and there through the sweet air of spring, a snowbird tripped along the white coverlet of the earth before me, and up the Ste. Foye road, before a Calvary, I saw a peasant kneel and say an Ave as he went to market. There was springtime in the sun, in the smell of the air; springtime everywhere but in my heart, which was all winter. I seemed alone — alone — alone. I felt the tears start. But that was for a moment only, I am glad to say, for I got my courage again, as I did the night before when Monsieur Doltaire placed his arm at my waist, and poured into my ears a torrent of protestations.

When he did that, I did not move at first. But I could feel my cheeks go to stone, and something clamp my heart. Yet had ever man such hateful eloquence! There is that in him — oh, shame! oh, shame! — which goes far with a woman. He has the music of passion, and though it be the very accident of life, and is lower than love, it is the poetry of the senses. Alas, alas, that such men are abroad! I spoke most calmly, too, I think, begging him place his merits where they would have better entertainment; but I said hard, cold things at last, when other means availed not, which presently made him turn upon me in another fashion.

His words dropped slowly, with a consummate carefulness, his manner was

pointedly courteous, yet there was an underpressure of force, of will, which made me see the danger of my position. He said that I was quite right; that he would wish no privilege of a woman which was not given with a frank eagerness; that to him no woman was worth the having who did not throw her whole nature into the giving. Constancy — that was another matter. But a perfect gift while there was giving at all — that was the way.

"There is something behind all this," he said. "I am not so vain as to think any merits of mine would influence you. But my devotion, my admiration of you, the very force of my passion, should move you. Be you ever so set against me, — and I do not think you are, — you should not be so strong to resist the shock of feeling. I do not know the cause, but I will find it out; and when I do, I shall remove it or be myself removed." He touched my arm with his fingers. "When I touch you like that," he said, "summer riots in my veins. I will not think that this which rouses me so is but power upon one side, and effect upon the other. Something in you called me to you, something in me will wake you yet. *Mon Dieu*, I could wait a score of years for my touch to thrill you as yours does me! And I will — I will."

"You think it suits your honor to force my affections?" I asked; for I dared not say all I wished.

"What is there in this reflecting on my honor?" he answered. "At Versailles, believe me, they would say I strive here for a canonizing. No, no; think me so gallant that I follow you to serve you, to convince you that the way I go is the way your hopes will lie. Honor? To fetch you to the point where you and I should start together on the Appian Way, I would traffic with that, even, and say I did so, and would do so a thousand times, if in the end it put your hand in mine. Who, who can give you what I offer, can offer?"

See: I have given myself to a hundred women in my time—but what of me? That which was a candle in a wind, and the light went out. There was no depth, no life, in that; the shadow of a man was there those hundred times. But here, now, the whole man plunges into this sea, and he will reach the lighthouse on the shore, or be broken on the reefs. Look in my eyes, and see the furnace there, and tell me if you think that fire is for cool corners in the gardens at Neuilly or for the Hills of”— He suddenly broke off, and a singular smile followed. “There, there,” he said, “I have said enough. It came to me all at once how droll my speech would sound to our people at Versailles. It is an elaborate irony that the occasional virtues of certain men turn and mock them. That is the penalty of being inconsistent. Be saint or imp; it is the only way. But this imp that mocks me relieves you of reply. Yet I have spoken truth, and again and again I will tell it you, till you believe according to my gospel.”

How glad I was that he himself lightened the situation! The theatrical turn to this mockery made my part easier to play. I had been driven to despair, but this strange twist in his mood made all smooth for me. “That ‘again and again’ sounds dreary,” said I. “It might almost appear I must some time accept your gospel, to cure you of preaching it, and save me from eternal drowsiness.”

We were then most fortunately interrupted. He made his adieus, and I went to my room, brooded till my head ached, then fell a-weeping, and wished myself out of the world, I was so sick and weary. Now and again a hot shudder of shame and misery ran through me, as I thought of Monsieur’s words to me. Put them how he would, they sound an insult now, though as he spoke I felt the power of his passion. “If you had lived a thousand years ago, you would have loved a thousand times,” he said to me one day. Sometimes I think he spoke truly; I have

a nature that responds to all eloquence in life. But I thank God that I have that which keeps me steady in the ebb and flow of all emotions; I have a heart which anchors in one harbor only, a pride which will not be set by.

There, Robert, I have bared my heart to thee. I have hidden nothing. In a few days I shall go back to the city with my mother, and when I can I will send news; and do thou send me news also, if thou canst devise a safe way. Meanwhile, I have written my brother Juste to be magnanimous, and to try for thy freedom. He will not betray me, and he may help us. I have begged him to write to thee a letter of reconciliation.

And now, comrade of my heart, do thou have courage. I also shall be strong as I am ardent. Having written thee, I am cheerful once more; and when again I may, I will open the doors of my heart that thou mayst come in. That heart is thine, Robert. Thy

ALIXE,

who loves thee all her days.

P. S. I have found the names and places of the men who keep the guard beneath thy window. If there is chance for freedom that way, fix the day some time ahead, and I will see what may be done. Voban fears nothing; he will act secretly for me. A.

I read and re-read her letter, and gave myself up for the whole day to reverie. The depth and seriousness of her character, her most singular sincerity, kept me in wonder and admiration. The next day I arranged for my escape, which had been long in planning.

XVII.

I should have tried escape earlier but that it was little use to venture forth

in the harsh winter in a hostile country. But now April had come, and I was keen to make a trial of my fortune. I had been saving food for a long time, little by little, and hiding it in the old knapsack which had held my second suit of clothes. I had used the little stove for parching my food — Indian corn, for which I had professed a fondness to my jailer, and liberally paid for out of funds which had been sent me by George Washington in answer to my letter, and other moneys to a goodly amount in a letter from Governor Dinwiddie. These letters had been carefully written, and the Marquis de Vaudreuil, into whose hands they had first come, was gallant enough not to withhold them, though he read them first. But I am sure he ordered extra vigilance over me because of this, and was peremptory and threatening in his orders to my jailer and the sentinels.

Besides Indian corn, the parching of which amused me, I had parched ham and tongue, and bread and cheese, enough, by frugal use, to last me a month at least. I knew it would be a journey of six weeks or more to the nearest English settlement, but if I could get that month's start I should forage for the rest, or take my fate as I found it: I was used to all the twists of fortune now. My knapsack gradually filled, and meanwhile I slowly worked my passage into the open world. There was the chance that my jailer would explore the knapsack; but after a time I lost that fear, for it lay untouched with a blanket in a corner, and I swept and garnished my cell with my own hands.

The true point of danger was the window. There lay my way. It was stoutly barred with iron up and down, and the bars were set in the solid limestone. Soon after I entered this prison, I saw that I must cut a groove in the stone from stanchion to stanchion, and then, by drawing one to the other, make an opening large enough to let my body through. For tools I had only a miser-

able knife with which I cut my victuals, and the smaller but stouter one which Gabord had not taken from me. There could be no pounding, no chiseling, but only rubbing of the hard stone. So hour after hour I rubbed away, being, however, in constant danger of discovery. My jailer had a trick of sudden entrance, which would have been grotesque if it had not been so serious to me. To provide against the half-flurried inquisition of his eye, I kept near me bread well chewed, and filling the hole with it, I covered it with the sand I had rubbed or the ashes of my pipe. I lived in dread of these entrances, but at last I found that they chanced only within certain hours, and I arranged my times of work accordingly. Once or twice, however, as I worked, I was so impatient with my slow progress that I scratched the stone with some asperity and noise, and was rewarded by hearing my fellow stumbling in the hall; for, in truth, he had as uncertain limbs as ever I saw. He stumbled upon nothing, as you have seen a child trip itself up by tangling of its feet.

The first time that he came, roused by the grating noise as he sat below, he stumbled in the very centre of the cell, and fell upon his knees. I would have laughed if I had dared, but I yawned over the book I had hastily snatched up, and puffed great whiffs from my pipe. I dreaded lest he should go to the window. He started for it, but suddenly made for my couch, and dragged it away, as if looking to find a hole dug beneath it. Still I did not laugh at him, but gravely watched him; and presently he went away. Once again I was foolishly harsh with my tools; but I knew now the time required by him to come upstairs, and I swiftly filled the groove with bread, strewed ashes and sand over it, rubbed all smooth, and was plunged in my copy of Montaigne when he entered. This time he went straight to the window, looked at it, tried the stan-

chions, and then, with an amused attempt at being cunning and hiding his own vigilance, he asked me, with laborious hypocrisy, if I had seen Monsieur Voban pass the window. And so for weeks and weeks we played hide-and-seek with each other.

At last I had nothing to do but sit and wait, for the groove was cut, the bar had room to play. I could not bend it, for it was fast at the top; but when my hour of adventure was come, I would tie a handkerchief round the two bars, and twist it with the piece of hickory used for stirring the fire. Here was my engine of escape, and I waited till April should wind to its close, when I should, in the softer weather, try my fortune outside these walls.

After I received Alixe's letter, I took a day or so to think over my affairs, to decide upon my actions, and then I wrote her a letter, in which I set forth my plan of escape and my hopes for the future. I told her that I was now bound for freedom, and that, if fortune favored me, I should join the forces coming against Quebec, and win her with sword and flame. I bade her be sure that while I lived I should never yield her to another, nor ever falter in my purposes. I did not in the smallest show that I recognized her own fears, or that I saw the struggle she was having against Doltaire's engaging devices. I knew there was the true thing in her, and that would save her. All was with him, place, distinction, elegance, temperament, even the occasional shadows of his wickedness — for woman's mind is curious; yet there was a loyalty in her which grew the stronger, with violence threatening it. But these things may be seen in her deeds. So time went on until one eventful day, even the 30th of April of that year 1758.

It was raining and blowing when I waked, and it ceased not all the day, coming to a hailstorm in the evening. There was much thundering, also, and

night drew on, repenting nothing of the day. I felt sure that my guards without would, on such a day, relax their vigilance, nor march back and forth under my window. In the evening I listened, and heard no voices nor any sound of feet, only the pelting rain and the whistling wind. Yet I did not stir till midnight. Then I slung the knapsack in front of me, so that I could force it through the window first, and tying my handkerchief round the iron bars, I screwed it up with my stick. Presently the bars came together, and my way was open. I got my body through by dint of squeezing, and let myself go plump into the mire below. Then I stood still a minute, and listened again.

A light was shining not far away. Drawing near, I saw that it came from a small hut or lean-to. Looking through the cracks, I observed my two gentlemen drowsing in the corner. I was eager for their weapons, but I dared not make the attempt to get them, for they were laid between their legs, the barrels resting against their shoulders. I drew back, and for a moment paused to get my bearings. Then I made for a corner of the yard where the wall was lowest, and, taking a run at it, caught the top, with difficulty scrambled up, and speedily was over and floundering in the mud. I knew well where I was, and at once started off in a northwesterly direction, towards the St. Charles River, making for a certain farmhouse above the town. Yet I took care, though it was dangerous, to travel a street in which was Voban's house. There was no light in the street nor in his house, nor had I seen any one abroad as I came, not even a sentinel.

I knew where was the window of the barber's bedroom, and I tapped upon it softly. Instantly I heard a stir; then there came the sound of flint and steel, then a light, and presently a hand at the window, and a voice asking, "Who's there?"

I gave a quick reply; the light was

put out, the window opened, and Voban stared at me.

"This letter," said I, "to Mademoiselle Duvarney;" and I slipped ten louis into his hand, also.

This he quickly handed back. "Monsieur," said he, "if I take it I would seem to myself a traitor — no — no. But I will give the letter."

Then he asked me in; but I would not, yet begged him, if he could, to have a canoe at my disposal at a point below the Falls of Montmorenci two nights hence.

"Monsieur," said he, "I will do so if I can, but I am watched. I would not pay a sou for my life — no. Yet I will serve you, if there is a way."

Then I told him what I meant to do, and bade him repeat it exactly to Mademoiselle. This he swore to do, and I cordially grasped the good wretch's shoulder, and thanked him with all my heart. I got from him a weapon, also, and again I put gold louis into his hand, and bade him keep it, for I might need his kind offices to spend it for me. To this he consented, and I plunged into the dark again. I had not gone far when I heard footsteps coming, and I drew aside into the corner of a porch. A moment, then the light flashed in full upon me. I had my hand upon the hanger I had got from Voban, and I was ready to strike if there were need, when Gabord's voice broke on my ear, and his hand caught at the short sword by his side.

"It is dickey-bird, aho!" cried he. "Come forth, and home with Gabord." There was exultation in his eye and voice. Here was a chance for him to prove himself against me; he had proved himself for me more than once. "Here was I," added he, "making for Monsieur Voban, that he might come and bleed a sick soldier, when who should come running but our English captain! Come forth, aho!"

"No, Gabord," said I, "I'm bound

for freedom." I stepped forth, his hanger poised against me. I was intent to make a desperate fight.

"March on," returned he gruffly, and I could feel the iron in his voice.

"But not with you, Gabord. My way lies towards Virginia."

"March on, or dickey-bird's gill goes split!" he threatened.

I did not care to strike the first blow, and I made to go past him. His lantern came down, and he made a catch at my shoulder. I swung back, threw off my cloak and up my weapon. Then we fought. My knapsack troubled me, for it was loose, and kept shifting. Gabord made stroke after stroke, watchful, heavy, offensive, muttering to himself as he struck and parried. There was no hatred in his eyes, but he had the lust of fighting on him, and he was breathing easily, and could have kept this up for hours. As we fought I could hear a clock in a house near strike one. Then a cock crowed. I had received two slight wounds, and I had not touched my enemy. But I was swifter, and I came at him suddenly with a rush, and struck for his left shoulder when I saw my chance. I felt the steel strike the bone. As I did so, he caught my wrist and lunged most fiercely at me, dragging me to him. The blow struck straight at my side, but it went through the knapsack, which had swung loose, and so saved my life; for another instant and I had tripped him down, and he lay bleeding badly.

"Aho! 't was a fair fight, dickey-bird," said he. "Now get you gone. I call for help."

"No, no," I replied, "I cannot leave you so, Gabord. Not till help comes." I stooped and lifted up his head.

"Then you shall go to citadel," said he, feeling for his small trumpet.

"No, no," I answered; "I'll go fetch Voban."

"To bleed me more!" quoth he; and I knew well he was pleased that I did

not leave him. "Nay, kick against yon door. It is Captain Lancy's."

At that moment a window opened, and Lancy's voice was heard. Without a word I seized Gabord's lantern and my cloak, and made away as hard as I could go.

"I'll have a wing of dickey-bird for lantern there!" roared Gabord, swearing roundly as I ran off with it.

With all my might I hurried, and was soon outside the town, and coming fast to the farmhouse about two miles beyond. Nearing it, I hid the lantern beneath my cloak and made for an out-house. The door was not locked, and I passed in. There was a loft nearly full of hay, and I crawled up, and dug a hole far down against the side of the building, and climbed in, bringing with me for drink a nest of hen's eggs which I found in a corner. The warmth of the dry hay was comforting, and after caring for my wounds, which I found were but scratches, I had somewhat to eat from my knapsack, drank up two eggs, and then coiled myself for sleep. It was my purpose, if not discovered, to stay where I was two days, and then to make for the point below the Falls of Montmorenci where I hoped to find a canoe of Voban's placing.

When I waked it must have been near noon, so I lay still for a time, listening to the cheerful noise of fowls and cattle in the yard without, and to the clacking of a hen above me. The air smelt very sweet. I also heard my unknowing host, at whose table I had once sat, two years before, talking with his son, who had just come over from Quebec, bringing news of my escape, together with a wonderful story of the fight between Gabord and myself. It had, by his calendar, lasted some three hours, and both of us, in the end, fought as we lay upon the ground. "But presently along comes a cloaked figure, with horses, and he lifts Monsieur the Englishman upon one, and away they ride like the devil towards St. Charles

River and Beauport. Gabord was taken to the hospital, and he swore that Englishman would not have got away if stranger had not fetched him a crack with a pistol-butt which sent him dumb and dizzy. And there Monsieur Lancy le Capitaine sleep snug through all until the horses ride away!"

The farmer and his son laughed heartily, with many a "By Gar!" their sole English oath. Then came the news that six thousand livres were offered for me, dead or living, the drums beating far and near to tell the people so.

The farmer gave a long whistle, and in a great bustle set to calling all his family to arm themselves and join with him in this treasure-hunting. I am sure at least a dozen were at the task, searching all about; nor did they neglect the loft where I lay. But I had dug far down, drawing the hay over me as I went, so that they must needs have been keener than they were to have smelt me out. After about three hours' poking about over all the farm, they met again outside this building, and I could hear their gabble plainly. The smallest among them, the piping chore-boy, he was for spitting me without mercy; and the milking-lass would toast me with a hay-fork, that she would, and six thousand livres should set her up forever.

In the midst of their rattling came two soldiers, who ordered them about, and with much blustering began searching here and there, and chucking the maids under the chins, as I could tell by their little bursts of laughter, and the "La M'sieu's!" which trickled through the hay. I am sure that one such little episode saved me. For I heard a soldier just above me poking and tossing hay with uncomfortable vigor. But presently the amorous hunter turned his thoughts elsewhere, and I was left to myself, and to a late breakfast of parched beans and bread and raw eggs, after which I lay and thought; and the sum of the thinking was that I would stay where I was

till the first wave of the hunt had passed. And so I did, cramped, but snug and comfortable, and gaining confidence and courage as I waited.

Near midnight of the second day I came out most secretly from my lurking-place, and faced straight for St. Charles River. Finding it at high water, I plunged in, with my knapsack and cloak on my head, and made my way across, reaching the opposite shore safely. After going two miles or so, I discovered friendly covert in the woods, where, in spite of my cloak and dry cedar boughs wrapped round, I shivered as I lay till morning. When the sun came up, I drew out, that it might dry me; after which I crawled back into my nest and fell into a broken sleep. Many times during the day I heard the horns of my hunters, and more than once voices near me. But I had crawled into the hollow of a half-uprooted stump, and the cedar branches, which had been cut off a day or two before, were a screen. I could see soldiers here and there, armed and greatly swaggering, and faces of peasants and shopkeepers whom I knew.

A function was being made of my escape; it was a hunting-feast, in which women were as eager as their husbands and their brothers. There was something devilish in it, when I came to think of it: a whole town roused and abroad to hunt down one poor fugitive, whose only sin was in themselves a virtue — loyalty to his country. I saw women armed with sickles and iron forks, and lads bearing axes and hickory poles cut to a point like a spear, while blunderbusses were in plenty. Now and again a weapon was fired, and, to watch their motions and peepings, it might have been thought I was a dragon, or that they all were hunting *La Jongleuse*, their fabled witch, whose villainies, are they not told at every fireside?

Often I shivered violently, and anon I was burning hot; my adventure had given me a chill and fever. Late in the

evening of this day, my hunters having drawn off with as little sense as they had hunted me, I edged cautiously down past Beauport and on to the Montmorenci Falls. I came along in safety, and reached a spot near the point where Voban was to hide the boat. The highway ran between. I looked out cautiously. No one was in sight, but then the road went only a little way before there was a turning. I could hear nothing, and so ran out and crossed the road, and pushed for the woods on the banks of the river. I had scarcely got across when I heard a shout, and looking round I saw three horsemen, who instantly spurred towards me. I sprang through the underbrush, and came down roughly into a sort of quarry, spraining my ankle on a pile of stones. I got up quickly; but my ankle hurt me sorely, and I turned sick and dizzy. Limping a little way, I set my back against a tree, and drew my hanger. As I did so, the three gentlemen burst in upon me. They were General Montcalm, a gentleman of the Governor's household, and Doltaire!

"It is no use, dear Captain," said Doltaire. "Be not too adventurous. Yield up your weapon."

General Montcalm eyed me curiously, as the other gentleman talked in low, excited tones; and presently he made a gesture of courtesy, for he saw that I was hurt. Doltaire's face wore a malicious smile; but when he noted how sick I was, he came and offered me his arm, and was constant in courtesy till I was set upon a horse, and, with him and the General riding beside me, came to my new imprisonment. They both forbore to torture me with words, for I was suffering greatly; but they fetched me to the *Château St. Louis*, followed by a crowd, who hooted at me. Doltaire turned on them at last.

The Governor, whose petty vanity was roused, showed a foolish fury at seeing me, and straightway ordered me to the citadel again.

"It's useless kicking 'gainst the pricks," said Doltaire to me cynically, as I passed out limping between two soldiers; but I did not reply. In another half-hour of most bitter journeying I found myself in my dungeon. I sank upon the old couch of straw, untouched since I had left it; and when the door shut upon me, desponding, aching in all my body, now feverish and now shivering, my ankle in great pain, I could bear up no longer, and I bowed my head and fell a-weeping like a woman.

XVIII.

Now I am come to a period on which I shall not dwell, nor repeat a tale of suffering greater than that I had yet endured. All the first night of this new imprisonment I tossed on my wretched bed in pain and misery, and when morning came was the most distressed creature in the world. A strange and surly soldier came and went, bringing bread and water; but when I requested that a surgeon be sent me, he replied, with a vile oath, that the devil should be my only surgeon, his hothouse my hospital. Soon he came again, accompanied by another soldier, and set about to put irons on me. With what quietness I could I asked him by whose orders this was done; but he vouchsafed no reply save that I was to "go bound to fires of hell."

"There is no journeying there," I answered; "here is the place itself."

As my reward for that, a cold, hard chain was roughly put round my injured ankle, and it gave me such agony that I turned sick, and a vise seemed working at my heart. But I kept back groaning, for I would not have these varlets catch me quaking.

"I'll have you grilled for this one day," said I. "You are no men, but butchers. Can you not see my ankle has been sorely hurt?"

"You are for killing," was the gruff reply, "and here's a taste of it!"

With that he drew the chain with a jerk round the hurt member, so that it brought from me a sharp cry of pain, and drove me to madness. I caught him by the throat, and hurled him back against the wall, and snatching a pistol from his comrade's belt aimed it at his head. I was beside myself with pain, and if he had been further violent I should have shot him without parley. His fellow dared not stir in his defense, for the pistol was trained on him too surely; and so at last the wretch, promising better treatment, crawled to his feet, and made motion for the pistol to be given him. But I would not yield it, telling him it should be guarantee of truce. There was naught for him to do at the moment, for I would have fought them both then, inhuman wretches, till my last breath. If this incident induced action on the Governor's part, or fetched to my dungeon Monsieur Ramesay, the Commandant, or Doltaire, so much the better. If it meant an armed attack by these ruffians later, why, then I would meet them at their worst with no flinching, by God's help. The door closed behind them, and I sank back upon the half-fettered chains, making essay to ease my ankle. Yet I kept my eyes on the door,—they had left the torch behind,—for I would be prepared against surprise.

I must have sat for more than an hour, when there was a noise without, and there entered the Commandant, the Marquis de Montcalm, and the Seigneur Duvarney. The pistol was in my hand, and I did not put it down, but struggled to my feet, and waited for them to speak. I was in no soft mood, and I had a spirit of anger in me which came well near being uncontrollable.

For a moment there was silence, and then the Commandant said, "Your guards have brought me word, Monsieur le Capitaine, that you are violent. You have

resisted them, and have threatened them with their own pistols."

"With one pistol, Monsieur le Commandant," answered I. And then, in bitter words, I told them of my treatment by those rascals, and I showed them how my ankle had been tortured. "I have no fear of death," said I, "nor will I fight against the inevitable, nor be violent in my durance, if I am used humanely; but I will not lie and let dogs bite me with 'I thank you.' Death can come but once, and mine is a matter of state affairs; but if death be the penalty set by the state, it is a damned brutality to make one die a hundred, and yet live — the work of Turks, not Christians. I came here as a hostage; you hold me unjustly, charged with a vile crime, and because, in the fair game of war, I try for escape, resort is had to these villainies. Is it thought to break my spirit by such means? Surely a nation should be engaged in worthier tricks. If you want my life, why, take it and have done, but keep torture for those whose secrets you cannot buy with gold; let gentlemen travel to their graves with decent usage."

There was silence after my passionate words, and the Marquis de Montcalm whispered to the Commandant. The Seigneur Duvarney, to whom I had not yet spoken, nor he to me, stood leaning against the wall, gazing at me seriously and kindly.

Presently Ramesay spoke: "Your guard brought his story to my chamber, and we came at once to see how violent a disabled man could be. It was ordered you should wear chains, but not that you should be maltreated. You are ill. A surgeon shall be sent to you, and this chain shall be taken from your ankle till it is well again. Meanwhile, your guards shall be changed, and we will see that the Governor's orders shall not be abused."

It was all said with some consideration, which I think was due to the Marquis de Montcalm, and there was an instant change in my feelings. I held out the

pistol to the Commandant, and he took it. "I cannot hope for justice here," said I, "but men are men, and not dogs, and I ask for human usage till my hour comes and my country is your jailer."

The Marquis smiled, and his gay eyes sparkled. "Some find comfort in daily bread, and some in prophecy," he rejoined. "One should envy your spirit, Captain Stobo."

"Permit me, your Excellency," replied I; "all Englishmen must envy the spirit of the Marquis de Montcalm, though none is envious of his cause."

He bowed gravely. "Causes are good or bad as they are ours or our neighbors'. The lion has a good cause when it goes hunting for its young; the deer has a good cause when it resists the lion's leap upon its fawn."

I did not reply, for I felt a faintness coming; and at that moment the Seigneur Duvarney stepped to me, and put his arm through mine. There came a dizziness, my head sank upon his shoulder, and I felt myself floating away into darkness, while from a great distance came a voice: —

"It had been kinder to have ended it last year."

"He nearly killed your son, Duvarney." This was the voice of the Marquis in a tone of surprise.

"He saved my life, Marquis," was the sorrowful reply. "I have not paid back those forty pistoles, nor ever can, in spite of all."

"Ah, pardon me," was the courteous rejoinder of the Marquis.

That was all I heard, for I had entered the land of complete darkness. When I came to, I found that my foot had been bandaged, there was a torch in the wall, and by my side something in a jug, of which I drank, according to directions in a surgeon's hand on a paper beside it.

I was easier in all my body, yet miserably sick still, and I remained so for a month, now shivering and now burn-

ing, a raking pain in my chest. My couch was filled with fresh straw, but in no other wise was my condition altered from the first time I had entered this place. My new jailer was the jailer of the whole citadel, a man of no feeling that I could see, yet of no violence or cruelty; one whose life was like a wheel, doing the eternal round. He did no more nor less than his orders, and I made no complaint nor asked any favor. No one came to me, no message found its way. I was the friend of darkness, the comrade of the blades of corn still growing as before in the dungeon. But my small mouse came no more; and one day, searching, I found its dried dead body among the corn, in the very spot where the jar of water and the bread had used to stand.

It touched me more than may be thought possible. But indeed, one can reduce life to such simplicities, to so few objects of solicitude, that values alter, and the merely childish become important. "Poor mouse," said I, "you came and went, and went and came, day by day, and the hand that fed you was no longer here, the familiar voice spoke no more. You ran along my couch, but I, the friendly monster, was not there. You hovered at the old feeding-ground, but no crumbs fell, and the last speck was gone. Though there was yet some bread on the top of the jar, its smooth sides defied you, and you could not climb it; and one day in came a soldier, caught up the jar and bread, and carried them away. Too late you tried to follow him, the door closed, and you were left alone to die. Making a final circuit, going to forage for the last time, you drew close into a hollow between these blades of corn, and lay upon your side: and there was an end of it, my little friend."

The days went heavily on, and though at last my cough was easier and my ankle better, I had been shaken sorely by the illness, and these years of trouble, anxiety, and danger had told upon me severely.

But the temperance and care of my youth now played a gallant part, and my light was not to be put out by casual blowing. Full three months went by in this fashion, and then, one day, who should step into my dungeon, torch in hand, but Gabord! He raised the light above his head, and looked down at me most quizzically.

"Upon my soul — Gabord!" said I. "I did not kill you, then?"

We had fought, but I had a heart for him as for an old friend. Yet I meant to show no more of that than might happen in our way of banter. I saw by my first look at him that he bore me no enmity.

"Upon your soul and upon your body, you killed not Gabord, dormouse. But it was a dig around a corner, and leeches could not follow. So Gabord sits by, and state affairs go flounder — poom!"

"And what now, quarrelsome Gabord?" I questioned cheerfully.

He shook some keys. "Back again to dickey-bird's cage. 'Look you,' quoth Governor, 'who will guard and bait this prisoner like the man he mauled? Send Gabord to the citadel, and he will hold the gentleman till we have last words from France.' Quoth Gabord, 'Governor speaks true; there shall be holes in Gabord's liver if he bait not prisoner well, and keep him safe till time to truss and skewer.' 'A lady stands by Governor's chair. 'Do they chain bears when they are baited, soldier?' asked she. 'Why, no, Madame,' said I, 'no more than corner them and have them well inclosed.' Then she touched Governor's arm. 'Great cousin,' quoth she, 'I heard a gossip somewhere that this Englishman is kept in heavy chains, though in a dungeon, as though he were some beast of prey. It is said he is a great villain, but yet he has had the breeding of a gentleman. Is it not shame enough for him to have a solitary dungeon, sleep on straw, be doomed to death, and be baited by his guards, but that he must be chained?' So, so, pipes

wren, and sets her head as she has sung a song you never heard before. There was better piping than shall be heard among the popes in heaven. And wren's eyes fly from Gabord to Governor, from Governor to Gabord. 'Great cousin,' said she, 'you are known for your fine justice and humanity. This poor wretch, whate'er he be, need not be strung in chains. I am thinking of what the wide world will say, cousin,' whistles wren, — was ever such wisdom in a head no bigger than an apple? — 'when they hear of it. I fear it will reflect upon your greatness that so ill-bred revenge be had upon this miserable man.' "

Gabord laughed his soundless laugh, puffing out his cheeks, his round eyes rolling.

"Quoth Governor, quoth he, 'Chains! Chains! 'Twas told Ramesay months ago to have them off. I thank you, pretty cousin, for caring for my honor so.' Ho! ho! was ever such a juggling with the truth! 'Then, see,' pipes wren once more, 'see, soldier, that the Governor is obeyed this time. It is by these disobediences he suffers.' And then she looks at me most wise and sweet, and Governor takes her arm and says, 'Come, pretty cousin, I would I had men counselors like thee.' As they pass me, wren puts fingers on her lips to kiss them, and lays them quickly on my arm, and Governor does not see. There's a tale for dickey-bird, ah!"

"And is that all — all?" I asked, my heart beating hard.

"Ay — is't not enough?" said he.

He began to loose the chains from me, and soon I was free again to move about in my dark and lonely meadow. I was in a vile condition. The irons had made sores upon my wrists and legs, my limbs now trembled so beneath me that I could scarcely walk, and my head was very light and dizzy at times. Presently Gabord ordered a new bed of straw brought in; and from that hour we returned to our old relations, as if there

had not been between us a fight to the death — he the rough, vigilant, kind jailer, I the helpless and docile captive. Of what was going on abroad he would not tell me, and soon I found myself in as ill a state as before. No Voban came to me, no Doltaire, no one at all. I sank into a deep silence, dropped out of a busy world, a morsel of earth slowly coming to Mother Earth again.

A strange apathy began to settle on me. All those resources of my first year's imprisonment had gone, and I was alone: my mouse was dead; there was no history of my life to write, no incident to break the pitiful monotony. I brooded on my position, I thought unnumbered hours upon Alixe, rising to cheerfulness at times, being never gloomy with Gabord, and striving to bear all with my old manner. Yet a shadow had settled on me, all gayety of temper was an effort, and in the long hours of darkness something more powerful than my strength and will conquered me, and I found I could not, as I had done before, give my body an airing through the open doors and lattices of imagination. I did not despair — that was not my nature; but I did not hope. I had asked Gabord to give me a torch, that I might write a letter which I would beg him to bear to Alixe, but he resolutely refused both light and service — according to his stringent orders. Why should I rail? Railing could do no good. I was being broken on the wheel, and I must bear or die. My only hope was Alixe. I knew she would not rest while I lived, but she was only one arrayed against great powers. There was one other hope, but it was faint: that our army would invest Quebec and take it. I had no news of any movement, winter again was here, and it must be five or six months before any action could successfully be taken; for the St. Lawrence was frozen over in winter, and if the city was to be seized it must be from the water, with simultaneous action by land.

I knew the way, the only way, to take the city. At Sillery, just above the town, there was a hollow in the cliffs, up which men, secretly conveyed above the town by water, could climb. At the top was a plateau, smooth and fine as a parade-ground, where battle could be given, or move be made upon the city and citadel, which lay on ground no higher. Then, with the guns playing on the town from the fleet, with forces on the other, the Beauport side, attacking the lower town, where was the Intendant's palace, the great fortress might be taken, and Canada be ours.

This passage up the cliff side at Sillery I had discovered three years before, when, being free to move about, a guard attending, I traveled beyond the city walls. I was with Doltaire at the time. I had met him as I journeyed, and he had joined me, walking up and down the cliff side in conversation. He had the eye of a soldier, and the thing struck him as soon as it did myself. "There," said he, "there is the secret panel into this town. You have seen it. This spot should be well guarded, if your people came, though they were little like to know it." I shrugged my shoulder at that. He smiled as he replied, "You will scarcely join that company of freebooters."

Thinking upon this and kindred matters gave me some hours of interest, and in imagination I planned a campaign against Quebec, which had the merit of being the one that got us Canada in the end. I shall seem boastful writing thus, for you will not see this fact spoken of in histories, and but a passing reference to myself in that excellent account of the siege written in the journal of Mr. John Knox, captain in Major Kennedy's Regiment of Foot. But I have no will to figure in these public writings, for I have learned that a great cause should more be loved than the notorious name, and that the knowledge of duty done is at the last reward enough for an honest man. It might be said

with some sort of justice that I should have given these letters to Monsieur Doltaire, and so have stayed the war, which was sent upon us by La Pompadour; yet I cannot think that even one's country should demand one's private honor — one's life is another matter. I am no casuist, those matters are for wiser men; but I sit by now, all those trials over, and, having naught to gain by speech or writing of those times, tell all with a mind that envies not, neither is discontented. What I worked for came to pass; and if I was a small instrument to success, why, then the notice which the illustrious Mr. Pitt was good enough to give me, the oft-repeated thanks of General Amherst, and the notable place I was given in Anstruther's Regiment are reward enough — more than enough, when I think of something else beyond all reckoning.

I have wandered far afield. I must come back to that distressful year.

Gabord was ever the same, yet I could see him looking at me strangely at times, even when brusque, quaint words came from him, and he held the torch up as if to see me better. When winter set well in he brought me a blanket, and though last year I had not needed it, now it was most grateful. I had been fed for months on bread and water, as in my first imprisonment, but at last — I never knew whether by orders or no — he brought me a little meat every day, and some wine also. Yet I did not care for them, and often left them untasted. This troubled him, and he tried to rouse me to an appetite, but without avail. A hacking cough had never left me since my attempt at escape, and I was miserably thin, and so weak that I could hardly drag myself about my dungeon. Yet I always made essay to meet Gabord with a humorous word — a mighty effort at times. So, many weeks of the winter went on, and at last I was not able to rise from my bed of straw, and could do little more than lift a cup of water to my lips and nibble at

some bread. I felt that my days were numbered, and I begged of Gaboré again some paper and ink, that I might write to Alix; for the time would soon come when I should be too weak to hold a pen, and my brain too dull to put my thoughts in order. Some days afterwards he brought me what I asked for, and said, as he placed the torch in the wall, that this might easily put him where I was. I did not thank him in words, but made a motion of my hand in gratitude. When he was gone I set to my task, and in a few days — I could write only for an hour at a time, and that but slowly, for hands and brain were easily tired — I had it finished.

"You will know, my heart," said I, near the end of the letter, "that I cannot feel my life to be a failure. I have suffered for my duty and my cause. Life, mere living, is not all. These very incompletenesses, shortcomings, and discontents, they are evidences of a great readjustment somewhere. And if we lose our individual selves in the general life, safety, and movement of our race, it is well done. If there were no completion beyond, that thought should sustain us. I have hugged to my heart one thought that has come to me in my exile and captivity: that the good of the race and its individuality are more than the good or the individuality of the unit. That brings me comfort in our troubles. Your spirit lights up my solitude and this dark place, and I see by it my way to living honor or the honorable grave.

"I would have you know my mind in all; for if we are parted, meeting not here again, you will remember, and from this love of ours you will have come to new knowledge of life. It is not the signs and contacts of love I mean, but the doors that love opens, the hidden springs it touches, its power to unfold the nature until it is all bare to human life and sentiment. It is character and spirit I am thinking on more than the enjoyments of affection, though these are the daily

food which makes all possible. It is this that renders my life bearable. I would be always near you, and yet I can endure being away, when I think that we have both grown wiser, and feel more and see farther than we did, and that we have found the secret of all good life.

"Whatever comes, cherish the thought that this love of ours is not wasted, may not be scattered with our ashes, but remains working in the spirit of our race, the true patriotism, the right loyalty of all. When I say 'our race,' I mean, not Englishmen or Frenchmen, but all of us who live in the Christian world — who have behind us the same background of sweet tragedy, the martyrdom and example of Jesus Christ. In these fightings and clashings between our peoples works the same spirit for the final peace, when in some larger day there will be but one patriotism. What are a thousand or a million lives to that! In a thousand years, as the wise villain, our foe Doltaire, never tires of saying, it will be all the same! If one can but think that way: that in the end and beyond — and I doubt not of that Beyond! — we shall not quarrel with the cutting out of years of life, this way or that! I well remember the death of the young Chevalier de Besançon, three years ago. He was most friendly to me, as you know, and he liked not such as Doltaire, though both had known the same society and life. It made Doltaire unreal, half cynic and half philosopher; it made the chevalier sad and wise, and at the last most cheerful. 'See,' he said to me the day before he died, 'why should I quarrel with going? I have had it all: a happy youth, many friends, indolence that made me moody, action that made me cheerful, and war that made me strong. I have had wealth and love, and been honored by the King, and here on my bed I have in youth the peaceful outlook that should come with old age. What was there to experience that I have not felt or known? It was but a

question of how long I should feel and know. Was I not given all these things within my thirty years because I was to die at thirty? So it seems to me. Some fulfill themselves at ten, and some at eighty, play their full parts, and leave this wide day for a wider. It was good, Captain Stobo,' he went on, 'that I came here to this new land out of the gay inconsequence of the Court, where great men trifle with empires already made. It was good that I breathed this large air, and saw how empires were to be made, new homes and cities in making. I have learned much, but not all. The All is for to-morrow.'

"Then he turned towards the good priest who had just come in, and said, 'Dear abbé, you are white-haired, and in the light of sunset; tell me why you remain, and I go.'

"The abbé replied, 'My son, man's measurements of time are arbitrary. Time is the trick of civilization, the weapon of mortal warfare. The hermit in the desert and the statesman in the council, though they are born to die upon the same day, yet the clock of God strikes differently for each.'

"The young chevalier, his face all pale and shining, looked at me with a kind of joyful pride, and said, 'It is so, it is so.'

"You will see what I mean, and whether I go or stay, you will, I know, dear Alix, think of these things."

Many other matters I wrote upon, and when I had done I folded and sealed the letter, and then waited for the chance to send it to her. Again two or three weeks went by; how long it was hard to tell, for I was growing weaker steadily, and my cough continued, sometimes

quite harsh. I had begged for a surgeon, but none had been sent me, and I asked no more. I suffered little pain, and had no violent feelings of any sort.

At last, one day, I heard commotion at my dungeon door; then it opened, and Gabord entered and closed it after him. He came and stood over me, as with difficulty I lifted myself upon my elbow.

"Dickey-bird," said he, "'t is done with nest now; come fly away."

"It is the end, Gabord?" asked I, and I felt for the letter to give to him.

"It is not away to paradise, aho!" said he.

"I am free?" I asked.

"Free from this dungeon deep, and silken bars to cage now," answered he.

I raised myself and tried to stand upon my feet, but fell back. He helped me to rise, and I rested an arm on his shoulder.

"Come, get to woolen bed, and sips of wine, and pantry's swelling store," said my whimsical jailer.

I tried to walk, but a dizziness came over me, and I sank back. Then Gabord laid me down, went to the door, and called in two soldiers with a mattress. I was wrapped in my cloak and blankets, laid thereon, and so was borne forth, all covered save my eyes; and they soon were covered, too, for the light of day was, as before, too strong for them. At the door I saw a fine team of horses with a large sleigh and many fur robes, and I was lifted in. Then I knew no more, for a sudden faintness came on me, and as the horses sprang away, a liveried driver behind, and the clear sleighbells rang out, a gun from the ramparts was fired to give the noon hour, a blackness came, and I sank into unconsciousness.

Gilbert Parker.

CHICKAMAUGA.

THE field of Chickamauga — a worthily resounding name for one of the great battlefields of the world — lies a few miles south of the Tennessee and Georgia boundary, and is distant about an hour's ride by rail from Chattanooga. A single morning train outward, and a single evening train inward, made an all-day excursion necessary, and the time proved to be none too long. Unhappily, as I then thought, the sun was implacable, with the mercury in the nineties, though it was only the 3d of May; and as I was on foot, and the national reservation covers nine or ten square miles, I saw hardly more than a corner of the field. This would have been a more serious disappointment had my errand been of a topographical or historical nature. As the case was, being only a sentimental pilgrim, I ought perhaps to have welcomed the burning heat as a circumstance all in my favor; suiting the spirit of the place, and constraining me to a needful moderation. When a man goes in search of a mood, he must go neither too fast nor too far. As the Scripture saith, "Bodily exercise profiteth little." So much may readily be confessed now; for wisdom comes with reflection, and it is no great matter to bear a last year's toothache.

From the railway station I followed, at a venture, a road that soon brought me to a comfortable, homelike house, with fine shade-trees and an orchard. This was the Dyer estate, — so a tablet informed all comers. Here, in September, 1863, lived John Dyer, who suddenly found his few peaceful acres surrounded and overrun by a hundred thousand armed men, and himself drafted into service — if he needed drafting — as guide to the Confederate commander. Since then strange things had happened to the little farmhouse, which now was nothing less than a sort of government

headquarters, as I rightly inferred from the general aspect of things round about, and the American flag flying above the roof. I passed the place without entering, halting only to smile at the antics of a white-breasted nuthatch, — my first Tennessee specimen, — which was hopping awkwardly about the yard. It was a question of something to eat, I suppose, or perhaps of a feather for the family nest, and precedents and appearances went for nothing. Two or three minutes afterward I came face to face with another apparition, a horseman as graceful and dignified, not to say majestic, as the nuthatch had been lumbering and ungainly; a man in civilian's dress, but visibly a soldier, with a pose and carriage that made shoulder-straps superfluous; a man to look at; every inch a major-general, at the very least; of whom, nevertheless, — the heat or something else giving me courage, — I ventured to inquire, from under my umbrella, if there were any way of seeing some of the more interesting portions of the battlefield without too much exposure to the sun. He showed a little surprise (military gentlemen always do, so far as I have observed, when strangers address them), but recovered himself, and answered almost with affability. Yes, he said, if I would take the first turn to the left, I should pass the spot over which Longstreet made the charge that decided the fate of the contest, and as he spoke he pointed out the field, which appeared to be part of the Dyer farm; then I should presently come within sight of the Kelly house, about which the fighting was of the hottest; and from there I should do well to go to the Snodgrass Hill tower and the Snodgrass house. To do as much as that would require little walking, and at the same time I should have seen a good share of what was best

worth a visitor's notice. I thanked him, and followed his advice.

The left-hand road, of which my informant had spoken, ran between the forest — mostly of tall oaks and long-leaved pines — and the grassy Dyer field. Here it was possible to keep in the shade, and life was comparatively easy ; so that I felt no stirrings of envious desire when two gentlemen, whom I recognized as having been among my fellow-passengers from Chattanooga, came up behind me in a carriage with a pair of horses and a driver. As they overtook me, and while I was wondering where they could have procured so luxurious a turnout, since I had discovered no sign of a public conveyance or a livery stable, the driver reined in his horses, and the older of the gentlemen put out his head to ask, "Were you in the battle, sir?" I answered in the negative ; and he added, half apologetically, that he and his companion wished to get as many points as possible about the field. In the kindness of my heart, I told him that I was a stranger, like himself, but that the gentleman yonder, on horseback, seemed to be well acquainted with the place, and would no doubt answer all inquiries. With a queer look in his face, and some remark that I failed to catch, my interlocutor dropped back into his seat, and the carriage drove on. It was only afterward that I learned — on meeting him again — that he was no other than General Boynton, the man who is at the head of all things pertaining to Chickamauga and its history.

In the open field several Bachman finches were singing, while the woods were noisier, but less musical, with Maryland yellowthroats, black-poll warblers, tufted titmice, and two sorts of vireos. Sprinkled over the ground were the lovely spring beauty and the violet wood sorrel, with penstemon, houstonia, and a cheerful pink phlox. Here I soon heard a second nuthatch, and fell into a kind of fever about its notes, which were

clearer, less nasal, than those of our New England birds, it seemed to me, and differently phrased. Such peculiarities might indicate a local race, I said to myself, with that predisposition to surprise which is one of the chief compensations of life away from home. As I went on, a wood pewee and a field sparrow began singing, — two birds whose voices might have been tuned on purpose for such a place. Of the petulant, snappish cry of an Acadian flycatcher not quite the same could be said. One of the "unreconstructed," I was tempted to call him.

The Kelly house, on the way to which through the woods my Yankee eyes were delighted with the sight of loose patches of rue anemones, was duly marked with a tablet, and proved to be a cabin of the most primitive type, standing in the usual bit of fenced land (the smallness of the houseyards, as contrasted with the miles of open country round about, is a noticeable feature of Southern landscapes), with a corn-house near by, and a tumble-down barn across the way. For some time I sat beside the road, under an oak ; then, seeing two women, older and younger, inside the house, I asked leave to enter, the doors being open, and was made welcome with apparent heartiness. The elderly woman soon confided to me that she was seventy-six years old, — a marvelous figure she seemed to consider it ; and when I tried to say something about her comparative youthfulness, and the much greater age of some ladies of my acquaintance (no names being mentioned, of course), she would only repeat that she was awful old, and should n't live much longer. She meant to improve the time, however, — and the unusual fortune of a visitor, — and fairly ran over with talk. She did n't belong about here. Oh no ; she came from "way up in Tennessee, a hundred and sixty miles !" "'Pears like I'm a long way from home," she said, — "a hundred and sixty-miles !" Again I sought

to comfort her. That was n't so very far. What did she think of me, who had come all the way from Massachusetts? She threw up her hands, and ejaculated "Oh, Lor'!" with a fervor to which a regiment of exclamation points would scarcely do justice. Yet she had but a vague idea of where Massachusetts was, I fancy; for pretty soon she asked, "Where did you say you was from? Pennsylvania?" And when I said, "Oh no, Massachusetts, twice as far as that," she could only repeat, "Oh, Lor'!" Her grandson was at work in the park, and she had come down to live with him and his wife. But she should n't live long.

The wonder of this new world was still strong upon her. "Them moniment things they've put up," she said, "have you seen 'em? Men cut in a rock! — three of 'em! Have you seen 'em? Ain't they a sight to see?" She referred to the granite monuments of the regulars, on which are life-size figures in high relief. And had I seen the tower on the hill, she proceeded to ask, — an open iron structure, — and what did I think of *that*? She would n't go up in it for a bushel of money. "Oh yes, you would," I told her. "You would like it, I'm sure." But she stuck to her story. She would n't do it for a bushel of money. She should be dizzy; and she threw up her hands, literally, at the very thought, while her granddaughter sat and smiled at my waste of breath. I asked if many visitors came here. "Oh, Lor', yes!" the old lady answered. "More'n two dozen have been here from 'way up in Chicago."

The mention of visitors led the younger woman to produce a box of relics, and I paid her a dime for three minie-balls. "I always get a nickel," she said, when I inquired the price; but when I selected two, and handed her a ten-cent piece, she insisted upon my taking another. Wholesale customers deserved handsome treatment. She had picked up such things her-

self before now, but her husband found most of them while grubbing in the woods.

The cabin was a one-room affair, of a sort common in that country ("cracker-boxes," one might call them, if punning were not so frowned upon), with a big fireplace, two opposite doors, two beds in diagonally opposite corners, and, I think, no window. Here was domestic life in something like its pristine simplicity, a philosopher might have said: the house still subordinate to the man, and the housekeeper not yet a slave to furniture and bric-à-brac. But even a philosopher would perhaps have tolerated a second room and a light of glass. As for myself, I remembered that I used to read of "poor white trash" in anti-slavery novels.

By this time the sun had so doubled its fury that I would not cross the bare Kelly field, and therefore did not go down to look at the "men cut in a rock;" but after visiting a shell pyramid which marks the spot where Colonel King fell, — and near which I saw my first Tennessee flicker, — I turned back toward Snodgrass Hill, keeping to the woods as jealously as any soldier can have done on the days of the battle. At the foot of the hill was a well, with a rude bucket and a rope to draw with. Here I drank, — having to stand in the sun, I remember, — and then sat down in the shelter of large trees near by, with guideboards and index-fingers all about me, while a Bachman finch, who occupied a small brush-heap just beyond the well (*he* had no fear of sunshine), entertained me with music. He was a master. I had never heard his equal of his own kind, and seldom a bird of any kind, that seemed so much at home with his instrument. He sang "like half a dozen birds," to quote my own pencil; now giving out a brief and simple strain, now running into protracted and intricate warbles; and all with the most bewitching ardor and sweetness, and without the slightest suggestion of attempting

to make a show. A field sparrow sang from the border of the grass-land at the same moment. I wished he could have refrained. Nothing shall induce me to say a word against him; but there are times when one would rather be spared even the opportunity for a comparison.

As I went up the hill under the tall trees, largely yellow pines, a crested fly-catcher stood at the tip of one of the tallest of them, screaming like a bird of war; and further on was a red-cockaded woodpecker, flitting restlessly from trunk to trunk, its flight marked with a musical woodpeckerish wing-beat, — like the downy's purr, but louder. I had never seen the bird before except in the pine-lands of Florida, nor did I see it afterward except on this same hill, at a second visit. It is a congener of the downy and the hairy, ranking between them in size, and by way of distinction wears a big white patch, an ear-muff, one might say, on the side of its head. Its habitat is strictly southern, so that its name, *Dryobates borealis*, though easily rememberable, seems but moderately felicitous.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of the day — the most comfortable, certainly, but the words are not synonymous — was a two-hour siesta on the Snodgrass Hill tower, above the tops of the highest trees. The only two landmarks of which I knew the names were Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain; the latter running back for many miles into Georgia, like a long wooded plateau, till it rises into High Point at its southern end, and breaks off precipitously. Farther to the south were low hills followed by a long mountain of beautiful shape, — Pigeon Mountain, I heard it called, — with elevations at each end and in the middle. And so my eye made the round of the horizon, hill after hill in picturesque confusion, till it returned to Missionary Ridge, with Walden's Ridge rising beyond, and Lookout Point on the left: a charming prospect, especially for its atmosphere and color. The hard woods, with dark pines every-

where among them to set them off, were just coming into leaf, with all those numberless, nameless, delicate shades of green that make the glory of the spring-time. The open fields were not yet clear green, — if they ever would be, — but green and brown intermixed, while the cultivated hillsides, especially on Missionary Ridge, were of a deep rich reddish-brown. The air was full of beautifying haze, and cumulus clouds in the south and west threw motionless shadows upon the mountain woods.

Around me, in different parts of the battlefield, were eight or ten houses and cabins, the nearest of them, almost at my feet, being the Snodgrass house, famous as the headquarters of General Thomas, the hero of the fight, — the "Rock of Chickamauga," — who saved the Union army after the field was lost. All was peaceful enough there now, with the lines full of the week's washing, which a woman under a voluminous sunbonnet was at that moment taking in (in that sun things would dry almost before the clothes-pins could be put on them, I thought), while a red-gowned child, and a hen with a brood of young chickens, kept close about her feet. Her husband, like the occupant of the Kelly house, was no doubt one of the government laborers, who to-day were burning refuse in the woods, — invisible fires, from each of which a thin cloud of blue smoke rose among the trees. The Dyer house, in a direction nearly opposite the Snodgrass house, stood broadly in the open, with an orchard behind it, and dark savins posted here and there over the outlying pasture.

Even at noonday the air was full of music: first an incessant tinkle of cowbells rising from all sides, wondrously sweet and soothing; then a continuous, far-away hum, like a sawmill, just audible in the extreme distance, or the vibration of innumerable wires, miles remote, perhaps, — a noise which I knew neither how to describe nor how to guess the origin of, the work of seventeen-year locusts,

I afterward learned ; and then, sung to this invariable instrumental accompaniment, — this natural pedal point, if I may call it so, — the songs of birds.

The singers were of a quiet and unpretentious sort, as befitted the hour : a summer tanager ; a red-eyed vireo ; a tufted titmouse ; a Maryland yellow-throat, who cried, " What a pity ! What a pity ! What a pity ! " but not as if he felt in the least distressed about it ; a yellow-throated vireo, full-voiced and passionless ; a field sparrow, pretty far off ; a wood pewee ; a yellow-billed cuckoo ; a quail ; a Carolina wren, with his " Cherry, cherry, cherry ! " and a Carolina chickadee, — a modest woodland chorus, interrupted now by the jubilant cackling of a hen at the Snodgrass house (if a man's daily achievements only gave him equal satisfaction !), and now by the scream of a crested flycatcher.

The most interesting member of the choir, though one of the poorest of them all as a singer, is not included in the foregoing enumeration. While I lay dreaming on the iron floor of the tower, enjoying the breeze, the landscape, the music, and, more than all, the place, I was suddenly brought wide awake by a hoarse drawling note out of the upper branches of a tall oak a little below my level. I caught a glimpse of the bird, having run down to a lower story of the tower for that purpose. Then he disappeared, but after a while, from the same tree, he called again ; and again I saw him, but not well. Another long absence, and once more, still in the same tree, he sang and showed himself : a blue-winged yellow warbler, an exquisite bunch of feathers, but with a song of the oddest and meanest, — two syllables, the first a mere nothing, and the second a husky drawl, in a voice like the blue golden-wing's. Insignificant and almost contemptible as it was, a shabby expression of connubial felicity, to say the least, I counted myself happy to have heard it, for novelty covers a multitude of sins.

The yellow-throated warblers were hardly less interesting than the blue-wing, though they threw me into less excitement. For a long time I heard them without heeding them. From the day of my arrival in Chattanooga I had been surrounded by indigo-birds in numbers beyond anything that a New England mind ever dreams of. As a matter of course they were singing here on Snodgrass Hill, or so I thought. But by and by, as the lazy notes were once more repeated, there came over me a sudden sense of difference. "*Was* that an indigo-bird ? " I said to myself. "*Was* n't it a yellow-throated warbler ? " I was sitting among the tops of the pine-trees ; the birds had been droning almost in my very ears, and without a thought I had listened to them as indigo-birds. It confirmed what I had written in Florida, that the two songs are much alike ; but it was a sharp lesson in caution. When a prudent man finds himself thus befooled, he begins to wonder how it may be with the remainder of that precious body of notions, inherited and acquired, to which, in all but his least complacent moods, he has been accustomed to give the name of knowledge.

Here was a lesson, also, in the close relation that everywhere subsists between the distribution of plants and the distribution of animals. These were the only yellow pines noticed in the neighborhood of Chattanooga ; and in them, and nowhere else, I found two birds of the Southern pine-barrens, the red-cockaded woodpecker and the yellow-throated warbler.

At the base of the tower, when I finally descended, I paused a moment to look at a cluster of graves, eight or ten in all, unmarked save by a flagging of small stones ; one of those family or neighborhood burying-grounds, the occupants of which — happier than most of us, who must lie in crowded cities of the dead — repose in decent privacy, surrounded by their own, with no ugly staring white slabs

to publish their immemorable names to every passer-by.

From the hill it was but a few steps to the Snodgrass house, where a woman stood in the yard with a young girl, and answered all my inquiries with cheerful and easy politeness. None of the Snodgrass family now occupied the house, she said, though one of the daughters still lived just outside the reservation. The woman had heard her describe the terrible scenes on the days of the battle. The operating-table stood under this tree, and just there was a trench into which the amputated limbs were thrown. Yonder field, now grassy, was then planted with corn; and when the Federal troops were driven through it, they trod upon their own wounded, who begged piteously for water and assistance. A large tree in front of the house was famous, the woman said; and certainly it was well hacked. A picture of it had been in *The Century*. General Thomas was said to have rested under it; but an officer who had been there not long before to set up a granite monument near the gate told her that General Thomas did n't rest under that tree, nor anywhere else. Two things he did past all dispute: he saved the Federal army from destruction, and made the Snodgrass farmhouse an American shrine.

When our talk was ended I returned to the hill, and thence sauntered through the woods — the yellow-throated warblers singing all about me in the pine-tops — down to the vicinity of the railroad. Here, finding myself in the sun again, I made toward a shop near the station, — shop and post-office in one, — where fortunately there were such edibles, semi-edibles, as are generally to be looked for in country groceries. Meanwhile there came on a Tennessee thunder shower, lightning of the closest and rain by the bucketful; and, driven before it, an Indiana soldier made his appearance, a wiry little man of fifty or more. He had been spending the day on the field,

he told me. In one hand he carried a battered and rusty cartridge-box, and out of his pockets he produced and laid on the counter a collection of bullets. His were relics of the right stamp, — found, not purchased, — and not without a little shamefacedness I showed him my three minie-balls. "Oh, you have got all Federal bullets," he said; and on my asking how he could tell that, he placed a Confederate ball beside them, and pointed out a difference in shape. He was a cheery, communicative body, good humored but not jocose, excellent company in such an hour, though he had small fancy for the lightning, it seemed to me. Perhaps he had been under fire so often as to have lost all relish for excitement of that kind. He was not at the battle of Chickamauga, he said, but at Vicksburg; and he gave me a vivid description of his work in the trenches, as well as of the surrender, and the happiness of the half-starved defenders of the city, who were at once fed by their captors.

All his talk showed a lively sense of the horrors of war. He had seen enough of fighting, he confessed; but he could n't keep away from a battlefield, if he came anywhere near one. He had been to the national cemetery in Chattanooga, and agreed with me that it was a beautiful place; but he had heard that Southern soldiers were lying in unmarked graves just outside the wall (a piece of misinformation, I have no doubt), and he did n't think it right or decent for the government to discriminate in that way. The Confederates were just as sincere as the Union men; and anyhow, vengeance ought not to follow a man after he was dead. Evidently he had fought against an army and a cause, not against individuals.

When the rain was over, or substantially so, I proposed to improve an hour of coolness and freshness by paying another visit to headquarters; but my Indiana veteran was not to be enticed out of shelter. It was still rather wet, he

thought. "I'm pretty careful of my body," he added, by way of settling the matter. It had been through so much, I suppose, that he esteemed it precious.

I set out alone, therefore, and this time went into the Dyer house, after drinking from a covered spring across the way. But there was little to see inside, and the three or four officers and clerks were occupied with maps and charts, — courteous, no doubt, but with official and counting-house courtesy; men of whom you could well enough ask a definite question, but with whom it would be impossible to drift into random talk. There was far better company outside. Even while I stood in the back door, on my way thither, there suddenly flashed upon me from a treetop by the fence a splendid Baltimore oriole. He fairly "gave me a start," and I broke out to the young fellow beside me, "Why, there's a Baltimore oriole!" The exclamation was thrown away, but I did not mind.

It was the birds' own hour, — late afternoon, with sunshine after rain. The orchard and shade-trees were alive with wings, and the air was loud. How brilliant a company it was a list of names will show: a mocking-bird, a thrasher, several catbirds, a pair of bluebirds, a pair of orchard orioles, a summer tanager, a wood pewee, and a flicker, with goldfinches and indigo-birds, and behind the orchard a Bachman finch. For bright colors and fine voices that was a chorus hard to beat. As for the Baltimore oriole, the brightest bird of the lot, and the only one of his race that I found in Tennessee, he looked most uncommonly at home — to me — in the John Dyer trees. I was never gladder to see him.

A strange fate this that had befallen these Georgia farms, owned once by Dyer, Snodgrass, Kelly, Brotherton, and the rest: the plainest and most ordinary of country houses, in which lived the plainest of country people, with no dream of fame, or of much else, perhaps, beyond the day's work and the day's ration.

Then comes Bragg retreating before Rosecrans, who is manœuvring him out of Tennessee. Here the Confederate leader turns upon his pursuers. Here he — or rather, one of his subordinates — wins a great victory, which nevertheless, as a Southern historian says, "sealed the fate of the Southern Confederacy." Now the farmers are gone, but their names remain; and as long as the national government endures, pilgrims from far and near will come to walk over the historic acres. "This is the Dyer house," they will say, "and this is the Kelly house, and this is the Snodgrass house." So Fame catches up a chance favorite, and consigns the rest to oblivion.

My first visit to Chickamauga left so pleasant a taste that only two days afterward I repeated it. In particular I remembered my midday rest among the treetops, and my glimpse of the blue-winged warbler. It would be worth a day of my vacation to idle away another noon so agreeably, and hear again that ridiculous makeshift of a bird-song. Field ornithology has this for one of its distinguishing advantages, that every excursion leaves something for another to verify or finish.

This time I went straight to Snodgrass Hill through the woods, and was barely on the steps of the tower before I heard the blue-wing. As well as I could judge, the voice came from the same oak that the bird had occupied two days before. I was in luck, I thought, but the miserly fellow vouchsafed not another note, and I could not spend the forenoon hours in waiting for him. Two red-cockaded woodpeckers were playing among the trees, where, like the blue-wing and the yellowthroats, they were doubtless established in summer quarters. "Sapsuckers," one of the workmen called them. They were common, he said, but likely enough he failed to discriminate between them and their two black-and-white relatives. Red-headed woodpeckers were *not* common here (I had seen a single bird,

displaying its colors from a lofty dead pine), but were abundant and very destructive, so my informant declared, on Lookout Mountain. Turkeys were still numerous on the mountain, and only the Sunday before one had been seen within the park limits.

The Bachman finch was again in tune at his brush-heap near the well, and between the music and a shady seat I was in no haste to go further. Finally, I experimented to see how near the fellow would let me approach, taking time enough not to startle him in the process. It was wonderful how he held his ground. The "Rock of Chickamauga" himself could not have been more obstinate. I had almost to tread on him before he would fly. He was a great singer, a genius, and a poet,


"with modest looks,

And clad in homely russet brown,"

and withal a lover of the sun, — a bird never to be forgotten. I wish I knew how to praise him.

To-day, as on my previous visit, I remarked a surprising scarcity of migrants. With the exception of black-poll warblers, I am not certain that I saw any, though I went nowhere else without finding them in good variety. Had my imagination been equal to such a stretch, I might have suspected that Northern birds did not feel at home on the scene of a great Southern victory. Here and there a nuthatch called, and again I seemed to perceive a decided strangeness in the voice. From the tip of a fruit-tree in the Kelly yard a thrasher or a mocker was singing like one possessed. It was impossible to be sure which it was, and the uncertainty pleased me so much, as a testimony to the thrasher's musical powers, that I would not go round the house in the sun to get a nearer observation. Instead, I went down to look at the monuments of the regulars, with their "men cut in a rock." Thence I returned to Snodgrass Hill for my noonday rest, stopping once more at the well, of course, and reading

again some of the placards, the number of which just here bore impressive witness to the fierceness of the battle at this point. One inscription I took pains to copy: —

 GEN. J. B. HOOD WAS WOUNDED
11.10 A. M. 20 SEPT. '63 IN EDGE OF
TIMBER ON COVE ROAD $\frac{1}{4}$ MILE EAST
OF SOUTH, LOOSING HIS LEG.

It was exactly eleven o'clock as I went up the hill toward the tower, and the workmen were already taking down their dinner-pails. Standard time, so called, is an unquestioned convenience, but the stomach of a day-laborer has little respect for convention, and is not to be appeased by a setting back of the clock. For my own part, I was not hungry, — in that respect, as in some others, I might have envied the day-laborers, — but as men of a certain amusing sort are said to turn up their trousers in New York when it rains in London, so I felt it patriotic to nibble at my luncheon as best I could, now that the clocks were striking twelve in Boston.

The hour (but it was two hours) calls for little description. The breeze was delicious, and the hazy landscape beautiful. The cow-bells and the locusts filled the air with music, the birds kept me company, and for half an hour or more I had human society that was even more agreeable. When the workmen had eaten their dinner at the foot of the tower, four of them climbed the stairs, and my field-glass proved so pleasing a novelty that they stayed till their time was up, to the very last minute. One after another took the glass, and no sooner had it gone the rounds once than it started again; for meanwhile every man had thought of something else that he wanted to look at. They were above concealing their delight, or affecting any previous acquaintance with such a toy, and probably I never before gave so much pleasure by so easy a means. I believe I was as happy as if the blue-wing had sung a full hour. They were rough-looking men,

perhaps, at least they were coarsely dressed, but none of them spoke a rude word; and when the last moment came, one of them, in the simplest and gentlest manner, asked me to accept three relics (bullets) which he had picked up in the last day or two on the hill. It was no great thing, to be sure, but it was better: it was one of those little acts which, from their perfect and unexpected grace, can never be forgotten.

A jaunt through the woods past the Kelly house, after luncheon, brought me to a superfine, spick-and-span new road, — like the new government "boulevard" on Missionary Ridge, of which it may be a continuation, — following which I came to the Brotherton house, another war-time landmark, weather-beaten and fast going to ruin. In the woods — cleared of underbrush, and with little herbage — were scattered ground flowers: houstonia, yellow and violet oxalis, phlox, cranesbill, bird-foot violets, rue anemones, and spring beauties. I remarked especially a bit of bright gromwell, such as I had found first at Orchard Knob, and a single tuft of white American cowslip (*Dodecatheon*), the only specimen I had ever seen growing wild. The flower that pleased me most, however, was the blood-red catchfly, which I had seen first on Missionary Ridge. Nothing could have been more appropriate here on the bloody field of Chickamauga. Appealing to fancy instead of to fact, it nevertheless spoke of the battle almost as plainly as the hundreds of decapitated trees, here one and there one, which even the most careless observer could not fail to notice.

From the Brotherton house to the post-office was a sunny stretch, but under the protection of my umbrella I compassed it; and then, passing the Widow Glenn's (Rosecrans's headquarters), on the road to Crawfish Springs, I came to a diminutive body of water, — a sink-hole, — which I knew at once could be nothing but Bloody Pond. At the time of the fight it contained the only water to be

had for a long distance. It was fiercely contended for, therefore, and men and horses drank from it greedily, while other men and horses lay dead in it, having dropped while drinking. Now a fence runs through it, leaving an outer segment of it open to the road for the convenience of passing teams; and when I came in sight of the spot, two boys were fishing round the further edge. Not far beyond was an unfinished granite tower, on which no one was at work, though a derrick still protruded from the top. It offered the best of shade, — the shadow of a great rock, — in the comfort of which I sat awhile, thinking of the past, and watching the peaceful labors of two or three men who were cultivating a broad ploughed field directly before me, crossing and recrossing it in the sun. Then I took the road again; but by this time I had relinquished all thought of walking to Crawfish Springs, and so did nothing but idly along. Once, I remember, I turned aside to explore a lane running up to a hillside cattle pasture, stopping by the way to admire the activities — and they were activities — of a set of big scavenger beetles. Next, I tried for half a mile a fine new road leading across the park to the left, with thick, uncleared woods on one side; and then I went back to Bloody Pond.

The place was now deserted, and I took a seat under a tree opposite. Prodigious bullfrogs, big enough to have been growing ever since the war, lay here and there upon the water; now calling in the lustiest bass, now falling silent again after one comical expiring gulp. It was getting toward the cool of the afternoon. Already the birds felt it. A wood thrush's voice rang out at intervals from somewhere beyond the ploughed land, and a field sparrow chanted nearer by. At the same time my eye was upon a pair of kingbirds, — wayfarers hereabout, to judge from their behavior; a crested flycatcher stood guard at the top of a lofty dead tree, and a rough-winged swallow alighted

on the margin of the pool, and began bathing with great enjoyment. It made me comfortable to look at him. By and by two young fellows with fishing-poles came down the railroad.

"Why is this called Bloody Pond?" I asked.

"Why?"

"Yes."

"Why, there were a lot of soldiers killed here in the war, and the pond got bloody."

The granite tower in the shadow of which I had rested awhile ago was General Wilder's monument, they said. His

headquarters were there. Then they passed on down the track out of sight, and all was silent once more, till a chickadee gave out his sweet and quiet song just behind me, and a second swallow dropped upon the water's edge. The pond was of the smallest and meanest, — muddy shore, muddy bottom, and muddy water; but men fought and died for it in those awful September days of heat and dust and thirst. There was no better place on the field, perhaps, in which to realize the horrors of the battle, and I was glad to have the chickadee's voice the last sound in my ears as I turned away.

Bradford Torrey.

THE PLOT OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE kinship of *Iliad* and *Odyssey* can never be denied. Despite microscopic dissimilarities which have been noted, the dialect, the metre, and, we may add, with reasonable allowance for the difference in subject, even the vocabulary, remain essentially unchanged as we pass from the earlier to the younger epic. Where the same characters appear in both poems — for example, *Odysseus*, *Nestor*, *Mene-laos* — there is a careful consistency in the traits assigned to them. This statement may be extended even to *Achilles*, though he appears in the *Odyssey* only as a ghost in the underworld. The sole important exception, if she be one, is *Helen*. Even in this case the difference is of course partly one of circumstances; and the restoration of *Menelaos'* wife to her former position may have been firmly fixed in the legend before *Homer*. So *Tennyson*, with all the changes he permits himself, could perhaps hardly have brought back *Guinevere* to *Arthur's* throne, or even bidden *Elaine* live, to wed happily with *Launcelot*. We may even please ourselves with the belief that our sterner Teutonic or Keltic morality made

the queen's fall from virtue an irreparable one, just as the Greek worship of beauty could hardly be satisfied unless *Helen* rode, unconquerable still, in all her radiant charms, over the black billows of a war which was aroused by her sin, and had engulfed the chosen youth of her generation!

In what we may call the accidents of structure, also, there are striking analogies between the two Homeric poems. Each deals with the long-delayed but sure and complete fulfillment of a decree uttered by *Zeus*. In the first book of the *Iliad*, *Thetis* prays that the Greeks may suffer in atonement for *Achilles'* wrongs (508-10), and *Zeus* impressively nods his assent (524-27). In the assembly of the gods at the opening of the *Odyssey*, *Zeus* himself proposes *Odysseus'* home-return (Book I. 76, 77), and in the similar divine council which opens Book v. declares it as the settled decree of fate (41, 42): —

"So is it destined that he shall see his beloved,
returning
Unto his high-roofed hall and unto the land of
his fathers."

This divine machinery seems to us, perhaps, a rather foreign and artificial addition to the ancient epic; and in Virgil's age of skepticism it evidently is so, to some extent. But much the same effect is produced, also, upon our minds, at the present day, by the witch scenes in *Macbeth*. Yet Hecate and her bel-dames were, probably, three centuries ago, quite as real to many Englishmen as the gods of the *Odyssey* were to the poet's first auditors. Indeed, we ourselves are hardly yet far enough removed from Cotton Mather's demonology and the Salem witchcraft to stigmatize either the Homeric theology or Shakespeare's witches as merely a degrading superstition.

As the *Iliad* opens in the tenth and last year of Troy's beleaguering, so the companion poem begins with the tenth and final year of Odysseus' long wanderings on his homeward way. Each epic crowds its action into a comparatively small number of days, — fifty-one in the *Iliad*, forty-one in the *Odyssey*, while even of these a few only are eventful, — but both poems give us also, incidentally, vivid pictures of previous events, and significant glimpses as well into the future. As Achilles' doom was thrice foretold with increasing definiteness, so now we hear of Menelaos' destiny (*Odyssey* iv. 561–69), to be transferred, without dying, to the Elysian plain, because he is wedded to Zeus' daughter Helen; and we listen also to an equally mystical hint as to the hero Odysseus' own last adventure (xi. 134–36): —

“And Death shall come to thee out of the waters;
Gentle shall be his coming to slay thee, when thou art wearied,
Aging slowly, and seeing thy people happy about thee.”

In the *Iliad*, we hear only briefly, and as it were accidentally, concerning the origin of the war and its progress hitherto; while four entire books of the younger

epic are taken up with the hero's own account of previous adventures. But it must be remembered that the *Iliad* professes to deal only with an episode, —

Sing, O goddess, *the wrath* of Achilles, —
while the *Odyssey* is a story with a hero:
Tell me, O Muse, of *the man* of many devices,
who widely
Wandered, when he had sacked that well-walled city of Troia.

So that these four books of narrative (ix.–xii.) are after all no digression, and require no apology.

The device of plunging into the midst of the action, and permitting a leading character to relate his own exploits, has been imitated frequently; for example, closely by Virgil, less so by Milton. Lovers of the Autocrat will remember how the Breakfast Table was once shocked by the remark, “A woman would rather hear a man talk than an angel, any time!” and how it is justified by the citation of a passage in *Paradise Lost*, where Adam asks from the archangel concerning the deeper mysteries of creation, but Eve withdraws into the garden: —

“Her husband the relator she preferred
Before the Angel.”

The magician who told the loves of Othello and Desdemona also realized how effective it is to hear from the hero's own lips the tale

“of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field.”

Even the Shakespearean motif of woman's love won through sympathy is original with Nausicaa's poet, though Virgil's Dido and her passion make a larger element in the epic plot.

Perhaps it may be added, as another feature of both poems, that the catastrophe is skillfully retarded, and the exact manner in which it will be brought about is long hidden from the listener. As the intervention and death of Patroclus, extinguishing Achilles' wrath in the mightier flame of his grief, could not easily be foreseen, so the trial of strength with the bow, proposed in good faith by

Penelope to decide her choice among the suitors, puts a great advantage into her unrecognized husband's hands. Several passages early in the *Odyssey*, suggesting that young Telemachos may himself destroy the suitors, especially Pallas Athene's own words reminding the prince of Orestes' brave deed (l. 298-302), leave us in some doubt, until his father and he unite their counsels and their valor in the great closing scenes.

Here, however, we perhaps touch upon the chief defect of the *Iliad*. Its action is retarded by interruptions, not merely by digressions. The *Odyssey* is the shorter poem by several thousand lines, but yet has both a much greater variety of interest and a completer unity. We do not, I think, feel at any time that the action of the *Odyssey* is deliberately and unduly delayed. While Achilles is unseen and almost forgotten through many books of the *Iliad*, we almost never lose sight of Odysseus, and his fortunes are always of supreme importance. This single and unbroken thread of human interest aids essentially in making the *Odyssey* what we believe it is, — the best of all the good stories that ever were told!

The most striking difference between the two poems may be found in the unvaried setting of the elder epic, the shifting scene of the younger. In the *Iliad*, our gaze ranges only from the ships and cabins of the Greeks on the Hellespontine shore to the homes and streets of the beleaguered town, or at farthest to Zeus' seat on Ida whence he overlooks both hosts. Even the divine abodes seem close at hand: the gods, debating only upon the issue of the war, keep their eyes fixed, as it were, upon the Trojan plain, and nearly all of them actually enter the field of battle on some occasion. In the *Odyssey*, the heavens are grown larger as well as more serene, while of the earth we have an infinitely wider and more varied view. First of all, we glance, with the gods, at Calypso's remote isle, where Odysseus pines in ex-

ile. Then, after a vivid glimpse at Ithaca and the suitors' misdeeds, we see Telemachos set off for the kingdoms of the mainland. As Nestor and Menelaos relate to him the story of their homeward voyages from Troyland, they seem to put us for the moment in direct connection with the familiar scene of the *Iliad*. Again, we follow Odysseus as he starts from Calypso's abode, and, sailing, drifting, swimming, reaches at last the Phæacians' shore. At the banquet, we retrace with him the world-wide wanderings, during which each of his comrades has found a miserable end. Presently, we sway over the long surges with him once more, as he passes homeward, sleeping soundly through the all-night voyage, upon the magic bark that flies "swifter than the thought of man." Meantime, the wanderings of Telemachos and the perplexities of Penelope have occasionally divided our attention. Two thirds of the poem are completed when father and son are united in the faithful swineherd's cabin. From this point the swiftly moving action is centred in the little island kingdom of Ithaca.

Some great advantages the *Odyssey* certainly gains through this widening of its scene. The *Iliad* offers us, as has been said, a single magnificent picture, that of Troy Besieged. Even the Olympian gods seem merely to occupy a co-incident upper stage, as in the mediæval miracle-plays heaven and earth, indeed hell also, are represented simultaneously open before the eyes of the audience. Conditions are, so to speak, abnormal, certainly exceptional, everywhere in the *Iliad*. The Greeks are homeless and demoralized. The camp is full of captive widows and orphaned maids condemned to a state worse than mere slavery. The town is crowded with the armies of its allies, and reduced almost to desperation. The very gods in heaven imitate mankind with unseemly quarrels and threats, or even with actual violence, culminating in the opera-bouffe scene

where Hera castigates Artemis. There is no other picture of war so brilliant, so vivid, so indelibly stamped upon the imagination of mankind.

Now, if the younger poem had confined itself to Odysseus' home-coming and grim vengeance on the jackals that troubled the lion's lair, this picture of the impoverished royal family, the disordered palace, and the riotous suitors would have been hopelessly inferior in tragic dignity and in artistic scope to that contest which so long shook the Scamandrian plain, and made Pluto leap from his throne in terror lest his ghastly realm be revealed to the light of the sun. But in the *Odyssey*, as an adequate compensation, is unrolled the magnificent background, the entire Homeric world.

Through Telemachos' eyes we see Nestor and Menelaos ruling in peace and in luxury over prosperous, contented Greek peoples; and thus we acquire, through contrast, a juster conception of distracted Ithaca, as well as a delightful picture of patriarchal Hellas in times of peace.

In Scheria we have a happy ideal sketch, not without mildly satirical strokes, of a still gentler race. As sailors and voyagers the Phæacians are beyond rivalry, but otherwise their life is an idle one. As their merry ruler says,

"Ever delightful to us is the banquet, music and dancing,

Garments changed full often, and hot-water baths, and our couches."

Evidently a people to be looked upon by Greek eyes with an indulgent smile.

In Odysseus' narrative we have, again, added like a darker fringe to these bright pictures, the wild scenes on the edge of the habitable world. We shudder in the Cyclops' cave, flee from Scylla's writhing heads, hear the Sirens' song as the waves dash over their victims' whitening bones, and even gain more than a glimpse at the mist-wrapped abode of the dead.

These adventures, also, glorify Odys-

seus, the chief figure in them all, and accompany him, as it were, toward his desecrated home. As the unknown and oft-insulted beggar rolls grim, silent eyes about the tumultuous hall of his heritage, marking for death the unbidden banqueters, we remember that this is the same dauntless hero who quelled Circe, blinded Polyphemus, and called up Teiresias from Hades. We realize that Pallas and Hermes, who saved him then, will surely make him resistless now.

The poem, then, is an artistic whole; and the key to its unity is truly given in the opening note. It is the personality of Odysseus, the story of his return to Ithaca. And yet we may find that the temptation will at times beset us, even more than with the *Iliad*, to forget that whole in the dreamy enjoyment of its parts. We may even excuse ourselves with the thought that the poet himself has not wholly resisted the corresponding temptation. The singer of the *Odyssey* seems to have much more of the romantic spirit than he—or they—of the *Iliad*. There is an occasional appeal to sentiment for its own sake. There is a tender and lingering touch in certain episodes, which indicates that they are elaborated for their own idyllic beauty as much as for the benefit of the plot.

In the *Iliad*, the rare appeals to softer emotions are more evidently for the sake of contrast. Hector's parting, to take a shining example, avowedly foreshadows his death, deepening its pathos and impressiveness. Mighty indeed — so runs the undercurrent of our thought — is Achilles; mightier yet the justice that dooms guilty Ilios, since it could compel the fall even of such a worthy favorite among gods and men as Hector. If we linger a moment over the guilty love of Paris and Helen, we see in the same instant — never in truth more clearly — the wronged and baffled Menelaos, and almost hear the swift wings of his coming revenge. But with Nausicaa we linger not only long, but lovingly. We are for-

getting Penelope; and I fear we might almost find it in our hearts to forgive the sea-worn and war-worn hero if he too had forgotten her!

Still more difficult to fit into the ethical frame of the picture is the Helen of the *Odyssey*. As she, or her poet, unfolds each womanly and queenly accomplishment, and, touching even upon the dreadful past, manages to recall scenes and motives which soften our feelings as to her abiding in Troy, we realize that upon us, also, the starry eyes of Argive Helen glow resistless. We take our places among her fascinated guests, and no longer wonder that she outlived that terrible night when Priam's gray hairs won no mercy, and Pallas' shrine could not save Cassandra's honor. (There are works of art in which the dagger is seen dropping from Menelaos' hand as Helen unveils before him: for example, Baumeister, pp. 745, 746.) To us, even as to the brother of Antilochos slain and to Odysseus' fatherless son, Helen proffers the nepenthe which drowns just grief and resentment for the evils of former days. Yet all this is at least aside from, if not antagonistic to, the avowed theme and purpose of the poet.

If Nausicaa is lovable as well as loving, it may perhaps be pleaded that she is so much the fitter to be the last temptation of the patient hero, as he passes on, lonely and saddened, yet steadfast, homeward. Calypso, he knows, was fairer and statelier than his mortal wife had ever been. Nausicaa, too, he will gladly honor as a divinity. Yet,

"East or west,
Home is best."

But why should Helen be ever beautiful, and honored, and even happy, while faultless Penelope grows old in sorrow and persecution? One is tempted to think that our poet has himself failed to see any adequate retribution overtaking his men and women; that he even, like an earlier Euripides, emphasizes in his art the failure of the divinity to visit

vengeance upon sin, and to bestow happiness upon the righteous.

Perhaps it will be wiser, nevertheless, to recur to our former phrase, and to recognize in the *Odyssey* merely an increasing romantic element, a bolder appeal to sentiment, a fuller elaboration of the parts for the sake of their own beauty. It is a familiar tendency, which the late John Addington Symonds was never tired of pointing out. There will always be more of us to enjoy Praxiteles' softened outlines than Phidias' rugged strength. "Euripides the human" draws tears more easily than Æschylos, — or, in more modern terms, Little Em'ly more easily than Macbeth, — though not from such deep sources, mysterious even to ourselves. A more fruitful comparison, however, may be made with the austere art of Milton and the linked sweetness of Tennyson.

Three thousand years hence, if all other literature and tradition of England shall have perished, men may seriously discuss whether one poet could have composed *Paradise Lost* and the *Idylls of the King*. The theology of the two is not irreconcilable. The language, the metre, the poetic tradition, may then appear essentially identical. Certainly, the later poem should reveal a perfect familiarity with the earlier one, since the laureate counted as chief among his masters the "God-gifted organ voice of England."

So much, at least, is true of *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. It is not strange that the claim of Homer as the author of both was maintained among the ancients, even after the *Cyclic epics* and the *Homeric hymns* had been rightly assigned to a later age and to feeble hands. There are still many who find it easier to abide by the tradition of one great epic poet than to accept the possibility of two so alike and so equal in power. And surely it is conceivable that a single genius should have shaped the two great poems. Tennyson's poetical career lasted just about as long as the period from the composi-

tion of the earliest extant drama of Æschylos which can be accurately dated, The Persians, to the death of Euripides and Sophocles. A briefer epoch might include both Homeric epics. The Iliad and the Odyssey may to many seem more closely akin than In Memoriam and Harold. I find it, for myself, however, in high degree *improbable* that one man lived to see, and even led, so great a transition from classic toward romantic taste; from an age which was content to devote an Iliad to the glorification of war to the generation which felt the full pathos of Odysseus' longing for home and rest, overpowering even the charm of world-wide adventure and marvelous experience. Such a transition is implied in the ancient belief that the Iliad was the work of Homer's prime, the Odyssey the child of his age. Though perhaps not literally, it is figuratively true, — true of a race, of a civilization, if not of an individual.

The argument that it is easier to believe in the existence of one great epic poet than of two, or of a school, seems to us distinctly against the weight of evidence. It is not a mere popular fancy that arranges the greatest authors in contemporary groups. Schiller and Lessing help to render Goethe's career intelligible, Horace is the natural pendant of Virgil, Lowell was produced by the conditions which made Emerson possible. The best illustration is, however, the age of Greek drama. Even the three tragedians just mentioned did not hold the field alone. If Phrynichos, Ion, Agathon, and the rest had survived, we might perhaps have accepted the Athenian people's judgment, which repeatedly preferred them to the surviving masters, granting to Œdipus the king only a second prize, and to Medea the third! Even so, there are yet remaining beautiful though scanty epic fragments, indicating that there may have been not merely two, but twenty great masters of the hexameter.

Before we turn to the somewhat detailed discussion of the structure of the

Odyssey, I should like to dwell for an instant on the contrast in the spirit of the two glorious epics. The prevailing note of the Iliad seems to be the fierce delight in strife and bloodshed. The war-worn and wave-worn hero of the Odyssey realizes that he has gained rich experience and wisdom by wandering, and his eagerness to see and know is not easily sated; yet the chord which vibrates most strongly throughout the younger poem is the longing for the peace of home-life.

There is a passage near the close of the Odyssey in which the night following the slaying of the suitors is divinely prolonged, that Odysseus may enjoy with Penelope comfort and repose after twenty years' separation. The poet has taken this opportunity to recall rapidly, through Odysseus' lips, in their proper sequence, the adventures of his hero since the fall of Troy. We may seize the same occasion to pass in review some of the familiar tales of folk-lore which have crystallized about the central story of the returning husband.

Little success in winning popular approval has attended the efforts spent in attacking the essential unity of plot and of probable authorship in our Odyssey. Yet for every comedy of Shakespeare, save The Tempest, suggestions have been found in earlier works, usually in tales of other races. Even so, it is no detraction from Homer's originality if many incidents woven into the Odyssey are traced to myths unconnected with Penelope's husband, some of them probably not even Greek in their origin.

The verses of Homer outlining the narrative as it was thus told to Penelope will serve, at least in part, as texts for us to gloss.

First Odysseus told how he the Cicones conquered.

These allies of Priam furnish the only victory and booty of the Ithacans in the long tale of woe and death. Even here defeat quickly followed, and loss of many lives.

Then in the fertile land of the lotus-eaters he tarried.

We are perhaps not yet beyond the pale of realities, and the lotus has been identified sometimes with the "jujuba" of northern Africa; sometimes, also, with the "mandrakes" which Reuben brought to his mother Leah (Genesis xxx. 14). Some narcotic is doubtless indicated by the poetic account, though Homer does not distinctly assert anything more than that Odysseus' comrades liked it:—

Whoso among them the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus had tasted
Would not depart from the land, nor even report with the tidings.
There were they fain to remain with the folk that ate of the lotus,
Feeding ever thereon; and the path of return was forgotten.

The incident is a brief and unimportant one in Homer, and Tennyson's genius may fairly be said to have wrested the subject from the master's hand.

All that the Cyclops wrought he related; and how he exacted
Vengeance for comrades brave, by the monster ruthlessly eaten.

In this case, Odysseus confesses, his companions were more wisely cautious than he. His foolhardy lingering in the cavern till the giant should return is hardly offset by the final escape with a remnant of his crew. Perhaps these features mark the story as an imperfect adaptation from a foreign source. The legend of the one-eyed man-eating ogre is curiously widespread, from Tartary to Ireland. It is, at any rate, fitted skillfully into the Homeric plot; for Poseidon, we are told, is the Cyclops' father, and the sea-god's wrath follows relentlessly the men who had blinded his son. Yet, as in Coleridge's tale of the albatross, the chief guilty one—if guilt there was in such self-defense—is the sole survivor at last!

Æolus, who is next visited, and who gives the winds to Odysseus in a bag, is, according to Andrew Lang, "an heroic ancestor of the witches who down to the present century sold winds in the same

fashion to Scottish mariners." These Homeric blasts were, however, the winds that were *not to blow*. Only the west wind was left free, and would have wafted the exiles speedily home. The untying of the sack while Odysseus sleeps recalls the motif of the Pandora myth, and of countless others in all lands.

The cannibal Læstrygonians, whom the Ithacans next visit, destroy all the ships save one, with their crews. These savages live by a narrow fiord between high rock walls, where "the paths of day and night are nigh together," and "a sleepless man might earn a double wage" as herdsman. This is surely a reminiscence of the long arctic day. If it is too early a date for Mediterranean sailors to have fared so far as Norway, the vague legend may have reached Greek lands by the overland trade route along which amber came to the southern peoples.

The lonely floating island of Æolus, it has been suggested, may have originated in some sailor's tale of an iceberg. It seems to be near the Læstrygonians' coast, since no night is mentioned as intervening on the voyage from their land to Æolia, and an old tradition made Æolus' wife one of their people.

Then he related the craft and the many devices of Circe.

The ethical interpretation of the Circean myth—that sensuality makes men truly bestial—is at least as old as Socrates. But the marvel is doubtless more ancient than the moral. The legend has plenty of parallels elsewhere, the most familiar being Queen Labè in the Arabian Nights, who also transforms her discarded lovers into various beasts. Indeed, the change to animal forms is one of the most familiar elements of enchantment everywhere. The terrible were-wolf superstition died late and hard, if it is even now extinct.

From Circe's island Odysseus made his excursion to Hades, and returned thence to the enchantress. The Kimmerian land of ghosts, ever wrapped in fog, may be a sort of pendant to the Læstrygonian

legend, suggested by the long night of the far north or of the far south.

A curious geographical question arises at this point. At Æolus' isle Odysseus was west of his Grecian home, since Zephyrus was to carry him thither. Circe's island, like Læstrygonia, seems to be within a day's sail of Æolus. Yet the hero is said to return from the realm of the dead (xii. 3, 4) to Circe, coming

Unto the isle Æeæ, where early Dawn has her dwelling:

There are her dancing-places, the land of the sun's uprising.

Commentators, old and new, have struggled with the problem how Circe's island home can be both in the remote west and in the far east. President Warren utilizes this passage as the corner-stone of his theory that Homer was aware of the shape of our globe, and makes his hero circumnavigate it. This is but a part of the learned and elaborately woven argument by which Dr. Warren locates the lost earthly Paradise at the north pole. It does not seem quite impossible that a truer cosmology than the later classic beliefs may have been included among those Lost Arts with which Wendell Phillips's silvery tongue delighted our boyhood.

Then did he tell how he heard the song of the clear-voiced Sirens.

Their voices are still heard across every "perilous sea of fairyland forlorn." The Wandering Rocks, between which no ship save Argo had ever passed uncrushed, are said to be described in old sailors' tales even among the Aztecs of our own continent. Scylla's writhing heads, each of which drags a man from the vessel's deck, seems to be a polypus or devil-fish. The belief that these creatures are occasionally so enormous as to attack even a ship successfully is by no means only an ancient one.

Lastly, for devouring the sacred kine of Helios, the sun-god, in Thrinakia, the crew of Odysseus' ship are destroyed in a deep-sea shipwreck by Zeus' thunder-

bolt. The hero, alone, drifts, after many days, to the isle of Calypso, in the centre of the sea. In this lovely earthly Paradise (as Dr. Warren declares it to be, though but a dim and distorted wraith of the true tradition remains, according to him, in Homer) Odysseus spends seven years with the gentle and loving nymph. Of the hero's last voyage, to Phæacia, we have spoken, and shall speak again.

The night-long slumber on the Phæacian ship, already mentioned, seems a clear reminder that the curtain of fairyland is here pushed aside, while the Ithacan wanderer emerges again into the real world. From the Cyclops to the Phæacians, everything lies at an unknown distance from Greece, in a trackless sea, quite beyond the pale of merely human experience. Several passages remind us to include the gentle Phæacians, also, in this part of the tale. We are informed that they were formerly neighbors of the Cyclops, and are "very near to the Immortals." After they have conducted the crafty Ithacan homeward, Poseidon resolves to turn the offending vessel to stone, and wall up their city behind a mountain. The Phæacian king sees the significance of all this, the more as it fulfills an ancient oracle, and bids his people

"Cease from the convoy of men, when any shall come to our city."

The poetic significance of this passage is surely no less clear. Never shall mariner or adventurer bring further tidings home from the happy Phæacian land. Like the German maiden in the cursed village of Germelshausen, the loving Nausicaa is seen but for a day; nor may any weaker hand "the lost clue regain."

The latter half of the poem has a comparatively realistic character. The scene is either in the great house of Odysseus, or in the swineherd's cabin on the further side of rocky Ithaca. In the accounts of Penelope's and Telemachos' movements, of the suitors' banquets, and finally of the great massacre, many ar-

chitectural details are incidentally given. So judicious a scholar as Professor Jebb joins in the attempt to piece these together into a scientific restoration of the prehistoric Greek country-house. The results do not seem very fruitful or well assured. But such studies are stimulated and aided by the brilliant discoveries of early architecture in Tiryns, Mycenæ, Troy, and elsewhere. They are certainly wiser and safer than any attempt to illustrate prehistoric customs or manners from the scenes of these books. Thus, on three different occasions a handy missile is thrown at the supposed beggar, Odysseus: Book XVII. 462, a stool, which hits his shoulder; XVIII. 394, another footstool, which misses him, but hits the cupbearer; xx. 299, an ox-foot, which is dodged, and strikes the wall. This is an illustration — of what? Surely, only of drunken and lawless manners everywhere; though it also serves to harden Odysseus' heart against all thought of mercy, and perhaps has a grim irony as we think of the deadlier missiles which will so soon hurtle through the shadowy hall in return.

But a loftier tragic tone is felt through the twenty-second book in particular, wherein the slaughter of the suitors is accomplished. Only the minstrel and the herald, who had served in the hall under compulsion, are spared. The unfaithful maid servants, whom the suitors had beguiled, are made to clear the hall of their lovers' bodies, and then are hung, all a-row, in the courtyard! Such are the tidings that are brought by the old nurse, Eurykleia, to Penelope upon her waking. That she is long incredulous, and also proves the stranger, craftily, before she believes him to be her long-absent lord, troubles Telemachos, and has offended some commentators; but it only wins a smile from the man of many wiles himself, who had evidently chosen wisely a wife after his own heart.

It is in this palace, where the groans of the dying suitors have hardly died

away, that Odysseus receives again into his arms, after twenty years' separation, the wife of his youth. A pathetic touch is the mention of Teiresias' prophecy, indicating that long wanderings still remain before the brief space of peaceful old age which is to close the storm-tossed heroic life. Even now his rest is troubled by a weighty care: the death-feud with the kin of the slain suitors. Odysseus cannot refrain from mentioning this, also, in Penelope's hearing, to the boyish son whom this day's work has made a man and a warrior.

"Even he who has slain but a single man in the country,
Though he have left not many thereafter to be his avengers,
Flees into exile, leaving his kin and the land of his fathers.
We have slain these youths, who by far were in Ithaca noblest;
They were the stay of the city: and this I bid thee consider!"

Odysseus evidently realizes that he has a worse than Corsican vendetta to face. Telemachos' reply naturally expresses the fullest confidence in his father's resources. We would gladly have heard an added word of confidence in the divine aid, which Pallas should have taught him ere now.

With the close of this day the ancient Alexandrian critics believed that the genuine *Odyssey* ended. But Mr. Lang is no doubt right in reminding us emphatically that no hearer in the heroic age could have been content unless a solution for the feud of blood was added. This is more convincing than his similar assertion that the poet of the *Iliad* could not have left Hector unburied. Artistically, however, anything that follows the death of the wooers and the happy reunion of the royal pair must seem to us an anti-climax. Furthermore, our attention is unexpectedly distracted by the form which this continuation, the present twenty-fourth book, actually takes. There are, in fact, three nearly distinct pictures making up this closing canto.

First, the scene is transferred, without warning, to the underworld once more, and we overhear a conversation between the ghosts of Agamemnon and Achilles. The latter, for some reason not indicated, now hears for the first time the story of his own funeral in the Troad. It is a stately pageant that is here described, and the glimpse accorded us of the lovely Thetis and her great grief alone rewards us for its perusal. But this is a strange place in which to find it. It could certainly have been made more effective in the eleventh book.

Then follows Odysseus' visit with Telemachos to the upland farm, and the loving recognition of him by his old father and the thralls. Part of this, again, is noble poetry, and we cannot feel that it is precisely out of place, though we certainly do not feel that it is essential to the epic plot. It is, rather, like a sentimental one-act drama or idyl by itself.

Lastly, the kin of the slain take to arms, and are seen approaching the farm. Old Laertes determines to "tilt it out among the lads," and is not, like the father of Tennyson's prince, dissuaded therefrom. A remark of his is really the one stirring word in the scene :

"Now what a day is this, dear gods ! I truly am happy,

Seeing my son and my son's son vie with each other in valor ! "

The passage reminds us vaguely of the pictures, popular a few years ago, representing four generations of German imperial stock. Laertes is the only one who kills his man. The victim is the leader of the avengers, and father of the most insolent among the suitors. Then Zeus stays the skirmish with a thunderbolt, and we are told in curt words that Pallas Athene reconciled the feud, at her father's bidding, taking on therefor the guise of mortal Mentor. But not one word of hers is actually reported, and the book ends tamely ; even, as it seems, hastily and lamely.

Perhaps, as Mr. Lang says, such a

divine intervention was about the only solution possible, at least without further waste of life. But if the master poet of the *Odyssey* composed the last two hundred lines in their present form, he was very weary either of his art altogether or else of this theme. There are few even of the greatest artists who understand the divine art of leaving off betimes. Perhaps the most effective verse in all Dante is that quiet word of Francesca : —

"Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avanti."

Something may always be left to the imagination of the sympathetic reader.

But as we look back upon the whole mass of Greek epic, upon the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* together, how complete and how magnificent is the picture which they create ! We must, I think, concede the truth of one of the boldest assertions made by the brilliant and canny Scot who is so often quoted, and still oftener drawn upon, in this essay : if we were forced to lose either Homer or all Greek literature beside, we should hesitate as long as possible ; but at last we should cling to Homer, who anticipates so much that is best in all the other Hellenic poets, and whose world seems to have a completeness and a perfect beauty of its own to which its very remoteness adds a final charm.

"Why floats the amaranth in eternal bloom
O'er Ilium's turrets and Achilles' tomb ?
Why lingers fancy where the sunbeams smile
On Circe's gardens and Calypso's isle ?
Why follows memory to the gate of Troy
Her plumed defender and his trembling boy ? "

The truest answer to his own question Dr. Holmes himself gives in another connection : —

"The classic days, those mothers of romance,
That roused a nation for a woman's glance ;
The age of mystery with its hoarded power,
Have past and faded like a dream of youth."

And these tragic yet sweetest memories of the world's lost youth are bound up forever under the rubric that bears the doubted and denied, yet ever glorious name of Homer.

William Cranston Lawton.

A SAILOR'S WEDDING.

THERE is a Northern laddy who sails the round sea-rim,
And Malyn of the mountains is all the world to him.
The master of The Snowflake, bound upward from the line,
He smothers her with canvas along the crumbling brine.
He crowds her till she buries and shudders from his hand,
For in the angry sunset the watch has sighted land;
And he will brook no gainsay who goes to meet his bride.
But their will is the wind's will who traffic on the tide.
Make home, my bonny schooner! The sun goes down to light
The gusty crimson wind-halls against the wedding night.

She gathers up the distance, and grows and veers and swings,
Like any homing swallow with nightfall in her wings.
The wind's white sources glimmer with shining gusts of rain;
And in the Ardis country the spring comes back again.
It is the brooding April, haunted and sad and dear,
When vanished things return not with the returning year.
Only, when evening purples the light in Malyn's dale,
With sound of brooks and robins, by many a hidden trail,
With stir of lulling rivers along the forest floor,
The dream-folk of the gloaming come back to Malyn's door.
The dusk is long and gracious, and far up in the sky
You hear the chimney-swallows twitter and scurry by.
The hyacinths are lonesome and white in Malyn's room;
And out at sea The Snowflake is driving through the gloom.

The whitecaps froth and freshen; in squadrons of white surge
They thunder on to ruin, and smoke along the verge.
The lift is black above them, the sea is mirk below,
And down the world's wide border they perish as they go.
They comb and seethe and founder, they mount and glimmer and flee,
Amid the awful sobbing and quailing of the sea.
They sheet the flying schooner in foam from stem to stern,
Till every yard of canvas is drenched from clew to yearn.
And where they move uneasy, chill is the light and pale;
They are the Skipper's daughters, who dance before the gale.
They revel with The Snowflake, and down the close of day
Among the boisterous dancers she holds her dancing way;
And then the dark has kindled the harbor light a-lee,
With stars and wind and sea-room upon the curdling sea.

The storm gets up to windward to heave and clang and brawl;
The dancers of the open begin to moan and call.
A lure is in their dancing, a weird is in their song;
The snow-white Skipper's daughters are stronger than the strong.
They love the Northern sailor who dares the rough sea play;

Their arms are white and splendid to beckon him away.
They promise him, for kisses a moment at their lips,
To make before the morning the port of missing ships,
Where men put in for shelter, and dreams put forth again,
And the great sea-winds follow the journey of the rain.
A bridal with no morrow, no welling of old tears,
For him, and no more tidings of the departed years!
For there of old were fashioned the chambers cool and dim,
In the eternal silence below the twilight's rim.
The borders of that country are slumberous and wide;
And they are well who marry the fondlers of the tide.
Within their arms immortal no mortal fear can be;
But Malyn of the mountains is fairer than the sea.

And so the scudding Snowflake flies with the wind astern,
And through the boding twilight are blown the shrilling tern.
The light is on the headland, the harbor gate is wide;
But rolling in with ruin the fog is on the tide.
Fate like a muffled steersman sails with that Northern gloom;
The Snowflake in the offing is neck and neck with doom.
Ha, ha, my saucy cruiser, crowd up your helm and run!
There'll be a merrymaking to-morrow in the sun.
A cloud of straining canvas, a roar of breaking foam,
The Snowflake and the sea-drift are racing in for home.
Her heart is dancing shoreward, but silently and pale
The swift relentless phantom is hungering on her trail.
They scour and fly together, until across the roar
He signals for a pilot — and Death puts out from shore.
A moment Malyn's window is gleaming in the lee,
And then — the ghost of wreckage upon the iron sea.

Ah, Malyn, lay your forehead upon your folded arm,
And hear the grim marauder shake out the reefs of storm!
Loud laughs the surly Skipper to feel the fog drive in,
Because a blue-eyed sailor shall wed his kith and kin,
And the red dawn discover a rover spent for breath
Among the merrymakers who fondle him to death.
And all the snowy sisters are dancing wild and grand,
For him whose broken beauty shall slacken to their hand.
They wanton in their triumph, and skirl at Malyn's plight;
Lift up their hands in chorus, and thunder to the night.
The gulls are driven inland; but on the dancing tide
The master of The Snowflake is taken to his bride.

And there when daybreak yellows along the far sea-plain,
The fresh and buoyant morning comes down the wind again.
Once more that gray Shipmaster smiles, for the night is done,
And all his snow-white daughters are dancing in the sun.
The world is glad of April, the gulls are wild with glee,
And Malyn on the headland alone looks out to sea.

Bliss Carman.

THE MYSTERY OF WITCH-FACE MOUNTAIN.

I.

THE beetling crags that hang here and there above the gorge hold in their rugged rock sculpture no facial similitudes, no suggestions. The jagged outlines of shelving bluffs delineate no gigantic profile against the sky beyond. One might seek far and near, and scan the vast slope with alert and expectant gaze, and view naught of the semblance that from time immemorial has given the mountain its name. Yet the imagination needs but scant aid when suddenly the elusive simulacrum is revealed to the eye. In a certain slant of the diurnal light, even on bright nights at the full of the moon, sometimes in the uncanny flicker of electricity smitten from a storm-cloud, a gigantic peaked sinister face is limned on the bare, sandy, rocky slope, so definite, with such fixity of lineament, that one is amazed that its recognition came no earlier, and is startled when it disappears.

Disappearing as completely as a fancy, few there are who have ever seen it who have not climbed from the herder's trail across the narrow wayside stream and up the rugged mountain slopes to the spot where it became visible. There disappointment awaits the explorer. One finds a bare and sterile space, from which the hardy chickweed can scarcely gain the sustenance for its timorous sproutings; a few outcropping rocks; a series of transverse gullies here and there, washed down to deep indentations; above the whole a stretch of burnt, broken timber that goes by the name of "fire-scald," and is a relic of the fury of the fire which was "set out" in the woods with the mission to burn only the leaves and undergrowth, and which, in its undisciplined strength, transcended its instructions, as it were, and destroyed great trees. And this is all. But once more, at a coign of vantage on the

opposite side of the gorge, and the experience can be utilized in differentiating the elements that go to make up the weird presentment of a human countenance. It is the fire-scald that suggests the great peaked brown hood; the oblong sandy stretch forms the pallid face; the ledges outline the nose and chin and brow; the eyes look out from the deep indentations where the slope is washed by the currents of the winter's rain; and here and there the gullies draw heavy lines and wrinkles. And when the wind is fresh and the clouds send before it, in the motion of their shadows the face will seem to mow at the observer, until the belief comes very readily that it is the exact semblance of a witch's face.

Always the likeness is pointed out and insisted on by the denizens of Witch-Face Mountain, as if they had had long and intimate acquaintance with that sort of unhallowed gentry, and were especially qualified to pronounce upon the resemblance.

"Ain't it jes' like 'em, now? Ain't it the very moral of a witch?" Constant Hite demanded, one gusty day, when the shadows were a-flicker in the sun, and the face seemed animated by the malice of mockery or mirth, as he pointed it out to his companion with a sort of triumph in its splenetic contortions.

He was a big, bluff fellow, to whose pride all that befell him seemed to minister. He was proud of his length of limb, and his hundred and eighty pounds of weight, and yet his slim appearance. "Ye dunno whar I put 'em, do ye?" he was wont to say when he stepped off the scales at the grocery of the hamlet down in the Cove. "It's solid meat an' bone an' muscle, my boy. Keep on the friendly side of one hunderd an' eighty," with a challenging wink. He was proud of his bright brown eyes, and his dark hair

and mustache, and smiling, handsome face, and his popularity among the class that he was pleased to denominate "gal critters." He piqued himself upon his several endowments as a hardy woodsman, his endurance, his sylvan craft, his pluck and his luck and his accurate aim. The buck — all gray and antlered, for it was August — that hung across the horse, behind the saddle, gave token of this keen exactitude in the tiny wound at the base of the ear, where the rifle-ball had entered to pierce the brain; it might seem to the inexperienced that death had come rather from the gaping knife-stroke across the throat, which was, however, a mere matter of butcher-craft. He was proud of the good strong bay horse that he rode, which so easily carried double, and proud of his big boots and long spurs; and he scorned flimsy town clothes, and thought that good home-woven blue jeans was the gear in which a man who was a man should clothe himself withal. He glanced more than once at the different toggery of his companion, evidently a man of cities, whom he had chanced to meet by the wayside, and with whom he had journeyed more than a mile.

He had paused again and again to point out the "witch-face" to the stranger, who at first could not discern it at all, and then when it suddenly broke upon him could not be wiled away from it. He dismounted, hitching his horse to a sapling, and up and down he patrolled the rocky mountain path to study the face at various angles; Constant Hite looking on the while with an important placid satisfaction as if he had invented the illusion.

"Some folks, though, can't abide sech ez witches," he said, with a tolerant smile, as if he were able to defy their malevolence and make light of it. "Ye see that cabin on the spur over yander around the bend?" It looked very small and solitary from this height, and the rail fences about its scanty inclosures hardly reached the dignity of suggesting jackstraws. "Waal, they hev a full view of the old

witch enny time she will show up at all. Folks in the mountings 'low the day be onlucky when she appears on the slope thar. The old folks will talk 'bout it cornosider'ble ef ye set 'em goin'; they hev seen thar time, an' it rests 'em some ter tell 'bout'n the spites they hev hed that they lay ter the witch-face."

The ugly fascination of the witch-face had laid hold, too, on the stranger. Twice he had sought to photograph it, and Constant Hite had watched him with an air of lenient indulgence to folly as he potted about in the road; now adjusting his camera, now changing his place anew.

"And I believe I have got the whole amount of nothing at all," he said at last, looking up breathlessly at the mountaineer. Albeit the wind was fresh and the altitude great, the sun was hot on the unshaded red clay path, and the nimble gyrations of the would-be artist brought plentiful drops to his brow. He took off his straw hat, and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief, while he stared wistfully at the siren of his fancy, grimacing and mowing maliciously at him from the slope above. "If the confounded old woman would hold still, and not disappear so suddenly at the wrong minute, I'd have had her charming physiognomy all correct. I believe I've spoiled my plates, — that's all." He once more mopped his bedewed forehead.

He was a man of thirty-five, perhaps, of the type that will never look old or grow perceptibly gray. His hair was red and straight, and cut close to his head. He had a long mustache of the same sanguine tint. The sun had brought the blood close to the surface of his thin skin, and he looked hot and red, and thoroughly exasperated. His brown eyes were disproportionately angry, considering the slight importance of his enterprise. He was evidently a man of keen, quick temper, easily aroused and nervous. He rode a handsome, well-groomed horse that was fractious and difficult for so impatient a man to control. His equestrian outfit

once more attracted the covert glance of Con Hite, whose experience and observation could duplicate no such attire. He was tall, somewhat heavily built, and altogether a sufficiently stalwart specimen of the genus "town man."

"I'll tell you what I'll do!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I'll sketch the whole scene!"

"Now you're shoutin'," said Con Hite capably, as if he had always advocated this method of solving the difficulty. His interlocutor could not for a moment have dreamed that he had never before seen a camera, had never heard of a photograph, had not the least idea of what the process of sketching might be which he so boldly approved; nay, the very phrase embodying his encouragement of the project was foreign to his vocabulary, — a bit of sophisticated slang which he had adopted from his companion's conversation, and readily assimilated.

"You stay just where you are!" cried the stranger, his enthusiasm rising to the occasion; "just that pose, — that pose precisely."

He ran swiftly across the path to remove the inefficient camera from the foreground, and in a moment was seated on a log by the wayside, his quick eye scanning the scene: the close file of the ranges about the horizon, one showing above another, and one more faintly blue than another, for thus the distance was defined; then the amphitheatre of the Cove, the heavy bronze-green slopes of the mountains, all with ripple marks of clear chrome-green ruffling in the wake of the wind; in the middle distance the still depths of the valley below, with shadows all a-slumber and silent, and on the projecting spur the quiet, lonely little house, so slight a suggestion of the presence of man amidst the majestic dominance of nature; here, to the right, across the savage gorge, with its cliffs and with its currents in the deep trough, the nearest slope of the mountain, with the great gaunt

bare space showing that face of ill omen, sibylline, sinister, definite indeed, — he wondered how his eyes were holden that he should not have discerned it at once; and in the immediate foreground the equestrian figure of the mountaineer, booted and spurred, the very "moral," as Hite would have called it, of an athlete, with his fine erect pose distinct against the hazy perspective, his expression of confident force, the details of his handsome features revealed by the brim of his wide black hat turned up in front.

"It's a big subject, I know; I can't get it all in. I shall only suggest it. Just keep that pose, will you? Hold the horse still. 'Stand the storm, it won't be long!'" the artist said, smiling with renewed satisfaction as his pencil, not all inapt, went briskly to work on the horizontal lines of the background.

But it was longer than he had thought, so still sat the contemplative mountaineer, so alluring were the details of the landscape. The enthusiasm of the amateur is always a more urgent motive power than the restrained and utilitarian industry of the professional.

Few sworn knights of the crayon would have sat sketching so long in that temperature as he did, with the sun blazing through his straw hat and his blood mustering under his thin skin; but he stopped at a point short of sunstroke, and it was with a tumultuous sense of triumph that he at last arose, and, with the sketch-book still open, walked across the road and laid it on the pommel of the mountaineer's saddle.

Constant Hite took it up suspiciously and looked at it askance. It is to be doubted if ever before he had seen a picture, unless perchance in the primary reading-book of his callow days at the public school, spasmodically opened at intervals at the "church house" in the Cove. He continued to gravely gaze at the sketch, held sideways and almost reversed, for some moments.

"Bless Gawd! hyar's Whitefoot's

muzzle jes' ez nat'ral — an' *Me* — waal, sir! don't *I* look proud!" he cried suddenly, with a note of such succulent vanity, so finely flavored a pride, that the stranger could but laugh at the zest of his triumph.

"Do you see the witch-face?" he demanded.

"Hesh! hesh!" cried the mountaineer hilariously. "Don't 'sturb me 'bout yer witch-face. Ef thar ain't the buck, — yes, toler'ble fat, — an' with all his horns! An' look at my boot, — actually the spur on it! An' my hat turned up;" he raised his flattered hand to the brim as if to verify its position.

"You did n't know you were so good-looking, hey?" suggested the amused town man.

"My Lord, naw!" declared Hite, laughing at himself, yet laughing delightedly. "I dunno *how* the gals make out to do without me at all!"

The pleased artist laughed, too. "Well, hand it over," he said, as he reached out for the book. "We must be getting out of this sun. I'm not used to it, you see."

He put his foot in the stirrup as he spoke, and as he swung himself into the saddle the mountaineer reluctantly closed and relinquished the book. "I'd like ter see it agin, some time or other," he observed.

He remembered this wish afterward, and how little he then imagined where and in what manner he was destined to see it again.

They rode on together into the dense shade of the woods, leaving the slumberous Cove still quiet in the shadow of the range, and the wind and the sunshine fluctuating over the broad expanse of the mountains, and the witch-face silently mowing and grimacing at the world below, albeit seen by no human being except perchance some dweller at the little house on the spur, struck aghast by this unwelcome apparition evoked by the necromancy of the breeze and the

sheen and the shadow, marking this as an unlucky day.

"That's right smart o' a curiosity, ain't it?" said Constant Hite complacently, as they jogged along in company. "When the last gover'mint survey fellers went through hyar, they war plumb smitten by the ole 'oman, an' spent cornsider'ble time a-stare-gazin' at her. They 'lowed they hed never seen the beat."

"What was the survey for?" asked the town man, with keen mundane interest.

Constant Hite was rarely at a loss. When other men were fain to come to a pause for the lack of information, the resources of his agile substitutions and speculations were made manifest. "They war jes' runnin' a few lines hyar an' thar," he said negligently. "They lef' some tall striped poles planted in the ground, red an' sich colors, ter mark the way; an' them mounting folks over yander in the furdereest coves, — they air powerful ahint the times, — they hed never hearn o' sech ez a survey, noway, an' the poles jes' 'peared ter them sprung up thar like Jonah's gourd in a single night, ez ef they kem from seed; an' the folks, they 'lowed 't war the sign o' a new war." He laughed lazily at the uninstructed terrors of the unsophisticated denizens of the "furdereest coves." "They'd gather around an' stare-gaze at the poles, an' wonder if they'd hev ter fight the Rebs agin; them folks is mos'ly Union." Then his interest in the subject quickening, "Them survey fellers, they undertook, too, ter medjure the tallness o' some o' the mountings fur the gover'mint. Now what good is that goin' ter do the Nunitied States?" he said grudgingly. "The mountings kin be medjured by the eye, — look a-yander." He pointed with the end of his whip at a section of the horizon, visible between the fringed and low-swaying boughs of hemlock and fir as the trail swept closer to the verge of the range, on which was softly painted, as on ivory and with an enameled lustre, two or three great

azure domes, with here and there the high white clouds of a clear day nestling flake-like on the summits. "They air jes' gold-darned high, an' that 's all. Do it make 'em seem enny taller ter say they air six thousand or seben thousand feet? Man ain't used ter med'jurin' by the thousand feet. When he gits ter the ground he goes by the pole. I dunno how high nor how long a thousand feet air. The gover'mint jes' want ter spend a leetle money, I reckon. It 'pears toler'ble weak-kneed in its mind, wunst in a while. But ef it wants ter fool money away, it's mighty well able ter afford sech. It hev got a power o' ways a-comin' at money, — we all know that, we all know that."

He said this with a gloomy inflection and a downward look that might have implied a liability for taxes beyond his willingness to pay. But, barring the assessment on a small holding of mountain land, Constant Hite contributed naught to his country's exchequer.

"It needs all it can get, now," replied the stranger casually, but doubtless from a sophisticated knowledge, as behooved a reader of the journals of the day, of the condition of the treasury.

He could not account for the quick glance of alarm and enmity which the mountaineer cast upon him. It roused in him a certain constraint which he had not experienced earlier in their chance association. It caused him to remember that this was a lonely way and a wild country. He was a stranger to the temper and sentiment of the people. He felt suddenly that sense of distance in mind and spirit which is the true isolation of the foreigner, and which even an identity of tongue and kindred cannot annul. Looking keenly into the mountaineer's half-averted, angry, excited face, he could not for his life discern how its expression might comport with the tenor of the casual conversation which had elicited it. He did not even dimly surmise that his allusion to the finances of the government could be construed as a justification

of the whiskey tax, generally esteemed in the mountains a measure of tyrannous oppression; that from his supposititious advocacy of this impost he had laid himself liable to the suspicion of being himself of the revenue force, — his mission here to spy out moonshiners; that his companion's mind was even now dwelling anew, and with a rueful difference, on that masterly drawing of himself in the stranger's sketch-book, — possibly the possession of a deputy marshal.

"But what do that prove, though?" Hite thought, a certain hope springing up with the joy of the very recollection of the simulacrum of the brilliant rural coxcomb adorning the page. "Jes' that me is *Me*. All he kin say 'bout me air that hyar I be goin' home from huntin' ter kerry my game. *That* ain't agin the law, surely."

The marshal's gentry, he argued, too, never rode alone, as did this man, and spies and informers were generally of the vicinage. The stranger was specially well mounted, and as his puzzled cogitation over the significant silence that had supervened between them became so marked as to strike Hite's attention the mountaineer sought to nullify it by an allusion to the horse. "That feller puts down his feet like a kitten," he said admiringly. "I never seen nuthin' ez wears shoes so supple. Shows speed, I s'pose? Built fur it."

"Makes pretty fair time," responded the stranger without enthusiasm. The doubt, perplexity, and even suspicion which his companion's manner had evoked were not yet dissipated, and the allusion to the horse, and the glow of covetous admiration in Hite's face as his eyes dwelt upon the finely fashioned creature so deftly moving along, brought suddenly to his mind sundry exploits of a gang of horse-thieves about these coves and mountains, detailed in recent newspapers. These rumors had been esteemed by urban communities in general as merely sensational, and had attracted

scant attention. Now, with their recurrence to his recollection, their verisimilitude was urged upon him. The horse he rode was a valuable animal, and moreover, here, ten or twenty miles from a habitation, would prove a shrewd loss indeed. Nevertheless, it was impossible to shake off or evade his companion; the wilderness, with its jungle of dense rhododendron undergrowth on either side of the path, was impenetrable. There was no alternative practicable. He could only go on and hope for the best. A second glance at the mountaineer's honest face served in some sort as reassurance as to the probity of his character. Gradually a vivid interest in the environment, which had at once amazed and amused Constant Hite, began to be renewed. The stranger looked about to identify the growths of the forest with a keen, fresh enthusiasm, as if he were meeting old friends. Once, with a sudden flush and an intent eye, he flung the reins to the man whom he had half suspected of being a horse-thief ten minutes earlier, to hastily dismount and uproot a tiny wayside weed, which he breathlessly and triumphantly explained to the wondering mountaineer was a rare plant which he had never seen; he carefully bestowed it between the leaves of his sketch-book before he resumed the saddle, and Hite was moved to ask, "How d'ye know its durned comical name, ef ye never seen it afore? By Gosh! it's got a name longer 'n its tap-root!"

The town man only laughed a trifle at this commentary upon the botanical Latin nomenclature, and once more he was leaning from his saddle, peering down the aisles of the forest with a smiling, expectant interest, as if they held for him some enchantment of which duller mortals have no ken. A brown geode, picked up in the channel of a summer-dried stream, showed an interior of sparkling quartz crystal, when a blow had shattered it, which Hite had never suspected, often as he had seen the

rugged spherical stones lying along the banks. All the rocks had a thought for the stranger, close to his heart and quick on his tongue, and as Hite, half skeptical, half beguiled, listened, his doubt of the man as a "revenuer" began to fade.

"The revenuers ain't up ter no sech l'arnin' ez this," he said to himself, with a vicarious pride. "The man, though he never war in the mountings afore, knows ez much about 'em ez ef he hed bodaciously built 'em. Fairly smelt that thar cave over t'other side the ridge jes' now, I reckon; else how 'd he know 't war thar?"

A certain hollow reverberation beneath the horse's hoofs had caught his companion's quick ear. "Have you ever been in this cave hereabout?" he had asked, to Hite's delighted amazement at this brilliant feat of mental jugglery, as it seemed to him.

Even the ground, when the repetitious woods held no new revelation of tree or flower, or hazy, flickering insect dandering through the yellow sunshine and the olive-tinted shadow and rich glossy foliage, the very ground had a word for him.

"This formation along here," he said, leaning from his saddle to watch the path slipping along beneath his horse's hoofs, like the unwinding of a long ribbon, "is like that witch-face slope that we saw awhile ago. It seems to occur at long intervals in patches. You see down that declivity how little grows, how barren."

The break in the density of the woods served to show the mountains, blue and purple and bronze, against the horizon; an argosy of white clouds under full sail; the Cove, shadowy, slumberous, so deep down below; and the oak leaves above their heads, all dark and sharply denuded against the blue.

Hite had suddenly drawn in his horse. An eager light was in his eye, a new idea in his mind. He felt himself on the verge of imminent discovery.

"Now," he asked, lowering his voice mysteriously, and laying his hand on the bridle of the other's horse, — and so far had the allurements of science outstripped merely mundane considerations that the stranger's recent doubts and anxieties touching his horse were altogether forgotten, and he only held the poise of a responsive expectant interest and attention, — "air thar ennything in that thar 'formation,' ez ye calls it, ez could gin out fire?"

"No, certainly not," said the man of science, surprised, and marking the eager, insistent look in Hite's eyes. Both horses were at a standstill now. A jay-bird clanged out its wild woodsy cry from the dense shadows of a fern brake far in the woods on the right, and they heard the muffled trickling of water, falling on mossy stones hard by, from a spring so slight as to be only a silver thread. The trees far below waved in the wind, and a faint dryadic sibilant singing sounded a measure or so, and grew fainter in the lulling of the breeze, and sunk to silence.

"Ennyhow," persisted Hite, "won't sech yearth gin out light somehows, in some conditions sech ez ye talk 'bout?" he added vaguely.

"Spontaneously? Certainly not," the stranger replied, preserving his erect pose of inquiring and expectant attention.

"T'ain't in no wise a fire-breeder?" Hite asked, a depressed cadence in his voice, foreseeing the reply.

"By no means," said the stranger.

"Why, then the mounting's 'witched sure enough, — that's all," said Hite desperately. He cast off his hold on the stranger's horse, caught up his reins anew, and made ready to fare onward forthwith.

"Does fire ever show there?" demanded his companion wonderingly.

"It's a plumb meracle, it's a plumb mystery," declared Constant Hite, as they went abreast into the dense shadow of the closing woods. "I asked ye this 'kase ez ye 'peared ter sense so much in

rocks, an' weeds, an' birds, an' sile, what ain't revealed ter the mortal eye in general, ye mought be able ter gin some nateral reason fur that thar sile up thar round the old witch-face ter be a fire-breeder or sech. But it's beyond yer knowin' or the knowin' o' enny mortal, I reckon."

"How does the fire show?" persisted the man of science, with keen and attentive interest. "And who has seen it?"

"Stranger," said Hite, lowering his voice, "I hev viewed it, myself. But fust it war viewed by the Hanways, — them ez lives in that house on the spur what prongs out o' the range nigh opposite the slope o' the Witch-Face. One dark night, — thar war no moon, but thar warn't no storm, jes' a dull clouded black sky, ez late August weather will show whenst it be heavy an' sultry, — all of a suddenty, ez the Hanway fambly war settin' on the porch toler'ble late in the night, the air bein' close in the house, the darter, Narcissa by name, she calls out, 'Look! look! I see the witch-face!' An' they all start up an' stare over acrost the deep black gorge. An' thar, ez true ez life, war the witch-face glimmerin' in the midst o' the black night, an' a-grinnin' at 'em an' a-mockin' at 'em, an' lighted up ez ef by fire."

"And did no one discover the origin of the fire?" asked the stranger.

"Thar war no fire!" Constant Hite paused impressively. Then he went on impulsively, full of his subject: "Ben Hanway kem over ter the still-house arter me, an' tergether we went ter examine. But the bresh is powerful thick, an' the way is long, an' though we seen a flicker wunst or twiet ez we-uns pushed through the deep woods, 't war daybreak 'fore we got thar, an' nare sign nor smell o' fire in all the woods could we find; nare scorch nor singe on the ground, not even a burnt stick or chunk ter tell the tale; everythin' ez airish an' cool an' jewy an' sweet ter the scent ez a summer mornin' is apt ter be."

"How often has this phenomenon occurred?" said the stranger coolly, but with a deliberate, downcast, thoughtful eye and a pursed-up lip, as if he were less surprised than cogitating.

"Twict only, fur we hev kep' an eye on the old witch, Ben an' me. Ben wants a road opened out up hyar, stiddier jes' this herder's trail through the woods. Ben dunno how it mought strike folks ef they war ter know ez the witch-face hed been gin over ter sech cur'ous ways all of a suddenty. They mought take it fur a sign agin the road, sech ez b'lieves in the witch-face givin' bad luck." After a pause, "Then *I* viewed it wunst, — wunst in the dead o' the night. I war goin' home from the still, an' I happened ter look up, an' I seen the witch-face, — the light jes' dyin' out, jes' fadin' out. She did n't hev time ter make more'n two or three faces at me, an' then she war gone in the night. It's a turr'ble-lookin' thing at night, stranger. So ye can't tell what makes it, — the sile, or what?"

He turned himself quite sideways as he spoke, one hand on the carcass of the deer behind the saddle, the other on his horse's neck, the better to face his interlocutor and absorb his scientific speculations. And in that moment an odd idea occurred to him, — nay, a conviction. He perceived that his companion knew and understood the origin of the illumination; and more, — that he would not divulge it!

"The soil? Assuredly not the soil," the stranger said mechanically. He was looking down, absorbed in thought, secret, mysterious, yet not devoid of a certain inexplicable suggestion of triumph; for a subtle cloaked elation, not unlike a half-smile, was on his face, although its intent, persistent expression intimated the following out of a careful train of ideas.

"Then what is it?" demanded Hite arrogantly, as if he claimed the right to know.

"I really could n't undertake to say,"

the stranger responded, his definite manner so conclusive an embargo on further inquiries that Hite felt rising anew all his former doubts of the man, and his fears and suspicions as to the errand that had brought him hither.

Could it be possible, he argued within himself, that to the agency of "revenue-men" was due that mysterious glow, more brilliant than any ordinary fire, steady, suffusive, continuous, rising in the dark wilderness, in the deep midnight, to reveal that ominous face overlooking all the countryside, with subtle flickers of laughter running athwart its wonted contortions, more weird and sinister in this ghastly glare than by day? And what significance might attend these strange machinations? Revolving the idea, he presently shook his head in conclusive negation as he rode along. The approach of raiders was silent and noiseless and secret. Whatever the mystery might portend, it was not thus that a deputy marshal and his posse advertised their presence, promoting the escape of the objects of their search, or inviting attack, and jeopardizing life and limb and liberty. Hite's open and candid mind could compass no adequate motive for concealment in all the ways of the world but the desire to evade the revenue law, or to practice the shifts and quirks necessary to the capture of the wary and elusive moonshiner. Nevertheless, it was impossible, on either of these obvious bases, to account for the fact of something withheld in the stranger's manner, some secret exultant knowledge of the phenomenon which baffled the mountaineer's speculation. Hite, all unaware that in his impulsive speech he had disclosed the fact of his hazardous occupation, began to feel that, considering his liability to the Federal law for making brush whiskey, he had somewhat transcended the limit of his wonted hardihood in so long bearing this stranger company along the tangled ways of the herder's trail through the wilder-

ness. "He *mought* be a deputy arter all, an' know all about me. The rest o' the raiders mought be a-waitin' an' a-lay-in' fur me at enny turn," he reflected. "Leastwise he knows a deal more 'n he's a-goin' ter tell."

He drew up his horse as they neared an open bluff where the beetling rocks jutted out like a promontory above the sea of foliage below. They might judge of the long curvature of the conformation of the range just here, for on the opposite height was visible at intervals the road they had traveled, winding in and out among the trees, ascending the mountain in serpentine coils; they beheld the Cove beneath from a new angle, and further yet the barren cherty slope on which, despite the distance, the witch-face could still be discerned by eyes practiced in marking its lineaments, trained to trace the popular fantasy. The stranger caught sight of it at the same moment that Hite lifted his hand toward it.

"Thar it is!" Hite exclaimed, "fur all the Cove's a shadder, an' fur all the wind's a breath."

For clouds had dispersed about the sky, and much of the world was gray beneath, and the scene had dulled in tint and spirit since last they had had some large outlook upon it. Only on the slopes toward the east did the suffusive sunshine rest, and in the midst of a sterile, barren slant it flickered on that semblance of ill omen.

"An onlucky day, stranger," Hite said slowly.

The man of science had drawn in his restive horse, and had turned with a keen, freshened interest toward the witch-face. It was with a look of smiling expectancy that he encountered the aspect of snarling mockery, half visible or half imaginary, of that grim human similitude. The mountaineer's brilliant dark eyes dwelt upon him curiously. However, if he had forborne from prudential motives from earlier asking the stranger's name

and vocation, lest more than a casual inquisitiveness be thereby implied, exciting suspicion, such queries were surely not in order at the moment of departure. For Hite had resolved on parting company. "An onlucky day," he reiterated, "an onlucky day. An' this be ez far ez we spen' it together. I turn off hyar."

So ever present with him was his spirituous conscience — it could hardly be called a bad conscience — that he half expected his companion to demur, and the marshal's men to spring up from their ambush in the laurel about them. But the stranger, still with a flavor of preoccupation in his manner, only expressed a polite regret to say farewell so early, and genially offered to shake hands. As with difficulty he forced his horse close to the mountaineer's saddle, Hite looked at the animal with a touch of disparagement. "That thar beastis hev got consider'ble o' the devil in him; he'll trick ye some day; ye better look out. Waal, far'well, stranger, far'well."

The words had a regretful cadence. Whether because of the unwonted interest which the stranger had excited, or the reluctance to relinquish his curiosity, still ungratified, or the pain of parting to an impressionable nature, whose every emotion is acute, Hite hesitated when he had gone some twenty yards straight up the slope above, pushing his horse along a narrow path through the jungle of the laurel, and turned in his saddle to call out again, "Far'well!"

The stranger, still in the road where Hite had quitted him, waved his hand and smiled. The jungle closed about the mountaineer, once more pushing on, and still the smiling eyes dwelt on the spot where he had disappeared. "Farewell, my transparent friend," the stranger said, with a half-laugh. "I hope the day is not unlucky enough to put a deputy marshal on your track." And with one more glance at the witch-face, he gathered the reins in his hand and fared alone along

the narrow tangled ways of the herder's trail.

Now and again, as the day wore on, Constant Hite was seized with a sense of something wanting, and he presently recognized the deficit as the expectation of the ill fortune which should befall the time, and which still failed to materialize. So strong upon him was the persuasion of evil chances rife in the air to-day that he set himself as definitely to thwart and baffle them as if rationally cognizant of their pursuit. He would not return to his wonted vocation at the distillery, but carried his venison home, where his father, a very old man, with still the fervors of an æsthetic pride, pointed out with approbation the evidence of a fair shot in the wound at the base of the ear, and his mother, active, wiry, practical-minded, noted the abundance of fat. "He fed hisself well whilst he war about it," she commented, "an' now he'll feed us well. What diff'unce do it make whether Con's rifle-ball hit whar he aimed ter do or no, so he fetched him down somewhar?"

The afternoon passed peacefully away. It seemed strangely long. The sun, barring a veiled white glister in a clouded gray sky, betokening the solar focus, disappeared; the wind fell; the very cicadæ, so loud in the latter days of August, were dulled to long intervals of silence; in the distance, a tree-toad called and called, with plaintive iteration, for rain. "Ye'll git it, bubby," Con addressed the creature, as he stood in the cornfield — a great yellow stretch — pulling fodder, and binding the long pliant blades into bundles. The clouds thickened; the heat grew oppressive; the long rows of the corn were still, save the rustling of the blades as Hite tore them from the stalk. Even the sound of his mother's spinning-wheel, wont to briskly whirl through the long afternoons, from the window of the little cabin on the rise, grew silent, and his father dozed beneath the gourd vines on the porch.

The sun went down at last, and the gray day imperceptibly merged into the gray dusk. Then came the lingering darkness, with a flicker of fireflies and broad wan flares of heat lightning. Con woke once in the night to hear the rain on the roof. The wind was blaring near at hand. In its large, free measures, like some deliberate adagio, there was naught of menace; but when he slept again, and awoke to hear its voice anew, his heart was plunging with sudden fright. A human utterance was in its midst, — a human voice calling his name through the gusty night and the sibilant rush of the rain from the eaves. He listened for a moment at the roof-room window. He recognized with a certain relief the tones of the constable of the district. He opened the shutter.

A gray day was near to breaking. He saw the wan sky above the circumference of dense dark woods about the clearing. A brown dusk obscured the familiar landmarks, but beneath a gnarled old apple-tree by the gate several men were dimly suggested, and another, more distinct, by the wood-pile, was in the act of gathering a handful of chips to throw at the shutter again. He desisted as he marked the face at the window.

"Kem down," he said gruffly, clearing his throat in embarrassment. "Kem down, Constant. No use roustin' out the old folks."

"What do you want?" asked Hite in a low voice, his heart seeming to stand still in suspense.

The constable hesitated. The cold rain dashed into Hite's face. The rail fences, in zigzag lines, were coming into view. A mist was floating white against the dark densities of the woods. He heard the water splashing from the eaves heavily into the gullies below, and then the constable once more raucously cleared his throat.

"Thar's a man," he drawled, "a stranger hyarabouts, killed yestiddy in the bridle-path. The cor'ner hev kem,

an' he 'lows ye know suthin' 'bout'n it, Constant, — 'bout'n the killin' of him. I be sent ter fetch ye."

II.

A chimney, half of stone, half of clay and stick, stood starkly up in the gray rain and the swooping, shifting gray fog. It marked the site of the cabin burned long ago, and in such melancholy wise as it might it told of the home that had been. Now and again far-away lightning flashed on its fireless hearth; a vacant bird's-nest in a cranny duplicated the suggestions of desertion; the cold mist crept in and curled up out of the smokeless flue with a mockery of semblance. The fire that had wrought its devastating will in the black midnight in the deep wilderness, so far from rescue or succor, had swiftly burned out its quick fury, and was sated with the humble household belongings. The barn, rickety, weather-beaten, deserted, and vacant, still remained, — of the fashion common to the region, with a loft above, and an open wagonway between the two compartments below, — and it was here that the inquest was held. It was near the scene of the tragedy, and occasionally a man would detach himself from the slow, dawdling, depressed-looking group of mountaineers who loitered about the open space beneath the loft, and traverse the scant distance down the bridle-path to gaze at the spot where the stranger's body had lain, whence it had been conveyed to the nearest shelter at hand, the old barn, where the coroner's jury were even now engaged in their deliberations. Sometimes, another, versed in all the current rumors, would follow to point out to the new-comer the details, show how the rain had washed the blood away, and fearfully mark the tokens of frantic clutches at the trees as the man had been torn from his horse. The animal had vanished utterly; even the

prints of his hoofs were soon obliterated by the torrents and the ever-widening puddles. And thus had arisen the suspicion of ambush and foul play, and the implication of the mysterious gang of horse-thieves, whose rumored exploits seemed hardly so fabulous with the disappearance of the animal and the violent death of the rider in evidence. The locality offered no other suggestion, and it was but a brief interval before the way would be retraced by the awe-stricken observer, noting with a deep interest impossible hitherto all the environment: the stark chimney of the vanished house, monumental in the weed-grown waste; the dripping forest; the roof of the barn, sleek and shining, and with rain pouring down the slant of its clapboards and splashing from its eaves; the groups of horses hitched to the scraggy apple-trees of the deserted homestead; and here and there the white canvas cover of an ox-wagon, with its yoke of steers standing with low-hung heads in the downpour. The pallid circling mists enveloped the world, and limited the outlook to a periphery of scant fifty paces; now becoming tenuous, as if to suggest the dark looming of the mountain across the narrow valley, and the precipice close at hand behind the building, and once more intervening, white and dense of texture, forming a background which imparted a singular distinctness to the figures grouped in the open space of the barn beneath the shadowy loft.

The greater number of the gathering had been summoned hither by a sheer curiosity as coercive as a subpoena, but sundry of the group were witnesses, reluctant, anxious, with a vague terror of the law, and an ignorant sense of an impending implication that set craft and veracity at defiance. They held their heads down ponderingly, as they stood; perhaps rehearsing mentally the details of their meagre knowledge of the event, or perhaps canvassing the aspect of certain points which might impute to them

blame or arouse suspicion, and endeavoring to compass shifty evasions, to transform or suppress them in their forthcoming testimony. At random, one might have differentiated the witnesses from the mass of the ordinary mountaineer type by the absorbed eye, or the meditative moving lip unconsciously forming unspoken words, or the fallen dismayed jaw as of the victim of circumstantial evidence. It was a strange chance, the death that had met this casual wayfarer at their very doors, and one might not know how the coroner would interpret it. His power to commit a suspect added to his terrors, and gave to the capable, astute official a mundane formidableness that overtopped the charnel-house flavor of his more habitual duties. He was visible through the unchinked logs of the little room where the inquest was in progress, barely spacious enough to contain the bier, the jury, and the witness under examination; and yet so great was the sound of the rain outside and the stir of the assemblage that little or naught was overheard without.

Now and again the waiting witnesses looked with doubt and curiosity and suspicion at a new-comer, with an obvious disposition to hope and believe that others knew more of the matter than they, and thus were more liable to accusation. Occasionally, a low-toned, husky query would be met by a curt rejoinder suggesting a cautious reticence and a rising enmity, blockading all investigation save the obligatory inquisition of a coroner's jury. An object of ever-recurrent scrutiny was a stranger in the vicinity, who had been subpœnaed also. The facial effect of culture and sophistication was illustrated in his inexpressive, controlled, masklike countenance. He was generally known as the "valley man with the lung complaint," who had built a cabin on the mountain during the summer, banished hither by the advice of his physician for the value to the lungs of the soft, healing air. He wore a brown derby

hat, a fawn-colored suit, and a brown overcoat with the collar upturned. He was blond and young, and so impassive was his sober, decorous aspect that the aptest detective could have discerned naught of significance as he stood, quite silent and composed, in the centre of the place where it was dry, exempt from the gusts of rain that the wind now and again flung in spray upon the outermost members of the group, one hand in the pocket of his trousers, the other toying with a cigar which so far he held unlighted. Of the two women present, one, seated upon the beam of a broken plough, refuse of the agricultural industry long ago collapsed here, was calmly smoking her pipe, — a wrinkled, unimpressed personality, who had seen many years, and whose manner might imply that all these chances of life and death came in the gross, and that existence was a medley at best. The other, a witness, was young. More than once the "valley man" cast a covert glance at her as she leaned against the brown log wall, her face, which was very pale, half turned toward it, as if to hide the features already obscured by the white sunbonnet drawn far over it. One arm was lifted, and her hand was passed between the unchinked logs in a convulsive grasp upon them. Her figure was tall and slender, and expressive in its rigid constraint; it was an attitude of despair, of repulsion, of fear. It might have implied grief, or remorse, or anxiety. More than once the eyes of the prescient victims of circumstantial evidence rested dubiously upon her. To the great majority of men, the presence of women in affairs of business is an intrusive evil of times out of joint. Now, since matters of life and liberty were in the balance, the primitive denizens of Witch-Face Mountain felt that the admission of Narcissa Hanway's testimony to consideration and credibility evinced an essential defect in the law of the land, and the fallibility of all human reasoning. What impression might not so appalling

an event make upon one so young, so feminine, so inexperienced! What exaggerated wild thing might she not say, unintentionally inculcating half Witch-Face Mountain in robbery and murder!

Constant Hite, as he bluffly entered the passageway, his head up, his eyes wide and bright, his vigorous step elastic and light, gave no token of the spiritual war he had waged as he came. Already he felt in great jeopardy. On account of his illicit vocation he could ill abide the scrutiny of the law. With scant proof, he argued, a moonshiner might be suspected of highway robbery and murder. As he had journeyed hither with the constable and his fellows, who conserved the air of disinterested spectators, but who he knew had been summoned as a posse in case he should evade or delay, when he would have been forthwith arrested, he had been sorely tempted to deny having ever seen the stranger, in whose company he had spent an hour or so of the previous day. He had been able to put the lie from him with a normal moral impulse. He did not appreciate the turpitude of perjury. He esteemed it only a natural lie invested with pomp and circumstance; and the New Testament on which he should be sworn meant no more to his unlettered conscience than the hornbook, since he knew as little of its contents. But a lie is a skulking thing, and he had scant affinities with it.

He thought, with a sort of numb wonderment, that it was strange he should feel no more compassion for the object stretched out here, dumb, lifeless, bruised, and bloody, which so short a space since he had seen full of life and interest, animated by a genial courtesy and graced with learning and subtle insight; now so unknowing, so unlettered, so blind! Whither went this ethereal investment of life? — for it was not mere being; one might exist hardily enough without it. Did the darkness close over it, too, or was it not the germ of the

soul, the budding of that wider knowledge and finer aspiration to flower hereafter in rarer air? He did not know; he only vaguely cared, and he reproached himself dully that he cared no more. For he — his life was threatened! With the renewal of the thought he experienced a certain animosity toward the man that he should not have known enough to take better care of himself. Why must he needs die here, in this horrible unexplained way, and leave other men, chance associates, to risk stretching hemp for murder? He felt his strong life beating in his throat almost to suffocation at the mere suggestion. Again the lie tempted him, to be again withstood; and as he strode into the room upon the calling of his name, he saw how futile, how flimsy, was every device, for, fluttering in the coroner's hand, he recognized the sketch of the "Witch-Face" which the dead man had made, and the masterly drawing of his own imposing figure in the foreground. He had forgotten it utterly for the time being. In the surprise and confusion that had beset him, it had not occurred to him to speculate how he had chanced to be subpoenaed, how the idea could have occurred to the coroner that he knew aught of the stranger. As he stood against the batten door, the pale light from the interstices of the unchinked logs, all the grayer because it alternated with the sombre timbers, falling upon his face and figure, his hat upturned in front, revealing his brow with a forelock of straight black hair, his brilliant dark eyes, his distinctly cut definite features, the sketchbook was swiftly passed from one to another of the jury, reluctantly relinquished here and there, and more than once eliciting half-smothered exclamations of delighted wonder from the unsophisticated mountaineers, as they glanced back and forth from the figure leaning against the door to the counterfeit presentment on the paper.

Constant Hite experienced a glow of

vicarious pride as he remembered the satisfaction that the artist had taken in the sketch, and he wished that that still thing on the bier could know how his work, most wonderful it seemed, was appreciated. And then, with a swift revulsion of feeling, he realized that it was this which had entrapped him; this bit of paper had brought him into fear and trouble and risk of his life. The man might be of the revenue force. He might have encountered other moonshiners, and thus have come to his violent death. If this were his vocation, it brought Hite into dark suspicion by virtue of the fact, known to sundry of the vicinage, that he himself was a distiller of brush whiskey. No one else had seen the stranger till the finding of the body. He gathered this from the trend of the inquiry after the formal preliminary queries. The seven men, as they sat together on a bench made by passing a plank between the logs of the wall diagonally across the corner of the room, chewed meditatively their quids of tobacco, and now and then spat profusely on the ground, their faces growing more perplexed and graver as the examination progressed.

When Hite disclosed the circumstance that the previous day he had encountered a "stranger man" near the "Witch-Face," there was a palpable sensation among them. They glanced at one another meaningly, and a sudden irritation was perceptible in the coroner's manner as he sat in a rickety chair near the improvised bier. He was a citizen of the valley region, a trifle more sophisticated than the jury, and disposed to seriously deprecate the introduction of any morbid or superstitious element into so grave a matter. He had a bald head, a lean face, the bones very clearly defined about the temple and cheek and jaw, a scant grizzled beard; and he was dressed, somewhat farmer fashion, in blue jeans, with his boots drawn high over his trousers, but with a stiffly starched white

shirt, — the collar and cravat in evidence, the cuffs, however, vanished up the big sleeves of his coat.

"The exact place of the meeting is not material," he said frowningly.

But Hite's mercurial interest in the drawing had revived anew.

"Thar she be," he exclaimed, so suddenly that the jury started with a common impulse, "the ole witch-face," — he pointed at the sketch in the coroner's hand, — "a mite ter the east an' a leetle south in the pictur', ez nat'ral ez life!"

One of the jurymen asked to see the sketch again. Evidently, in the hasty delineation of the contours of the slope they had not noticed the gigantic grimaacing countenance which they all knew so well; the picturesque figure of the mountaineer in the foreground had so impressed the stranger that it was much more nearly complete than the landscape, being definite in every detail and fully shaded. The book was handed along the row of men, each recognizing the semblance, once pointed out, with a touch of dismayed surprise that alarmed the coroner for the sanity of the verdict; his rational estimate rated spells and bewitchments and omens as far less plausible agencies in disaster than horse-thieves, highwaymen, and moonshiners.

"Look at the face of the deceased," he said, with a sort of spare enunciation, coercive somehow in its inexpressiveness. "Ye are sure ye never viewed that man afore yestiddy?"

"I hev said so an' swore it," said Hite, a trifle nettled.

"Ye rode in comp'ny a hour or mo' an' never asked his name?"

"I never axed him no questions, nor he me," replied Hite, "'ceptin' 'bout'n the witch-face. He war powerful streck by that. An' I tole him 't war a onlucky day."

The jury, a dreary row of unkempt heads, and bearded, anxious faces, and crouching shoulders askew, cleared their throats, and two uncrossed and recrossed

their legs, the plank seat creaking ominously with the motion under their combined weight. A shade of disappointment was settling on the coroner's face. This was scant information indeed from the only person who had seen the man alive. There was silence for a moment. The splashing of the rain on the roof became drearily audible in the interval. The stir of the group in the space outside was asserted anew, and their low-toned fitful converse; a black-and-white ox in the weed-grown garden emitted a deep, depressed low of remonstrance against the rain, and the irking of the yoke, and the herbage just beyond his reach. The jurymen might see him through the logs, and now and again one of them mechanically ducked his head to look out upon the dismal aspect of the chimney and orchard, round which so many horses and wagons had not gathered since the daughter of the house was long ago married here. There was a sprinkle of gray in his hair, and he remembered the jollities of the wedding, — incongruous recollection, — and once more he looked at the stark figure, its face covered with a white cloth, which had been done in a sort of sentiment of atonement for the unseemly publicity of its fate.

In sparsely settled communities, death, being rare, retains much of the terror which custom lessens in the dense crowds of cities. There death is met at every corner. It goes on 'Change. It sits upon the bench. It is chronicled in the columns of every newspaper. Daily its bells toll. Its melancholy pageantry traverses the streets of wealthy quarters, and it stalks abroad hourly in the slums, and few there are who gaze after it. But here it comes so seldom that its dread features are not made smug by familiarity. Hite in all his life had not been so long or so close to it. And when he was told to look again at the face and see if memory might not have played him false, to make sure he had never seen the man before, he hesitated, and

advanced with such reluctance, and started back, dropping the cloth, with such swift repulsion, that the coroner, habituated to such matters, looked at him with a doubtful scrutiny.

"Oh, he looked nowise like that," he exclaimed in a raised, nervous voice that caught the attention of the crowd outside, and resulted in a sudden cessation of stir and colloquy, "though it's him, sure enough! And," with a burst of regret, "he war a mighty pleasant man!"

The coroner, intentionally taking him at a disadvantage, asked abruptly, "What do you work at mostly?"

Hite turned shortly from the bier. "I farms some," he hesitated; "dad bein' mos'ly out o' the field, nowadays, agin' so constant."

"What do you work at mostly?" reiterated the official.

Hite divined his suspicion. Some flying rumor had doubtless come to his ears, how credible, how unimpugnable, Hite could not tell. Nevertheless, his loyalty to that secret vocation of his had become a part of his nature, so continuous were its demands upon his courage, his strategy, his foresight, his industry. It was paramount with his instinct of self-defense. He held his head down, with his excited dark eyes looking up from under his brows at the coroner. But he would not speak. He would admit naught of what was evidently known.

"Warn't ye afeard he might be a revenuer?" suggested the officer.

"I never war afeard, so ter say, o' one man at a time," Hite ventured.

"Did n't ye think he might take a notion that you were a moonshiner?"

"He never showed no suspicion o' me, nowadays," replied Hite warily. "We rid tergether free an' favored. He 'peared a powerful book-l'arned man, — like no revenuer ever I see."

"Where did you part company?"

Hite sought to identify the spot by

description; and then he was allowed to pass out, his spirits flagging with the ordeal, and with the knowledge that his connection with the manufacture of brush whiskey was suspected by the coroner's jury, suggesting an adequate motive on his part for waylaying a stranger supposed to be of the revenue force. He felt the dash of the rain in his face as he stood aside to make way for the "valley man with the lung complaint," who was passing into the restricted apartment; and despite his whirl of anxiety and excitement and regret and resentment, he noted with a touch of surprise the cool unconcern of the man's face and manner, albeit duly grave and adjusted to the decorums of the melancholy occasion.

He was sworn, and gave his name as Alan Selwyn. The jury listened with interest to his fluent account of his occupation in the valley, which had been mercantile, of his temporary residence here for a bronchial affection; and when he was asked to identify the man who had so mysteriously come to his death, they marked his quick, easy stride as he crossed the room, with his hat in his hand, and his unmoved countenance as he looked fixedly down into the face of the dead. He remained a longer interval than usual, as if to make sure. Then, still quite businesslike and brisk, he stated that he could not identify him, having certainly never seen him before.

"The only papers which he had on him," said the coroner, watching the effect of his words, "were two letters addressed to you."

The young man started in palpable surprise. As he looked at the exterior of the letters, which were stamped and postmarked, he observed that they must have been taken out of the post-office at Sandford Cross-Roads, to expedite their delivery; the postmaster doubtless consenting to this request on the part of so reputable-looking a person or a possible acquaintance.

"Were you expecting a visitor?" asked the coroner.

"Not at all," responded the puzzled witness.

He was requested to open the letters, read and show them. But he waived this courtesy, asking the coroner to open and read them to the jury. They were of no moment, both on matters of casual business, and Mr. Alan Selwyn was dismissed; the coroner blandly regretting that, in view of his malady, he had been required to come out in so chilly a rain.

Notwithstanding his composure he was in some hurry to be gone. He went quickly through the crowd, drawing down his hat over his brow, and deftly buttoning his overcoat across his chest and throat. He had reached his horse, and had placed one foot in the stirrup, when, chancing to glance back over his shoulder, he saw Narcissa Hanway's white, flowerlike face, her bonnet pushed far back on her tawny yellow hair, both arms outstretched in a gesture of negation and repulsion toward the apartment where the jury sat, while a dark-haired, slow man urged her forward, one hand on her shoulder, and the old mountain woman followed with insistence and encouragement. He hesitated for a moment; then putting spurs to his horse, he rode off swiftly through the slanting lines of rain.

III.

A sense of helplessness in the hands of fate is in some sort conducive to courage. Doubtless many an act of valor which has won the world's applause was precipitated in a degree by desperation and the lack of an alternative. The appearance of stolidity with which the cluster of witnesses — those whose testimony was yet to be given as well as those who had told the little they knew — noted the uncontrolled agitation,

the wild eyes, the hysteric sobs, with which Narcissa Hanway was ushered into the contracted apartment where the inquest was in progress, had no correlative calmness of mind or heart. What haphazard accusation might not result from her fear, or her desire to shield another, or the mere undisciplined horror of the place and the fact! When one dreads the sheer possibilities, the extremes of terror are reached. More than one of the bearded, unkempt, hardy mountaineers, trudging back and forth in the sheltered space beneath the loft, steadily chewing their quids of tobacco and eying the rain, would have fled incontinently, had there been any place to run to out of reach of the constable, who was particularly brisk to-day, participating in exercises of so unusual an interest. The girl's brother, standing beside the door after she had passed within, was unconscious of a certain keen covert scrutiny of which he was the subject. He had a square determined face, dark hair, slow gray eyes, and a tall powerful frame; he held his head downward, his hand on the door, his even teeth set in the intensity of his effort to distinguish the voices within. There had been some secret speculation as to whether the man were altogether unknown to the brother and sister, such deep feeling the girl had evinced, such coercion the brother had exerted to induce her to give her testimony. Still, the girl was a mere slip of a thing, unused to horrors; and as to recalcitrant witnesses, they all knew the jail had a welcome for the silent until such time as they might find their voice. Nevertheless, though his urgency had been in the stead of the constable's stronger measures, they eyed him askance as he stood and sought to listen, with his hand on the door. The old woman turned around, her hands falling to her sides with a sort of flounce of triumph, her eyes twinkling beneath the shining spectacles set upon her brow among the limp ruffles of her thrust-back sunbonnet, a

laugh of satisfaction widening her wrinkled face. "Thar now!" she chuckled, "Nar'sa jes' set it down she *would n't* testify, an' crossed her heart an' hoped she 'd fall dead fust. But, Ben, we beat her that time!" and she chuckled anew.

The man answered not a word, and listened to the tumult within.

It is seldom, doubtless, that the patience of a coroner's jury is subjected to so strong a strain. But the information which had so far been elicited was hardly more than the bare circumstance which the body presented, — a man had ridden here, a stranger, and he was dead. If the girl knew more than this, it would necessitate some care in the examination to secure the facts. She was young, singularly willful and irresponsible, and evidently overcome by grief, or fear, or simply horror. When she was asked to look at the face of the stranger, she only caught a glimpse of it, as if by accident, and turned away, pulling her white bonnet down over her face, and declaring that she would not. "I hev viewed him wunst, an' I won't look at him agin," she protested, with a burst of sobs.

"Now set down in this cheer, daughter, an' tell us what ye know about it all, — easy an' quiet," said the coroner in a soothing, paternal strain.

"Oh, nuthin', nuthin'!" exclaimed the girl, throwing herself into the chair in the attitude of an abandonment of grief.

"Air ye cryin' 'kase ye war 'quainted with him ennywise?" demanded one of the jurymen, with a quickening interest. He was a neighbor; that is, counting as propinquity a distance of ten miles.

The girl lifted her head suddenly. "I never seen him till yestiddy," she protested steadily. "I be a heap apter ter weep 'kase my 'quaintances *ain't* dead!" She gave him a composed, sarcastic smile, then fell to laughing and crying together.

To the others the discomfiture of their *confrère* was the first touch of comedy relief to the tragic situation. They cast at one another a glance of appreciation

trenching on a smile, and the abashed questioner drew out a plug of tobacco, and with a manner of preoccupation gnawed a bit from it; then replaced it in his pocket, with a physical contortion which caused the plank on which the jury were seated to creak ominously, to the manifest anxiety of the worthies ranged thereon.

"How did you happen to see the man?" he asked, as if he had perceived no significance in her previous answer.

"'Kase I did n't happen ter be blind," her half-muffled voice replied. Her arm was thrown over the back of the chair, and her face was hidden on her elbow.

The coroner interposed quickly: "Where were you goin', an' what did you see?"

She sobbed aloud for a moment. There ensued an interval of silence. Then the interest of the subject seemed to lay hold upon her, and she began to speak very rapidly, lifting her white tear-stained face, and pushing her bonnet back on her rough curling auburn hair:—

"I war a-blackberryin', thar bein' only a few lef' yit, an' I went fur an' furdur yit from home; an' ez I kem out'n the woods over yon," half rising, and pointing with a free gesture, "I viewed — or yit I 'lowed I viewed — the witch-face through a bunch o' honey locust, the leaves bein' drapped a'ready, they bein' always the fust o' the year ter git bare. An' stiddier leavin' it be, I sot my bucket o' berries at the foot o' a tree, an' started down the slope todes the bluff, ter make sure an' view it clar o' the trees." The girl paused, her eyes widening, her voice faltering, her breath coming fast. "An' goin' swift, some hawgs, stray, half grown, 'bout twenty shoats feedin' in the woods — my rustlin' in the bushes skeered 'em, I reckon — they sot out to run, possessed by the devil, like them the Scriptur' tells about." She paused again, panting, her hand to her heart.

The disaffected juryman turned to one side, recrossing his legs, and spitting disparagingly on the ground. "She can't

swear them hawgs war possessed by the devil," he said in a low tone to his next neighbor.

"Oh, why not," exclaimed the girl, "when we know so many men air possessed by the devil, — why not them shoats, bein' jes' without clothes, an' without the gift o' speech to mark the diff'unce!"

She paused again, and the coroner, standing a trifle back of her chair, shook his head at the obstructive juryman, and asked her in a commonplace voice what the hogs had to do with it.

"That 's what I want ter know!" she cried, half turning in her chair to look up at him. "I started 'em, an' I be at the bottom o' it all, ef it 's like I think, — *me*, yearnin' ter look at the old witch-face! The hawgs run through the woods like fire on dry grass, an' I be 'feard they skeered the stranger man's horse — he had none whenst I seen him, though. I hearn loud talkin', or hollerin', a considerable piece off, an' then gallopin' hoofs" —

"More horses than one, do you think?" demanded the coroner.

"Oh, how kin I swear to that? I seen none. Fur when I got thar, this man war lyin' in the herder's trail, bruised and bloody — oh, like ye see — an' his eyes opened; an' he gin a sort o' gasp whenst I tuk his han' — an' he war dead. An' I skeered the hawgs, an' they skeered his horse, an' he killed him; an' I be 'sponsible fur it all, an' I wisht ye 'd hang me fur it quick, an' be done with it!"

She burst into sobs once more, and hid her face on her arm on the back of the chair. Then, suddenly lifting her head, she resumed: "I jes' called and called Ben, an' bein' he hain't never fur off, he hearn me, an' kem. An' then he rid fur the neighbors, an' kem down the valley arter you-uns," with a side glance at the coroner. "An' he lef' me a shootin'-iron, in case of a fox, or a wolf, or suthin' kem along. 'Bout sunset the neighbors kem. An' till then I sot thar keep-

in' watch, an' a-viewin' the witch-face 'crost the Cove, plumb till the sun went down."

She bowed her head again on her arm, and a momentary silence ensued. Then the coroner, clearing his throat, said reassuringly, "Thar ain't nuthin' in the witch-face, nohow. It's jes' a notion. Man and boy, I hev knowed that hill-side fur forty year, an' I never could see no witch-face; it's been p'inted out ter me a thousand times."

She looked at him in dumb amazement for a moment; then broke out, "Waal, what would ye think ef ye hed seen, like me, the witch-face shining in the darkest night, nigh on ter midnight, like the ole hussy had lighted her a candle somewhere, — jes' shinin', an' grinnin', an' mockin', plain ez daybreak? That's what I hev viewed — an' I 'low ter view it agin — oh, I do, I do!"

He looked at her hard, but he did not say what he thought, and the faces of the jurymen, which had implied a strong negation upon his declaration of skepticism touching the existence of the ominous facial outline on the hillside, underwent a sudden change of expression. She was hardly responsible, they considered, and her last incredible assertion had gone far to nullify the effect of her previous testimony. She was either overcome by the nervous shock, or had told less than she knew and was still concealing somewhat, or was so credulous and plastic and fanciful as to be hardly worthy of belief. She was dismissed earlier than she had dared to hope; and with this deterioration of the testimony of the witness who was nearest the time and place of the disaster, the jury presently went to work to evolve out of so slender a thread of fact and so knotty a tangle of possibility their verdict.

For a long time, it seemed to the curious without, and to the agitated, nervous witnesses peering through the unchinked logs of the wall, they sat on their comfortable perch, half crouching forward,

and meditated, and chewed, and discussed the testimony. There were long intervals of silence, and in one of these Con Hite was disturbed to see the sketch of the "witch-face" once more passed from hand to hand. They grew to have a harried, baited look; and after a time, the rain having slackened, they came out in a body, and walked to and fro quite silently in the clearing, chewing their quids and their knotty problem, with apparently as much chance of getting to the completion of the one as of the other. They were evidently refreshed, however, by the change of posture and scene, for they had resumed the subject and were arguing anew as they paused upon the bluff, their gestures wonderfully distinct, drawn upon the sea of mist that filled the valley below and the air above. It showed naught of the earth, save here and there a headland, as it were, thrusting out its dark, narrow, attenuated demesne into the impalpable main. Further and further one might mark this semblance of a coast-line as the vapor grew more tenuous, till far away the series of shadowy gray promontories alternating with the colorless inlets was as vague of essence as the land of a dream. Near at hand, a cucumber-tree, with its great broad green leaves and its deep red cones, leaning over the rocks, and spanning this illusive gray landscape from the zenith to the immediate foreground, gave the only touch of color to the scenic simulacrum in many a gradation of neutral tone. The jurymen hovered about under it for a time, and then came back, still harassed and anxious, to their den, with perhaps some new question of doubt. For those without could perceive that once more they were crowding about the bier and talking together in knots. Again they called in the country physician who had testified earlier, an elderly personage, singularly long and thin and angular, but who had a keen, intent, clever face and the accent of an educated man. He seemed

to reiterate some information in a clear, concise manner, and when he came out it was evident that he considered his utility here at an end, for he made straight for his horse and saddle.

A sudden sensation supervened among the outsiders, — a flutter, and then a breathless suspense; for within the inclosure, barred with the heavy shadows of the logs of the walls alternating with white misty intervals, could be seen the figures of the seven, successively stooping at the foot of the bier to sign each his name to the inquisition at last drawn up.

One by one they came slowly out, looking quite exhausted from their long restraint, and unwonted mental exertitions, and the nervous strain. Then it was developed, to the astonishment and disappointment of the little crowd, tingling with excitement and anxiety, that this document simply set forth the fact that at an inquisition holden on Witch-Face Mountain, Kildeer County, before

Jeremiah Flaxman, coroner, upon the body of a white man, there lying dead, the jurors whose names were subscribed thereto, upon their oaths, did say that he came to his death from concussion of the brain consequent upon being thrown or dragged from his horse by means or by persons to the jury unknown.

There was a palpable dismay on Constant Hite's expressive face. He had hoped that the verdict might be death by accident. Others had expected the implication of horse-thieves, of whose existence the jury, being of the vicinage, were well advised, and the disappearance of the man's horse might well suggest this explanation. The coroner would return this inquisition to the criminal court together with a list of the material witnesses. Thus the matter was left as undecided as before the inquest, the jeopardy, the terrors of circumstantial evidence, all still impending, dark with doom, like the black cloud which visibly overshadowed the landscape.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

JOHN SMITH IN VIRGINIA.

THE life of Captain John Smith reads like a chapter from *The Cloister and the Hearth*. It abounds in incidents such as we call improbable in novels, although precedents enough for every one of them may be found in real life. The accumulation of romantic adventures in the career of a single individual may sometimes lend an air of exaggeration to the story; yet in the genius for getting into scrapes and coming out of them sound and whole, the differences between people are quite as great as the differences in stature and complexion. John Smith had a genius for adventures, and he lived at a time when one would often meet with things such as nowadays seldom happen in civilized countries. In

these days of Pullman cars and organized police, we are liable to forget the kind of perils that used to dog men's footsteps through the world. The romance of human life has not all disappeared, but it has changed its character since the Elizabethan age, and consists of different kinds of incidents, so that the present generation has witnessed a tendency to disbelieve the stories of the older time. In the case of John Smith, for whose early life we have only his autobiography to go by, much incredulity has been expressed. To set him down as an arrant braggadocio would seem to some critics essential to their reputation for sound sense. Such a judgment, however, may simply show that the critic has

failed to realize all the conditions of the case. Queer things could happen in the Tudor times. Lord Campbell tells us that Chief Justice Popham, when he was a law student in the Middle Temple, used, after nightfall, to go out with his pistols and take purses on Hounslow Heath, partly to show that he was a young man of spirit, partly to recruit his meagre finances, impaired by riotous living!¹ The age in which such things were done was that in which Smith grew to manhood.

He was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1579. The death of his parents, when he was thirteen years old, left him a comfortable fortune, for which his guardians, he says, had more regard than for him. A thirst for adventure led him, at the age of sixteen, to France, where he served as a soldier for a while; afterward he spent three years in the Netherlands fighting against the Spaniards. In the year 1600 he returned to Willoughby, "where within a short time, being glutted with too much company wherein he took small delight, he retired himself into a little woody pasture a good way from any town, environed with many hundred acres of woods. Here by a fair brook he built a pavilion of boughs, where only in his clothes he lay. His study was Machiavelli's Art of War and Marcus Aurelius; his exercise a good horse, with lance and ring; his food was thought to be more of venison than anything else." However, he adds, these hermit-like pleasures could not content him long. "He was desirous to see more of the world, and try his fortune against the Turks; both lamenting and repenting to have seen so many Christians slaughtering one another." In passing through France he was robbed of all he had about him, but his life was saved by a peasant, who found him lying in the forest, half dead with hunger and grief, and nearly frozen. He

¹ Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices*, i. 210.

made his way to Marseilles, and embarked with a company of pilgrims for the Levant; but a violent storm arose, which they said was all because of their having this heretic on board, and so, like Jonah, the young adventurer was thrown into the sea. But he was a good swimmer, and "God brought him," he says, to a little island, with no inhabitants but a few kine and goats. Next morning he was picked up by a Breton vessel, which carried him as far as Egypt and Cyprus. The commanding officer, Captain La Roche, knew some of Smith's friends in France, and treated him with great kindness and consideration. On the return voyage, at the entrance of the Adriatic Sea, a Venetian argosy fired upon them, and a hot fight ensued, until the Venetian struck her colors. The Bretons robbed her of an immense treasure in silks and velvets and Turkish gold and silver coin, as much as they could carry without overloading their own ship, and then let her go on her way. When the spoil was divided, Smith was allowed to share with the rest, and thus received £225 in coin, besides a box of stuff worth nearly as much more. After Captain La Roche, of whom he speaks with warm affection, had set him ashore in Piedmont, he made a comfortable journey through Italy as far as Naples, and seems to have learned much and enjoyed himself in "sight seeing," quite like a modern traveler. At Rome he saw Pope Clement VIII. with several cardinals creeping on hands and knees up the Holy Staircase. He called on Father Parsons, the famous English Jesuit; he "satisfied himself with the rareties of Rome;" he visited, in like manner, Florence and Bologna, and gradually made his way to Venice, and so on to Gratz, in Styria, where he entered the service of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, and was presently put in command of a company of two hundred and fifty cavalry, with the rank of captain. On one occasion he made himself useful by devising a system

of signals, and on another occasion by inventing a kind of rude missiles which he called "fiery dragons," and which sorely annoyed the Turks by setting fire to their camp.

During the years 1601 and 1602 Smith saw much rough service. The troop to which his company belonged passed under the command of Sigismund Bathori, Prince of Transylvania; and now comes the most noteworthy incident in Smith's narrative. The Transylvanians were besieging Regal, one of their towns which the Turks had occupied, and the siege made but little progress, so that the barbarians, from the top of the wall, hurled down sarcasms upon their assailants, and complained of growing fat for lack of exercise. One day a Turkish captain sent a challenge, declaring that "in order to delight the ladies, who did long to see some court-like pastime, he did defy any captain that had the command of a company, who durst combat with him for his head." The challenge was accepted by the Christian army; it was decided to select the champion by lot, and the lot fell upon Smith. A truce was proclaimed for the single combat. The besieging army was drawn up in battle array; the town walls were crowded with fair dames and turbaned warriors. The combatants, on their horses, politely exchanged salutes, and then rushed at each other with leveled lances. At the first thrust Smith killed the Turk, and, dismounting, unfastened his helmet, cut off his head, and carried it to the commanding general, who accepted it graciously. The Turks were so chagrined that one of their captains sent a personal challenge to Smith, and next day the scene was repeated. This time both lances were shattered, and recourse was had to pistols; the Turk received a ball which threw him to the ground, and then Smith beheaded him. Some time afterward our victorious champion sent a message into the town, "that the ladies might know he was not so much enam-

ored of their servants' heads, but if any Turk of their rank would come to the place of combat to redeem them, he should have his also upon the like conditions, if he could win it." The defiance was accepted. The Turk, having the choice of weapons, chose battle-axes, and pressed Smith so hard that his axe flew from his hand, whereat loud cheers arose from the ramparts; but with a quick movement of his horse he dodged his enemy's next blow, and, drawing his sword, gave him a fearful thrust in the side, which settled the affair; in another moment Smith had his head. At a later time, after Prince Sigismund had heard of these exploits, he granted to Smith a coat-of-arms with three Turks' heads in a shield.

If there is anywhere an instance of boastful falsehood in Smith's narrative, surely we seem to have it here. The incidents, of course, are by no means impossible, but the story has very much the look of an old soldier's yarn, and the reader might well be excused for passing over it as questionable, were it not for one fact. At the Herald's College in London, in the official register of grants of arms, we find the record of the coat-of-arms granted December 9, 1603, by Sigismund Bathori, Prince of Transylvania, "to John Smith, captain of two hundred and fifty soldiers, etc., . . . in memory of three 'Turks' heads which with his sword before the town of Regal he did overcome, kill, and cut off, in the province of Transylvania." This entry is duly approved, and the genuineness of Sigismund's signature and seal certified, by William Segar, Garter King-at-Arms. There seems to be thus no room for reasonable doubt that in this instance, at least, Smith's tale is true. Let me add that in his way of telling it there is no trace of boastfulness. For perfect simplicity and freedom from self-consciousness Smith's writings remind me of no other book so much as the *Memoirs of General Grant*. Inaccuracies now and

then occur, prejudices and errors of judgment here and there confront us, but the stamp of honesty I find on every page.

At the bloody battle of Rothenthurm, November 18, 1602, Smith was taken prisoner and sold into slavery. At Constantinople, the young lady, Charatza Tragabigzanda, into the service of whose family he passed, was able to talk with him in Italian, and treated him with much kindness. One can read between the lines that she may perhaps have had a tender feeling for the young Englishman, or that he thought so. It would not have been strange. His portrait, as engraved and published during his lifetime, is that of an attractive and noble-looking man. His story does not make it quite clear how he regarded the lady or what relations they sustained to each other, but she left an abiding impression upon his memory. When, in 1614, he explored the coast of New England, he gave the name Tragabigzanda to the cape which Prince Charles afterwards named Cape Ann, and the three little neighboring islands he called the Turks' Heads. Through fear lest her mother should sell him, the lady Tragabigzanda contrived to have him sent to her brother, Timour Pasha, in the East, — probably in Circassia, on the border of the Cossack country, — with a request that he should be kindly treated. But the rude pasha paid no heed to his sister's message. Our young hero was treated just like the other slaves, of whom this tyrant had more than a hundred. "Among these slavish fortunes," says he, "there was no great choice; for the best was so bad, a dog could hardly have lived to endure [it]." He was dressed in the skin of a wild beast, had an iron collar fastened about his neck, and was cuffed and kicked about till he could stand it no longer. As nothing could make him worse off than he was already, he became desperate. One day, as he was threshing wheat in a grange more than a league distant from the pasha's house,

the pasha came in and reviled him and struck him, whereupon Smith suddenly knocked him down with his threshing-stick and beat his brains out. Then he stripped the body and hid it under the straw, dressed up in the dead man's clothes and mounted his horse, tied a sack of grain to his saddle-bow, and galloped off into the Scythian desert. The one tormenting fear was of meeting some roving party of Turks who might recognize the mark on his iron collar, and either send him back to his late master's place or enslave him on their own account. But in sixteen days of misery he saw nobody; then he arrived at a Russian fortress on the Don, and got rid of his badge of slavery. He was helped on his way from one Russian town to another, and everywhere treated most kindly. Through the Polish country he went, finding by the wayside much mirth and entertainment, till he reached Transylvania again, where Sigismund granted him the coat-of-arms already mentioned, and as a recompense for his services and sufferings gave him 1500 ducats, equivalent to about \$2500. This was in December, 1603. In the course of the next year Smith traveled in Germany, France, Spain, and Morocco, and made his way back to England in the nick of time for taking part in the enterprise projected by the London Company. Meeting with Newport and Gosnold, and other captains who had visited the shores of America, it was natural that his strong geographical curiosity and his love of adventure should combine to urge him to share in the enterprise.

The brevity of Smith's narrations now and then leaves the story obscure. Like many another charming old writer, he did not always consult the convenience of the historians of a later age. So much only is clear: that during the voyage across the Atlantic the seeds of quarrel were sown which bore fruit in much bitterness and wrangling after the colonists had landed. Indeed, after nearly three

centuries some smoke of the conflict still hovers about the field. To this day, John Smith is one of the personages about whom writers of history keep losing their tempers in renewing old quarrels or getting up fresh ones. Modern authors have sometimes sought to belittle him, but the turmoil that has been made is itself a tribute to the potency and incisiveness of his character. Weak men do not call forth such belligerency. Amid all the contradictory statements, too, there comes out quite distinctly the contemporary recognition of his dignity and purity. Never was man known, says one old writer, "from debts, wine, dice, and oaths so free;" a staunch Puritan in morals, though not in doctrine, for he was an upholder of Elizabeth's ideas as to the relations of State and Church.

Captain Newport's voyage was a long one, for he followed the traditional route, first running down to the Canary Islands, and then taking Columbus's path, wafted by the trade-wind straight across to the West Indies. It seems strange that he should have done so, for the modern method of great-circle sailing, — first practiced on a large scale by Americus Vesputius, in 1502, in his superb voyage of four thousand miles in thirty-three days, from the ice-clad island of South Georgia to Sierra Leone, — this more scientific method had lately been adopted by Captain Gosnold, who in 1602 crossed directly from the English Channel to Cape Cod. As Gosnold was now second in command in this expedition to Virginia, it would seem as if the shorter route might once more have been tried to advantage. So many weeks upon the ocean sadly diminished the stock of provisions. In the course of the voyage some trouble arose between Smith and Wingfield, and while they were stopping at Dominica, on the 24th of March an accusation of plotting mutiny was brought against the former, so that he was kept in irons until the ships reached Virginia. After leaving the West Indies the voy-

agers encountered bad weather and lost their reckoning, but on the 26th of April they found the cape which they named Henry, after the Prince of Wales, as the opposite cape was afterwards named for his younger brother, Prince Charles. A few of the company ventured on shore, where they were at once attacked by Indians, and two were badly wounded with arrows. That evening, the sealed box, which had been brought from London, was opened, and it was found that Bartholomew Gosnold, Edward Wingfield, John Smith, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall were appointed members of the council, — six in all, but the president was to have two votes. As the ships proceeded into Hampton Roads, after so much stress of weather, they named the promontory at the entrance Point Comfort. It seems likely that the point at the upper end of the Roads received its name of Newport News from the gallant captain. On several old maps I have found it spelled Newport Ness, which is equivalent to Point Newport. The name of the broad river which the voyagers now entered speaks for itself. They scrutinized the banks until they found a spot which seemed suited for a settlement, and there they landed on the 13th of May. It was such a place as the worthy Hakluyt (or whoever wrote their letter of instructions) had emphatically warned them against, — low, and damp, and liable to prove malarious. At high tide the rising waters half covered the little peninsula; but in this there was an element of military security, and the narrow neck was easy to guard: perhaps it may have been such considerations that prevailed. Smith says there was a dispute between Wingfield and Gosnold over the selection of this site. As soon as the company had landed here, the members of the council, all save Smith, were sworn into office, and then they chose Wingfield for their president for the first year. On the next day the men went to work at building their fort, a wooden structure of

triangular shape, with a demilune at each angle, mounting cannon. They called it Fort James, but soon the settlement came to be known as Jamestown. For a church, they nailed a board between two trees to serve as a reading-desk, and stretched a canvas awning over it; and there the Rev. Robert Hunt, a high-minded and courageous divine, first clergyman of English America, read the Episcopal service and preached a sermon twice on every Sunday.

Smith's enemies were a majority in the council, and would not admit him as a member, but he was no longer held as a prisoner. Newport's next business was to explore the river, and Smith, with four other gentlemen, four skilled mariners, and fourteen common sailors, went along with him, while the Jamestown fort was building. They sailed up about as far as the site of Richmond, frequently meeting parties of Indians on the banks, or passing Indian villages. Newport was uniformly kind and sagacious in his dealings with the red men, and they seemed quite friendly. These were Algonquins, of the tribe called Powhatans, and the natives who had assaulted the English at Cape Henry belonged to a hostile tribe, so that the incident furnished a bond of sympathy between the Powhatans and the white men. After a few days the explorers reached one of the principal Powhatan villages, which Thomas Studley, the colonial storekeeper, describes as consisting of about a dozen houses "pleasantly seated on a hill." Old drawings indicate that they were large clan houses, with framework of beams and covering of bark; similar in general shape, though not in all details, to the long houses of the Iroquois. The Powhatans seem to have been the leading or senior tribe in a loose confederacy. Their principal village was called Werowocomoco, situated on the north side of York River, about fifteen miles northeast from Jamestown as the crow flies. The place is now called Putin Bay, a name which is

merely a corruption of Powhatan. At Werowocomoco dwelt the head war-chief of the tribe, by name Wahunsunakok, but much more generally known by his title The Powhatan, just as the head of an Irish or Scotch clan is styled The O'Neill or The MacGregor. Newport and Smith, hearing that The Powhatan was a chief to whom other chiefs were in a measure subordinate, spoke of him as the emperor, and of the subordinate chiefs as kings, — a grotesque terminology which was natural enough at that day, but which, in the interest of historical accuracy, it is high time for modern writers to drop. The Englishmen were bewildered by barbaric usages utterly foreign to their experience. Kinship among these Indians, as so commonly among barbarians and savages, was reckoned through females only; and when the English visitors were told that The Powhatan's office would descend to his maternal brothers, even though he had sons living, the information was evidently correct, but they found it hard to understand or believe. So when one of the chiefs on the James River insisted upon giving back some powder and balls which one of his men had stolen, it was regarded as a proof of strict honesty and friendliness; whereas the more probable explanation is that a prudent Indian, at that early time, would consider it bad medicine to handle the thunder-and-lightning stuff, or keep it about one.

When Newport and Smith returned to Jamestown, they found that it had been attacked by a force of two hundred Indians. Wingfield had beaten them off, but one Englishman was killed and eleven were wounded. In the course of the next two weeks these enemies were very annoying; they would crouch in the tall grass about the fort, and pick off a man with their barbed stone-tipped arrows. Hakluyt had warned the settlers against building near the edge of a wood; it seems strange that bitter experience was needed to teach them that

danger might lurk in long grass. Presently some of their new acquaintances from the Powhatan tribe came to the fort and told Newport that the assailants were from a hostile tribe, against which they would willingly form an alliance; and they furthermore advised him to cut his grass, which seems to prove that they were sincere in what they said.

Smith now demanded a trial on the charges which had led to his imprisonment. In spite of objections from Wingfield a jury was granted, and Smith was acquitted of all the charges; so that on the 10th of June he was allowed to take his seat in the council. On the 15th the fort was finished, and on the 22d Captain Newport sailed for England with a cargo of sassafras and fine wood for wainscoting. He took the direct route homeward, for need was now visibly pressing. He promised to be back in Virginia within twenty weeks, but all the food he could leave in the fort was reckoned to be scarcely enough for fifteen weeks, so that the company were put upon short rations. According to Studley, one hundred and five persons were left at Jamestown, of whom, besides the six councilors, the clergyman, and the surgeon, there were mentioned by name twenty-nine gentlemen, six carpenters, one mason, two bricklayers, one blacksmith, one sailor, one drummer, one tailor, one barber, twelve laborers, and four boys, with thirty-eight whom he neither names nor classifies, but simply mentions as "divers others." The food left in store for this company was not appetizing. After the ship had gone, says Richard Potts, "there remained neither tavern, beer-house, nor place of relief but the common kettle; . . . and that was half a pint of wheat and as much barley, boiled with water, for a man a day; and this, having fried some twenty-six weeks in the ship's hold, contained as many worms as grains. . . . Our [only] drink was water. . . . Had we been as free from all sins as gluttony

and drunkenness, we might have been canonized for saints." Chickens were raised, but not enough for so many mouths, and as there were no cattle or sheep a nourishing diet of meat and milk was out of the question. Nor do we find much mention of game, though there were some who warded off the pangs of starvation by catching crabs and sturgeon in the river. With such inadequate diet, with unfamiliar kinds of labor, and with the frightful heat of an American summer, the condition of the settlers soon came to be pitiable. Disease added to their sufferings. Fevers lurked in the air of Jamestown. Before the end of September more than fifty of the company were in their graves. The situation is graphically described by one of the survivors, the Hon. George Percy, brother of the Earl of Northumberland: "There were neuer Englishmen left in a forreigne Countrey in such miserie as wee were in this new discovered Virginia. Wee watched euery three nights, lying on the bare . . . ground, what weather soeuer came; [and] warded all the next day; which brought our men to bee most feeble wretches. Our food was but a small Can of Barlie sodden in water to fieve men a day. Our drink cold water taken out of the Riuer; which was at a floud verie salt; at a low tide full of slime and filth: which was the destruction of many of our men. Thus we liued for the space of fieve months in this miserable distresse, not hauing fieve able men to man our Bulwarkes upon any occasion. If it had not pleased God to haue put a terrour in the Sauages hearts, we had all perished by those vild and cruell Pagans, being in that weake estate as we were; our men night and day groaning in euery corner of the Fort most pittiful to heare. If there were any conscience in men, it would make their harts to bleed to heare the pitifull murmurings and outcries of our sick men without reliefe, euery night and day for the space of sixe weekes: some de-

parting out of the World, many times three or foure in a night; in the morning their bodies being trailed out of their Cabines like Dogges, to be buried. In this sort did I see the mortalitie of diuers of our people."

In such a state of things, our colonists would have been more than human had they shown very amiable tempers. From the early wanderings of the Spaniards in Darien down to the recent marches of Stanley in Africa, men struggling with the wilderness have fiercely quarreled. The fever at Jamestown carried off Captain Gosnold in August, and after his death the feud between Smith's friends and Wingfield's flamed up with fresh virulence. Both gentlemen have left printed statements, and in our time the quarrel is between historians, as to which to believe. Perhaps it is Smith's detractors who are just at this moment the more impetuous and implacable, appealing as they do to the very common though somewhat churlish feeling that delights in seeing long-established reputations assailed. Such writers will tell you, as positively as if there could be no doubt about it, that Smith engaged in a plot with two other members of the council to depose Wingfield from his presidency and set up a triumvirate. Others will assert, with equal confidence, that Wingfield was a tyrant whose rule became unendurable. A perusal of his Discourse of Virginia, written in 1608 in defense of his conduct, should make it clear, I think, that he was an honorable gentleman, but ill fitted for the difficult situation in which he found himself. To control the rations of so many hungry men was no pleasant or easy matter. It was charged against Wingfield that he kept back sundry dainties, and especially some wine and spirits, for himself and a few favored friends. His quite plausible defense is that he reserved two gallons of sack for the communion table, and a few bottles of brandy for extreme emergencies; but the other members of the coun-

cil, whose flasks were all empty, "did long for to sup up that little remnant"! At last a suspicion arose that he intended to take one of the small vessels that remained in the river and abandon the colony. Early in September the council deposed him, and elected John Ratcliffe in his place. A few days later, Wingfield was condemned to pay heavy damages to Smith for defaming his character. "Then Master Recorder," says poor Wingfield, "did very learnedly comfort me that if I had wrong I might bring my writ of error in London; whereat I smiled. . . . I tould Master President I . . . prayed they would be more sparing of law vntill wee had more witt or wealthe."

An awful dignity hedged about the sacred person of the president of that little colony of fifty men. One day President Ratcliffe beat James Reed, the blacksmith, who so far forgot himself as to strike back, and for that heinous offense was condemned to be hanged; but when already upon the fatal ladder, and, so to speak, *in extremis*, the resourceful blacksmith made his peace with the law by revealing a horrid scheme of mutiny conceived by George Kendall, a member of the council. Of the details of the affair nothing is known, save that Kendall was found guilty, and instead of a plebeian hanging there was an aristocratic shooting. In telling the story, Wingfield observes that if such goings-on were to be heard of in England, "I fear it would drive many well-affected myndes from this honourable action of Virginia."

Wingfield's document expressly admits that Smith was especially active in trading with the Indians for their corn, and that this was a great relief to the suffering colony. With the coming of autumn so many wild fowl were shot that the diet was much improved. At last, on the 10th of December, Smith started on an exploring expedition up the Chickahominy River. Having gone as far as his shallop would take him, he

left seven men to guard it, and went on in a canoe, with only two white men and two Indian guides. They had arrived in the neighborhood of White Oak Swamp when an attack was made by two hundred Indians led by Opekankano, a brother of The Powhatan. The Englishmen in the shallop were all killed, and also Smith's two comrades; he made a sturdy resistance, slew two Indians with his pistol, and then was taken prisoner. His captors were tying him to a tree, to be riddled with arrows, as he supposed; but, knowing what we do of Indian customs, it seems not unlikely that a far more frightful death was intended for him. Then he took out a pocket compass, and interested the childish minds of the barbarians in the quivering needle which they could plainly see through the glass, but, strange to say, could not feel when they tried to touch it. He improved the occasion with a brief discourse on astronomy, which may have led his hearers to regard him as a wizard; at all events, they did not kill him, but marched away, taking him with them.

Why the red men should have made this attack is not clear. Hitherto the Powhatan tribe seems to have maintained friendly relations with the white men. There is a traditional impression that there were two opposing opinions among the Indians as to the most prudent way of treating the strangers, and that Opekankano was one of those who always favored hostility. His attitude would thus remind us of the attitude of Montezuma's brother Cuitlahuatzin toward the army of Cortes approaching Mexico. Such a view is not improbable. Wingfield says that, two or three years before the arrival of the English at Jamestown, some white men had ascended a river to the northward, probably the Pamunkey or the Rappahannock, and had forcibly kidnapped some Indians. If there is truth in this, the kidnappers may have belonged to the ill-fated expedition of Bartholomew Gilbert. Wingfield says

that Opekankano carried Smith about the country to several villages, to see if anybody could identify him with the leader of that kidnapping party. Smith's narrative confirms this statement, and adds that it was agreed that the captain in question was a much taller man than he. His story is full of observations on the country. Opekankano's village consisted of four or five communal houses, each about a hundred feet in length, and from the sandy hill on which it stood some scores of such houses could be seen scattered about the plain. Finally Smith was brought to Werowocomoco and into the presence of The Powhatan, who received him in just such a long wigwam. The elderly chieftain sat before the fireplace, on a kind of bench, and was covered with a robe of raccoon skins, all with the tails on and hanging like ornamental tassels. Beside him sat his young squaws; a row of women, with their faces and bare shoulders painted bright red, and chains of white shell beads about their necks, stood by the walls, and in front of them stood the grim warriors.

This was on the 4th or 5th of January, 1608, and on the 8th Smith returned to Jamestown, escorted by four Indians. What had happened to him in the interval? In his own writings we have two different accounts. In his tract published under the title *A True Relation*, which was merely a letter written by him in 1608 to a friend in England, he simply says that The Powhatan treated him very courteously, and sent him back to Jamestown. But in the *General History of Virginia*, a far more elaborate and circumstantial narrative, published in London in 1624, written partly by Smith himself and partly by others of the colony, we get quite another story. We are told that after he had been introduced to The Powhatan's long wigwam, as above described, the Indians debated together, and presently two big stones were placed before the chief, and

Smith was dragged thither and laid upon them; but even while warriors were standing, with tomahawks in hand, to beat his brains out, the chief's young daughter Pocahontas rushed up and embraced him, and laid her head upon his to shield him, whereupon her father spared his life.

Which of these two accounts is to be accepted as true? For two centuries and a half the latter was universally accepted, and the former ignored. Every school-boy was taught the story of Pocahontas and John Smith, and for most people, I dare say, that incident is the only one in the captain's eventful career that is remembered. But in recent times the discrepancy between the earlier and the later account has attracted attention, and the conclusion has been easily reached that in the more romantic version Smith is evidently a liar. It is first assumed that if the Pocahontas incident had really occurred we should be sure to find it in Smith's own narrative, written within a year after its occurrence; and then it is assumed that afterward, when Pocahontas visited London and was lionized as a princess, Smith invented the story, in order to magnify his own importance by thus linking his name with hers. By such plausible logic is the braggadocio theory of Smith's career supported, and underneath it all lies the tacit assumption that the Pocahontas incident is an extraordinary one, something that in an Indian community or anywhere would not have been likely to happen.

As this view of the case has been set forth by writers of high repute for scholarship, it has been very generally accepted upon their authority; in many quarters it has become the fashionable view. Yet its utter flimsiness can be exhibited, I think, in a few words.

The first occasion on which Smith mentions his rescue by Pocahontas is the occasion of her arrival in London, in 1616, as the wife of John Rolfe. In an eloquent letter to King James's queen,

Anne of Denmark, he bespeaks the royal favor for the strange visitor from Virginia, and extols her good qualities and the kindness she had shown to the colony. In the course of the letter he says, "She hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine." There were then several persons in London, besides Pocahontas herself, who could have challenged this statement if it had been false, but we do not find that anybody did so. In 1624, when Smith published his *General History*, with its minutely circumstantial account of the affair, why do we not find, even on the part of his enemies, any intimation of the falsity of the story? Within a year George Percy wrote a book for the express purpose of picking the *General History* to pieces and discrediting it in the eyes of the public; he was one of the original company at Jamestown; if Smith had not told his comrades of the Pocahontas incident as soon as he had escaped from The Powhatan's clutches, if he had kept silent on the subject for years, Percy could not have failed to know the fact, and would certainly have used it as a weapon. There were others who could have done the same, and their silence furnishes a very strong presumption of the truth of the story.

Why, then, did Smith refrain from mentioning it in the letter to a friend in England, written in 1608, while the incidents of his captivity were fresh in his mind? Well, we do not know that he did refrain from mentioning it, for we do know that the letter, as published in August, 1608, had been tampered with. Smith was in Virginia, and the editor in London expressly states in his preface that he has omitted a portion of the manuscript. "Somewhat more was by him written, which being (as I thought) fit to be private, I would not adventure to make it public." Nothing could be more explicit. Now, supposing the portion omitted to have been the passages referring to Smith's imminent peril and his

rescue, what could have been the editor's motive in suppressing it? We need not go far for an answer, if we bear in mind the instructions with which the first colonists started, — "to suffer no man . . . to write [in] any letter of anything that may discourage others." This very necessary and important injunction may have restrained Smith himself from mentioning his deadly peril; if he did mention it, we can well understand why the person who published the letter should have thought it best to keep the matter private. After a few years had elapsed, and the success of the colony was assured, there was no longer any reason for such reticence. My own opinion is that Smith, not intending the letter for publication, told the whole story, and that the suppression was the editor's work. It will be remembered that in the fight in which he was captured Smith slew two Indians. In the circumstantial account given in the General History we are told that, while Opekankano was taking him up and down the country, a near relative of one of these victims attempted to murder Smith, but was prevented by the Indians who were guarding him. The True Relation preserves this incident, while it omits all reference to the two occasions when Smith's life was officially and deliberately imperiled, — the tying to the tree and the scene in The Powhatan's wigwam. One can easily see why the editor's nerves should not have been disturbed by the first incident, so like what might happen in England, while the more strange and outlandish exhibitions of the Indian's treatment of captives seemed best to be dropped from the narrative.

But we are assured the difficulty is not merely one of omission. In the True Relation, Smith not only omits all reference to Pocahontas, but he says that he was kindly and courteously treated by his captors; and this statement is thought to be incompatible with their having decided to beat his brains out. This objec-

tion shows ignorance of Indian manners. In our own time, it has been a common thing for Apaches and Comanches to offer their choicest morsels of food, with their politest bows and smiles, to the doomed captive whose living flesh will in a few moments be hissing under their firebrands. The irony of such a situation is inexpressibly dear to the ferocious hearts of these men of the Stone Age, and American history abounds in examples of it. In his fuller account, Smith describes himself as kindly treated on his way to the scene of execution and after his rescue. Drop out what happened in the interval, and you get the account given in the True Relation.

Now, that omission creates a gap in the True Relation such as to damage its credibility. We are told that Smith, after killing a couple of Indians, is carried about the country, till he is finally brought to the head war-chief's wigwam, and is then forsooth allowed to go scot free, with no notice taken of the blood debt that he owes to the tribe. To any one who has studied Indians such a story is almost incredible. It is true that in 1608 the Powhatans were still unfamiliar with white men, and inclined to dread them as more or less supernatural, but they had thoroughly learned that fair skins and long beards were no safeguard against disease and death. If they did not know that the Jamestown colony had dwindled to eight-and-thirty men, they knew that their own warriors had slain all Smith's party and taken him captive. As a prisoner of war his life was already forfeited. It is safe to say that no Indian would think of releasing him without some equivalent; such an act might incur the wrath of invisible powers. There were various ways of putting captives to death; torture by slow fire was the favorite mode, but crushing in the skull with tomahawks was quite common, so that when Smith mentions the latter as decided upon in his case he is evidently telling the plain truth, and we begin to see that

the detailed account in the General History is more consistent and probable than the abridged account in the True Relation.

The consistency and probability of the story are made complete by the rescue at the hands of Pocahontas. That incident is precisely in accordance with Indian usage, but it is not likely that Smith knew enough about such usage to have invented it, and his artless way of telling the story is that of a man who is describing what he does not understand. From the Indian point of view there was nothing romantic or extraordinary in such a rescue; it was simply a not uncommon matter of business. The romance with which white readers have always invested it is the outcome of a misconception no less complete than that which led the fair dames of London to make obeisance to the tawny Pocahontas as to a princess of imperial lineage. Time and again it happened that when a prisoner was about to be slaughtered, some one of the dusky assemblage, moved by pity or admiration or some unexplained freak, would interpose in behalf of the victim; and, as a rule, such interposition was heeded. Many a poor wretch, already tied to the fatal tree and benumbed with unspeakable terror, while the firebrands were preparing for his torment, has been saved from the jaws of death, and adopted as brother or as lover by some laughing young squaw, or as a son by some grave, wrinkled warrior. In such cases, the new-comer was allowed entire freedom, and treated like one of the tribe. As the blood debt was canceled by the prisoner's violent death, it was also canceled by securing his services to the tribe; and any member, old or young, had a right to demand the latter method as a substitute for the former. Pocahontas, therefore, did not "hazard the beating out of her own brains," though the rescued stranger, looking with English eyes, would naturally see it in that light. Her brains were perfectly safe. This thirteen-year-old squaw liked the hand-

some prisoner, claimed him, and got him, according to custom. Mark now what happened next. After a couple of days, The Powhatan and his warriors painted their faces till they looked more like devils than men, and with dismal grunts and howls went through a long incantation, after which the chief told Smith that now they were friends, and he might go back to Jamestown; then, if he would send to The Powhatan a couple of cannon and a grindstone, he should have in exchange a piece of country in the neighborhood, and that chief would ever after esteem him as his son. Smith's narrative does not indicate that he understood this to be anything more than a friendly figure of speech, but it seems to me clear that it was a case of ceremonious adoption. As the natural result of the young girl's intercession the white chieftain was adopted into the tribe.

I have dwelt at some length upon this rescue of Smith by Pocahontas, because I have come to regard it as an event of real importance in the early history of the United States. Without it the subsequent relations of the Indian girl with the English colony become incomprehensible. But for her friendly services on more than one occasion the tiny settlement would very likely have perished. Her visits to Jamestown and the regular supply of provisions by the Indians began at this time.

On the very day that Smith returned to Jamestown, the 8th of January, 1608, the long-expected ship of Captain Newport arrived with what was known as the First Supply of men and provisions. Part came now, the rest a few weeks later. Only 38 men had survived the hardships at Jamestown; to these the First Supply added 120, bringing the number up to 158. For so many people, besides the provisions they brought with them, more corn was needed. Smith took his "Father Newport," as he called him, over to Werowocomoco, where they tickled "Father Powhatan's" fancy with

blue glass beads and drove some tremendous bargains. As spring came on, Newport sailed for England again, taking with him the deposed Wingfield. The summer of 1608 was spent by Smith in two voyages of exploration up Chesapeake Bay, and into the Potomac, Patapsco, and Susquehanna rivers. He met with warriors of the formidable Iroquois tribe of Susquehannocks, and found them carrying a few French hatchets which had evidently come from Canada. During his absence things went badly at Jamestown, and Ratcliffe was deposed. On Smith's return in September he was at once chosen president. Only 28 men had been lost this year, so that the colony numbered 130 when Newport again arrived, in September, with the Second Supply of 70 persons, bringing the total up to 200. In this company there were two women, a Mrs. Forrest and her maid, Anne Burroughs, who was soon married to John Laydon, the first recorded English wedding on American soil.

Newport's instructions show that the members of the London Company, sitting at their cosy English firesides, were getting impatient, and meant to have something done. He was told that he must find the way to the South Sea, or a lump of gold, or one of White's lost colonists, or else he need not come back and show his face in England! One seems taken back to the Arabian Nights, where such peremptory behests go along with enchanted carpets and magic rings and heroic steeds with pegs in the neck. No such talismans were to be found in Old Virginia. When Newport read his instructions, Smith bluntly declared that the London Company were fools, which appears to have shocked the decorous mariner. The next order was grotesque enough to have emanated from the teeming brain of James I. after a mickle noggin of Glenlivet. Their new ally, the mighty Emperor Powhatan, must be crowned! Newport and Smith did it, and much

mirth it must have afforded them. The chief refused to come to Jamestown, so Mahomet had to go to the mountain. Up in the long wigwam at Werowocomoco, the two Englishmen divested the old fellow of his raccoon-skin garment, and put on him a scarlet robe, which greatly pleased him. Then they tried to force him down upon his knees — which he did not like at all — while they put the crown on his head. When the operation was safely ended, the forest monarch grunted acquiescence, and handed to Newport his old raccoon-skin cloak as a present for his royal brother in England.

An Indian masquerading scene at one of these visits to Werowocomoco is thus described by one of the English party: "In a fayre playne field they made a fire, before which [we] sitting upon a mat, suddainly amongst the woods was heard . . . a hydeous noise and shrieking. . . . Then presently [we] were presented with this Anticke; thirtie young women came [nearly] naked out of the woods, . . . their bodies all painted, some white, some red, some black, some parti-colour, but all differing; their leader had a fayre payre of buck's horns on her head, and an Otter's skin at her girdle, and another at her arm, a quiver of arrowes at her back, a bow and arrowes in her hand; the next had in her hand a sword, another a club, . . . all horned alike. . . . These fiends with most hellish shouts and cries, rushing from among the trees, cast themselves in a ring about the fire, singing and dauncing with most excellent ill varietie; . . . having spent neare an houre in this mascarado, as they entred in like manner they departed. Having reaccommodated themselves, they solemnly invited [us] to their lodgings, where [we] were no sooner within the house but all these nymphes more tormented us than ever, with crowding, pressing, and hanging about [us], most tediously crying, *Love you not me?* This salutation ended, the feast was set,

consisting of fruit in baskets, fish and flesh in wooden platters; beans and peas there wanted not, nor any salvage dainty their invention could devise: some attending, others singing and dancing about [us]; which mirth and banquet being ended, with firebrands [for] torches they conducted [us] to [our] lodging."

The wood-nymphs who thus entertained their guests are in one account mentioned simply as "Powhatan's women;" in another they are spoken of as "Pocahontas and her women," which seems to give us a realistic sketch of the little maid, with her stag-horn head-dress and skin all stained with puceon, leading her companions in their grotesque capers. Truly, it was into a strange world and among a strange people that our colonists had come. Their quaint descriptions of manners and customs utterly new and unintelligible to them, though familiar enough to modern students of barbaric life, have always the ring of truth. Nowhere in the later experiences of white men with Indians do we find quite so powerful a charm as in those of the early years of the seventeenth century. No other such narratives are quite so delightful as those of Champlain and his friends in Canada, and of Smith and his comrades in Virginia. There is a freshness about this first contact with the wilderness and its uncouth life that makes every incident vivid. There is a fascination, too, not unmixed with sadness, in watching the early dreams of El Dorado fade away as the stern reality of a New World to be conquered comes to make itself known and felt. Naturally, the old delusions persisted at home in England long after the colonists had been taught by costly experiences to discard them, and we smile at the well-meant blundering of the ruling powers in London in their efforts to hasten the success of their enterprise. In vain did the faithful Newport seek to perform the mandates of the London Company. No nuggets of gold were to

be found, nor traces of poor Eleanor Dare and her friends, and The Powhatan told the simple truth when he declared that there were difficult mountains westward, and it would be useless to search for a salt sea behind them. Newport tried, nevertheless, but came back exhausted long before he had reached the Blue Ridge; for what foe is so pertinacious as a strange and savage continent? In pithy terms does Anas Todkill, one of the first colonists, express himself about these wild projects: "Now was there no way to make us miserable but to neglect that time to make our provision whilst it was to be had; the which was done to perfourme this strange discovery, but more strange coronation. To lose that time, spend that victuall we had, tire and starve our men, having no means to carry victuall, munition, the hurt or sicke, but their own backes: how or by whom they were invented I know not." How eloquent in grief and indignation are these rugged phrases! A modern writer, an accomplished Oxford scholar, expresses the opinion that the coronation of The Powhatan, although "an idle piece of formality," "had at least the merit of winning and retaining the loyalty of the savage."¹ Master Todkill thought differently: "As for the coronation of Powhatan and his presents of Bason, Ewer, Bed, Clothes, and such costly novelties, they had bin much better well spared than so ill spent; for we had his favour much better onlie for a poore peece of Copper, till this stately kinde of soliciting made him so much overvalue himselfe, that he respected us as much as nothing at all."

When Newport sailed for England, he took with him Ratcliffe, the deposed president, a man of doubtful character, of whom it was said that he had reasons for using an alias, his real name being Sickelmore. Deposed presidents were liable to serve as talebearers and mischief-makers. Wingfield had gone home on

¹ Doyle's *Virginia*, page 124.

the previous voyage, and Newport had brought back to Virginia complaints from the company about the way in which things had been managed. Now Smith sent to London by Newport his new map of Virginia, embodying the results of his recent voyages of exploration, — a map of remarkable accuracy, and witness to an amount of original labor that is marvelous to think of. That map is a living refutation of John Smith's

detractors; none but a man of heroic mould could have done the geographical work involved in making it.

With the map Smith sent what he naively calls his *Rude Answer* to the London Company, a paper bristling with common sense, and not timid when it comes to calling a spade a spade. With some topics suggested by this *Rude Answer* we may concern ourselves in another paper.

John Fiske.

GUIDES: A PROTEST.

"LIFE," sighed Sir George Cornwall Lewis, "would be endurable, if it were not for its pleasures;" and the impatient wanderer in far-off lands is tempted to paraphrase this hackneyed truism into, "Traveling would be enjoyable, if it were not for its guides." Years ago, Mark Twain endeavored to point out how much fun could be derived from these "necessary nuisances" by a judicious course of chaffing; and the apt illustrations of his methods furnished some of the most amusing passages in *Innocents Abroad*. But it is not every tourist who bubbles over with mirth and that unquenchable spirit of humor which turns a trial into a blessing. The facility for being diverted where less fortunate people are annoyed is a rare birthright, and worth many a mess of pottage. Moreover, in these days, when Baedeker smooths the traveler's path to knowledge, guides are no longer "necessary nuisances." They are plagues to no purpose, whose persistency deprives inoffensive strangers of that tranquil enjoyment they have come so far to seek. Nothing is more difficult than to feel a correct emotion when every object of interest is vigorously pointed out, and a wearisome trickle of information, couched in broken English, is dropping relentlessly into our tired ears.

It need not be supposed for a moment that there is any real option about employing a guide or dispensing with his services. There is none. Practically speaking, I don't employ him. He takes possession of me, and never relaxes his hold. In some parts of Europe, Sicily for example, his unlawful ownership begins from the first moment I set my foot upon the soil. At Syracuse he is waiting at the station, in charge of the hotel coach. I think him the hotel porter, point out our bags and give him the check for our boxes. As soon as we are under way, he leans over and informs us confidentially that he is the English interpreter and guide, officially connected with the hotel, and that he is happy to place his services at our disposal. At these ominous words our hearts sink heavily. We know that the hour of captivity is at hand, and that all efforts to escape will only tighten our chains. Nevertheless, we make the effort that very day, resolved not to yield without a struggle.

The afternoon is drawing to a close by the time we are settled in our rooms, have had a cup of tea, and have washed away some of the dirt of travel. There is only light enough left for a comfortable stroll; and this first walk through a strange city is one of my principal pleasures in

traveling. I love to find myself amid the unfamiliar streets; to slip into quiet churches; to stare in shop-windows; to wander, with no other clue than Baedeker, through narrow byways, and stumble unawares upon some open court, with its fine old fountain splashing lazily over the worn stones. Filled with these agreeable anticipations, we steal downstairs, and see our guide standing like a sentinel at the door. He is prepared, of course, to accompany us; but we decline his services, explaining curtly that we are only going out for a walk, and need no protection whatever. It sounds decisive, — to us, — and we congratulate one another upon such well-timed firmness, until, glancing back, we perceive our determined guardian following us on the other side of the street. Now, as long as we keep straight along, pretending to know our way, we are safe; but the trouble is we don't know our way, and in a few minutes it is necessary to consult Baedeker and find out where we are. We do this as furtively as possible, gathering around the book to hide it, and moving slowly on while we read. But such foolish precautions are in vain. The guide has seen us pause. He knows that we are astray, that we are trying to right ourselves, — a thing he never permits, — and he is by our side in an instant. If the ladies desire to see the cathedral, they must turn to the left. It is very near, — not more than a few minutes' walk, — and it is open until six o'clock. We think of saying that we don't want to see the cathedral, and of turning to the right; but this course appears rather too perilous. The fact is, we do want to see it very much; and we should like, moreover, to see it without delay, and alone. So we thank Brocconi, — that is the guide's name, — and say we can find our way now without any trouble. And so we could, if we were left to ourselves; but the knowledge that we are still being pursued at a respectful distance, and that we dare not pause

a moment for consideration, flusters us sadly. We come to a point where two streets meet at an acute angle, hesitate, plunge down the nearer, and hear Brocconi's warning voice once more at our elbows. The ladies have taken a wrong turning. With their permission, he will point them out the road. So we surrender at discretion, feeling all further resistance to be useless, and are conducted to the cathedral in a pitiable state of subjection; are marched dolorously around; are shown old tombs, and faded pictures, and beautiful bits of mosaic; and then are led back to the hotel, and dismissed with the assurance that we will be waited on early the next morning, and that a carriage will be ready for us by ten.

Perhaps our conduct may appear pusillanimous to those whose resolution has never been so severely tested. We feel this ourselves, and deplore the cowardly strain in our natures, as we trail meekly and disconsolately upstairs. There is a little cushioned bench just outside my bedroom door, and I know that when I go to breakfast, in the morning, Brocconi will be sitting there, waiting for his prey. I know that when I come back from breakfast Brocconi will be still sitting there, and that I can never leave my room without seeing him in unquestioned and ostentatious attendance upon me. He stands up, hat in hand, to salute me, every time I pass him; and after a while I take to lurking, I might almost say to skulking, within my chamber, rather than encounter his disappointed and reproachful gaze. With the natural tendency of a woman to temporize, I buy my freedom one day by engaging his services for the next. If he will permit me to go alone and in peace to the Greek theatre, to sit on the grassy hill amid the wild flowers, to look at the charming view and breathe the delicious air for a long, lazy afternoon, I will drive with him the following morning over the dusty glaring road to Fort Euryalus, and be marched submissively through the

endless intricacies of its subterranean corridors, and have every tiresome detail pointed out to me and explained with merciless prolixity. On the same lamentably weak principle, I purchase — we all purchase — his faded and crumpled photographs, so as to be let off from buying his “antiquities,” a forlorn collection of mouldy coins and broken bits of terra cotta, which he carries around in a handkerchief, and hands down to us, one by one, when we are prisoners in our carriage, and cannot refuse to look at them. He is so pained at our handing them back again that we compromise on the photographs, though they are the most decrepit specimens I have ever beheld; almost as worn and flabby as the little letters of recommendation which are lent to us for perusal, and which state with monotonous amiability that the writer has employed Domenico Brocconi as guide and interpreter during a three days’ stay in Syracuse, and has found him intelligent, capable, and obliging. I know I shall have to write one of these letters before I go away. Indeed, my conscience aches remorsefully when I think of the number of such testimonials I have strewn broadcast over the earth to be a delusion and a snare to my fellow-man. It never occurred to me that any one would regard them seriously, until an acquaintance informed me, with some asperity, that he had employed a guide on my recommendation, and had been cheated by him. I felt very sorry for this; for, beyond a little overcharging in the matter of fees or carriages, which is part of the recognized perquisites of the calling, no guide has ever cheated me. On the contrary, he has sometimes saved me money. My aversion to him is based exclusively on the fact that he strikes a discordant note wherever he appears. He has always something to tell me which I don’t want to hear, and his is that leaden touch which takes all color and grace from every theme he handles.

Constantinople, as the chosen abode of insecurity, is perhaps the only city within the tourist’s beaten track where a guide or dragoman is necessary for personal safety, as well as for the information he imparts. Baedeker has ignored Constantinople, or perhaps the authorities of that curiously misgoverned municipality have forbidden his profane researches into their august privacy. Labor-saving devices find scant favor with the subjects of the Sultan. Vessels may not approach the docks to be unloaded, though there is plenty of water to float them, because that would interfere with the immemorial privileges of the boatmen. There is no delivery of city mail, but a man can always be hired to carry your letter from Pera to Stamboul. Guidebooks are unknown, but a dragoman is attached to your service as soon as you arrive, and is as inseparable as your shadow until the hour you leave.

The rivalry among these men is of a very active order, as I speedily discovered when I stepped from the Oriental Express into that scene of mad confusion and tumult, the Constantinople station. It was drizzling hard. I was speechless from a heavy cold. We were all three worn out with the absurd and fatiguing travesty of a quarantine on the frontier. Twenty Turkish porters made a wild rush for our bags the instant the train stopped, and fought over them like howling beasts. A tall man, with a cast in his eye, handed me a card on which my own name was legibly written, and said he was the dragoman sent by the hotel to take us in charge. A little man, with a nervous and excited manner, handed me a card on which also my name was legibly written, and said *he* was the dragoman sent by the hotel to take us in charge. It was a case for the judgment of Solomon; and I lacked not only the wisdom to decide, but the voice in which to utter my decision. There was nothing for it but to let the claimants fight it out, which they proceeded to do

with fervor, rolling over the station floor and pounding each other vigorously. The tall man, being much the better combatant, speedily routed his rival, dragged him ignominiously from the carriage when he attempted to scale it, and carried us off in triumph. But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The little dragoman was game enough not to know when he was beaten. He followed us in another carriage, and made good his case, evidently, with the hotel landlord; for we found him, placid and smiling, in the corridor, next morning, waiting his orders for the day. I never ventured to ask how this change came about, lest indiscreet inquiries should bring a second dragoman upon my devoted head; so Demetrius remained our guide, philosopher, and friend for the three weeks we spent in Constantinople. He was not a bad little man, on the whole; was extremely patient about carrying wraps, and was honestly anxious we should suffer no annoyance in the streets. But his knowledge upon any subject was of the haziest description. He had a perfect talent for getting us to places at the wrong time, — but that may have been partly our fault, — and if there ever was anything interesting to tell, he assuredly never told it. On the other hand, he considered that, to our Occidental ignorance, the simplest architectural devices needed an explanation. He would say, "This is a well," "That is a doorway," "These are columns supporting the roof," with all the benevolent simplicity of Harry and Lucy's father enlightening those very intelligent and ignorant little people.

The only severe trial that Demetrius suffered in our service was the occasional attendance of the two kavasses from the American Embassy, whose protection was afforded us twice or thrice, through the courtesy of the ambassador. These magnificent creatures threw our poor little dragoman so completely into the shade, and regarded him with such open

and manifest contempt, that all his innocent airs of importance shriveled into humility and dejection. It is but honest to state that the kavasses appeared to despise us quite as cordially as they did Demetrius; but we sustained their scorn with more tranquillity for the sake of the splendor and distinction they imparted. One of them was a very handsome and very supercilious Turk, who never condescended to look at us nor to speak to us; the other a Circassian, whose pride was tempered by affability, and who was good enough to hold with us the strictly necessary intercourse. I hear it said now and then by censorious critics that American women are the most arrogant of their sex, affecting a superiority that is based upon no justifiable claim. But I will candidly admit that all such airy notions, born of the New World and of the nineteenth century, dwindled rapidly away before the disdainful composure of those two lordly Mohammedans. The old primitive instincts are never wholly eradicated; only overlaid with the acquired sentiments of our time and place. I have not been without my share of self-assertion; but my meekness of spirit in Constantinople, the perfectly natural feeling I had in being snubbed by two ignorant kavasses blazing with gold embroidery, will always remain one of the salutary humiliations of my life.

I think there must be some secret system of communication by which the guides of one city consign you to the guides of another; for I know that when we reached Piræus, at five o'clock in the morning, an olive-skinned, low-voiced, mysterious-looking person, who reminded me strikingly of Eugene Aram, boarded the ship, knocked at my cabin door, and gave me to understand, in excellent English, that we were to be his property in Athens. He said he was not connected with any hotel, but would be happy to wait on us wherever we went; and he had all three of our names neatly written in a little book. I responded as firmly

as I could that I did not think we should require his services; whereupon he smiled darkly, and hinted that we would find it difficult, and perhaps dangerous, to go about alone. In reality Athens is as well conducted as Boston, and very much easier to traverse; but I did not know this then, so, after some hesitation, I promised to employ my mysterious visitor if I had any occasion for a guide. It was a promise not easily forgotten. Morning, noon, and night he haunted us, always with the same air of mingled secrecy and determination. As it chanced, I was ill for several days, and unable to leave my room. Regularly after breakfast there would come a low, resolute knock at my door, and Eugene Aram, pallid, noiseless, authoritative, would slip in, and stand like a sentinel by my bed. It was extremely depressing, and always reminded me of the presentation of a *lettre de cachet*. I felt that I was wronging my self-elected guide by not getting well and going about, and his civil inquiries anent my health carried with them an undertone of reproach. Yet with returning vigor came a firm determination to escape this melancholy thralldom; and it is one of my keenest pleasures to remember that on the golden afternoon when I first climbed the Acropolis, and looked through the yellow columns of the Parthenon upon the cloudless skies of Greece, and saw the sea gleaming like a silver band, and watched the glory of the sunset from the terrace of the temple of Nike, no Eugene Aram was there to mar my absolute contentment. This was the enchanted hour, never to be repeated nor surpassed, and this hour was mine to enjoy. When I am setting forth my trials with all the wordy eloquence of discontent, let me "think of my marcies," and be grateful.

Thanks to the protecting hand of England, Cairo, which once was little better than Constantinople, is now as safe as London. On the Nile, it is hardly possible to leave one's boat, save under the

care of a dragoman. Even at Luxor and Assuân, the attentions of the native population are of a rather overpowering character. But at Cairo, whether amid the hurrying crowds in the bazaars or on the quiet road to the Gézirah, there is no annoyance of any kind to be apprehended. Nevertheless, a little army of guides are connected with every hotel, and another army line the streets, and press their services upon you as you pass. I noticed that while a great many Americans had a dragoman permanently attached to their service, and never went out unattended, the English and Germans resolutely ignored these expensive and irritating inutilities. If by chance they desired any service, they employed in preference one of the ruminating donkey-boys who stand all day, supple and serious, alongside of their melancholy little beasts. Upon one occasion, an Englishwoman was just stepping into her carriage, having engaged a boy to accompany her to the mosque of the Sultan Hassan, when a tall and turbaned dragoman, indignant at this invasion of his privileges, called out to her scornfully, "Do you think that lad will be able to explain to you anything you are going to see?" The Englishwoman turned her smiling face. I fancied she would be angry at the impertinence, but she was not. She had that absolute command of herself and of the situation which is the birthright of her race. "It is precisely because I know he can explain nothing that I take him with me," she said. "If I could be equally sure of your silence, I should be willing to take you."

Local guides are as numerous and as systematic in Cairo as in more accessible cities, and they have the same curious tendency to multiply themselves around any object of interest, and to subdivide the scanty labor attendant on its exhibition. When we went to the Coptic church, for example, a heavy wooden door was opened for us by youth number one, who pointed out the enormous

size of the venerable key he carried, and then consigned us to the care of youth number two, who led the way through a narrow, picturesque lane to the church itself, and gave us into the charge of youth number three, a handsome, bare-legged boy with brilliant eyes, who lit a taper and kindly conducted us around. When we had examined the dim old pictures, and the faded missals, and the beautiful screens of inlaid wood, and the grotto wherein the Holy Family is piously believed to have found shelter, this acute child presented us to a white-haired Coptic priest, and explained that it was to him we were to offer our fee. I promptly did as I was bidden, and the boy, after carefully examining and approving the amount, — the priest himself never glanced at it nor at us, — requested further payment for his own share of work. I gave him three piastres, being much pleased with his businesslike methods, whereupon he handed us back to youth number two, who had been waiting all this time at the church door, and whom I was obliged to pay for leading us through the lane. Then, after satisfying youth number one, who mounted guard at the gate, we were permitted to regain our carriage and drive away amid a clamorous crowd of beggars. It was as admirable a piece of organized work as I have ever seen, and would have done credit to a labor union in America.

On precisely the same principle, we often find the railed-off chapels of an Italian church to be each under the care of a separate sexton, who jingles his keys alluringly, and does his best to beguile us into his own especial inclosure. I have suffered a good deal in Sicily and in Naples from sextons who could not be brought to understand that I had come to church to pray. The mark of the tourist is like the brand of Cain, recognizable to all men. Even one's nationality is seldom a matter of doubt, and an Italian sexton who cherishes the opinion that English-speaking people stand self-con-

victed of heresy can see no reason for my entering the sacred edifice save to be shown its treasures with all speed. So he beckons to me from dark corners, and waves his keys at me; and, finding me unresponsive to these appeals, he sidles through the little kneeling throng to tell me, in a loud whisper, that Domenichino's picture is over the third altar on the left, or that forty-five princes of the house of Aragon are buried in the sacristy. By this time devout worshipers are beginning to look at me askance, as if it were my fault that I am disturbing them. So I get up and follow my persecutor, and stare at the forty-five wooden sarcophagi of the Aragonese princes, draped with velvet palls, and ranged on shelves like dry goods. Then, mass being over, I slip out of St. Domenica's, and make my way to the cathedral of St. Januarius, where another sexton instantly lays hands on me, and carries me down to the crypt to see the reliquary of the saint. He is a stout, smiling man, with an unbounded enthusiasm for all he has to show. Even the naked, fat, Cupid-like angels that riot here as wantonly as in every other Neapolitan church fill him with admiration and delight. He taps them on their plump little stomachs, and exclaims, "Tout en marbre! Tout en marbre!" looking at me meanwhile with wide-open eyes, as if marble angels were as much of a rarity in Italy as in Greenland. By the time his transports have moderated sufficiently to allow me to depart, a tall, grim sexton, with nothing to show, is locking up the cathedral, and I am obliged to go away with all my prayers unsaid.

It is possible to be too discursive when a pet grievance has an airing. Therefore, instead of lingering, as I should like to do, over a still unexhausted subject; instead of telling about a dreadful one-eyed man who pursued me like a constable into the cathedral of Catania, and fairly arrested me at St. Agatha's shrine, whither I had fled for protection; instead of describing an unscrupulous fraud

at Amalfi who led me for half a mile in the dripping rain through a soaked little valley, under pretense of showing me a macaroni factory, and then naïvely confessed we had gone in the opposite direction, because the walk was so charming, — instead of denouncing the accumulated crimes of the whole sinful fraternity, I will render tardy justice to one Roman guide whose incontestable merits deserve a grateful acknowledgment. He was a bulky and very dirty man in the Castle of St. Angelo, to whose care fourteen tourists, English, French, and Germans, were officially committed. He spoke no language but his own, and he set himself resolutely to work to make every visitor understand all he had to tell by the help of that admirable pantomimic art in which Italians have such extraordinary facility. It was impossible to misapprehend him. If he wished to show us the papal bed-chamber, he retired into one corner and snored loudly on an imaginary couch. When we came to the dining-room, he made a feint of

eating a hearty meal. With amazing agility he illustrated the manner of Benvenuto Cellini's escape, and the breaking of his ankles in the fall. He decapitated himself without a sword as Beatrice Cenci, and racked himself without a rack as another unhappy prisoner. He lowered himself as a drawbridge, and even tried to explode himself as a cannon, in his efforts to make us better acquainted with the artillery. He was absolutely serious all this time, yet never seemed flustered nor annoyed by the peals of irresistible laughter which greeted some of his most difficult representations. He had but one object in view, — to be understood. If we were amused, that did not matter; and if we were a little rude, that was merely the manner of foreigners. I do not wish to close a chapter of fault-finding without one word of praise for this clever and conscientious actor, whose performance was limited to the ignoble task of conducting travelers through a dilapidated fortress, but whom I cannot consent to look upon as a guide.

Agnes Repplier.

TIGER-LILIES.

LILIES, are you come!
 I quail before you as your buds upswell;
 It is the miracle
 Of fire and sculpture in your brazen urns
 That strikes me dumb,—
 Fire of midsummer that burns,
 And as it passes,
 Flinging rich sparkles on its own clear blaze,
 Wreathes with the wreathing tongues and rays,
 Great tiger-lilies, of your deep-cleft masses!
 It is the wonder
 I am laid under
 By the firm heaves
 And over-tumbling edges of your liberal leaves.

Michael Field.

PRESIDENT POLK'S ADMINISTRATION.

THE great achievements of President Polk's administration were four in number: the full establishment of the independent treasury, which divorced government dealings from the banks; the low tariff; the adjustment of a northwest boundary with Great Britain, which secured our title to Oregon; and the management of our annexation of Texas, by diplomacy and bloodshed, so as to despoil Mexico of a still further portion of her domains, and gain a broad southerly area to the Pacific, inclusive of California and New Mexico. All four of these achievements were clearly purposed by our eleventh President when he entered upon his executive duties; in all four he took the initiative, so far as possible, before Congress assembled in its first session under his term; and, with the co-operation of Congress, he accomplished, before that first session ended, every one of the projects except the last, which, proving slow and difficult of fulfillment, and withal developing only gradually before our people as the extent of his secret purpose revealed itself, he dispatched as rapidly and surely as the exigencies would permit. Before another presidential election he had wrought out his task to completion.

I shall in this paper¹ consider those four cardinal points of policy only so far as the testimony afforded by Mr. Polk's papers, and especially his Diary, may furnish to our own age plain illustration and proof of historical importance. The first three topics may be passed over rapidly. The sub-treasury or independent treasury plan originated under President Van Buren, as a Democratic measure; but when the Whigs came into power, they at once repealed the sub-treasury act before a fair trial of the experiment, mean-

ing to restore the former national bank system, which, however, Harrison's untimely death and the Vice-President's re-creancy debarred them from doing. In this respect, therefore, Polk, as a Democratic President, had simply to restore Democratic policy to the national finances, and the Van Buren measure was reënacted, to remain enduring. "I have always been for the independent treasury, like Silas Wright," records this new President, referring to the immediate author of the original bill. Next, as concerns the low tariff, that most admirable achievement of this new administration, Polk was a strong pioneer in the reduction of duties, and neither the fears nor the opposition of his own party friends could divert him. He had, to be sure, equivocated somewhat in his opinions in the presidential canvass of 1844; and when, in his first presidential message, he boldly proposed tariff reform in this open-trade direction, ably seconded though he was by his Secretary of the Treasury, the consternation was very great among Pennsylvanians of his party. Secretary Buchanan, as I have mentioned elsewhere, would gladly have left the Cabinet and gone upon the supreme bench of the United States, so as to shirk the issue with his political friends, had not Polk kept back his promised appointment to the place until the legislative struggle was over, thereby committing to his own policy the aid which he needed. Mr. Polk is entitled fairly to the fame of a successful experiment on the basis of non-protection and liberal trade which gave to this country great mercantile prosperity and commercial expansion down to the civil war, and won the approval of all political parties. "The tariff portion," as he states, of his first annual message, in the Diary, "is mine, and all the message is mine." He evidently, and with

¹ See also President Polk's Diary, in *The Atlantic* for August.

good reason, cherished the belief that such a tariff, framed in coöperation with Sir Robert Peel's corn laws and England's new departure for free trade with the world, would aid in uniting the two countries more closely in reciprocal commerce, and in reconciling Great Britain to concessions most desirable for settling the Oregon question. While procuring the needful enactment, Polk's Diary shows him in his former and most familiar character of a driver of business through the national legislature. We see him, by the light of his private revelations, strongly interesting himself in the progress of this tariff-reduction measure through the two Houses during every stage, setting his heart upon accomplishing the work wholly and at once during the first and long session of Congress; and, with this end steadily in view, we perceive him forcing it through with indefatigable zeal against all factional opposition among his party supporters, and in spite of foreign war and other dangerous responsibilities which had accumulated upon his hands in those same early months. A tariff-reduction act was not unpopular with the country at large, and hence the House passed it with comparative harmony. But the real struggle came, as such struggles will, in the Senate and confederate branch; and upon the Democrats of that less responsive chamber he next brought to bear all the personal arguments he could urge in private conference, all the persuasion of Cabinet officers, all the patronage at his official command, for gaining his end.

The executive anxiety was not without good cause, for Polk's party friends were so much divided upon this vexatious issue that, after the best efforts of the White House were exhausted, the fate of the measure was found to depend finally on the uncertain vote of a single Democratic Senator. The casting vote of Vice-President Dallas, however, carried the bill through its most critical stage, after which the act passed the Senate by a majority

of one. On the 29th of July, 1846, the President rejoiced that his tariff measure was finally passed, and he felt himself free to veto a river and harbor act which came also to hand for his signature.

Upon the Oregon boundary, Polk's Diary opens with confidential interviews which Buchanan had with him upon the subject, while negotiations remained at a stand after the compromise of boundary suggested on our side had been rejected by the English minister in discourteous language, which Polk quickly resented. And now we see the Secretary of State timorous over the situation, while the President, confident that reflection would bring the adversary to his own proposition, waited for British overtures, betraying no nervousness and willing to bide his time. In spite of Buchanan's dread, our people had no fight for the line of $54^{\circ} 40'$, though there was abundant bluster in Congress over the subject. The fair compromise line was in due time proposed again, this time by Great Britain's negotiator, and a treaty based upon that settlement was promptly ratified by our Senate before the long session ended. Thus happily was an old controversy laid at rest; and so far honorably, as Jefferson had borne us beyond the Mississippi, did this new Democratic Executive plant American colonization firmly upon the Pacific strand.

But the fourth object to which the President had devoted himself from the outset was not gained so readily; and vainly imagining that he could buy out Mexico through its rulers, and gain the new domain he wanted by threats or cajolery, he was cast upon the undesired alternative of war to gain his end; and the war once begun, he found it far more stubborn and protracted than he had looked for, though a weak nation was our foe. The love of liberty and of territorial integrity burns strong in the breasts of the humblest of republican communities; and, whatever their dissen-

sions with one another, they will turn their arms unitedly against invaders from without, and even their corrupt leaders would rather encourage than betray them. Polk saw clearly what our superior American people, or at least the Southern portion, coveted; and surely, could the new acquisition have been fairly gained, the precious soil was well worth our permanent acceptance. But what we could not obtain by fair means Polk set himself to acquiring by foul; and while "Texas reannexation" had been the immediate aim of the party that came with him into power, he planned and carried out with remarkable secrecy and constancy a dismemberment of our sister republic far beyond what this rallying cry had called for or expected. The Diary and Correspondence, with their private disclosures, confirm the worst that was ever imputed to this administration in its deadly and depredating course. But Polk was one of those to whom the end justifies the means; he was fully imbued with the reckless spirit of manifest destiny which was so rampant in that era, and he felt himself God's chosen instrument, in a sense, to advance the stars and stripes, and despoil the weak of their inheritance. Such was the prevalent perversion of the Monroe Doctrine that we seemed actually devoted to the idea of making converts to the republican faith of the rest of this continent, and encouraging all Spanish-American neighbors to emulate our national example to the point of casting off European allegiance, and experimenting in the same direction with ourselves, only for the sake of leading them to misrule and internal disorder, so as to make them the readier prey to our own territorial greed. Mr. Polk meant to vindicate his Mexican policy by the private papers which he preserved so carefully; but this vindication was evidently staked upon the expectation that public gratitude would redound because of the splendid expansion that he gave to our national boundaries. He toiled

and he despoiled for the glory of the American Union; but he could see nothing wrong in his despicable treatment of Mexico, in the crime he perpetrated against liberty and the sacred rights of property. He was not the kind of patriot to place himself at another's point of view, and could feel no tender compunctions for an adversary, and least of all for a weak one.

Those familiar with our annals will recall the leading facts regarding the admission of Texas into the Union in 1845. Wrested from the Mexican confederacy and people by American colonists and adventurers who had settled within its neighboring limits by foreign permission, this independent, or rather revolutionary Texan republic sought constitutional alliance with the United States; and after that successful presidential canvass in which the Lone Star issue became so prominent, our Democratic Congress, shortly before Polk's accession, passed a provisional act for admitting into the Union that foreign but adjacent jurisdiction as a new State capable of subdivision. But in order to unite the wavering party elements in Congress, this admission act placed upon our Executive the alternative of accepting Texas immediately under the provisions therein specified, or of beginning negotiations anew with that republic which Mexico still claimed, and postponing annexation indefinitely. The real intent of Congress was, of course, to trust the incoming President as umpire; but Tyler, the retiring Executive, eager for his own glory, at once, and just before retiring from office, chose the first alternative, and dispatched his swift messenger to Texas with the tender of immediate annexation and admission to state membership. Polk might consequently have disclaimed the responsibility of a decision; but, as his papers show, he assembled his Cabinet soon after his term began, to consider whether to adopt the late President's action or not; and upon the advice of these coun-

selors he pronounced for pursuing the same line of policy, and issued appropriate orders. Francis P. Blair, who, like Benton of the Senate, had desired indefinite postponement under the second alternative, angrily charged Polk, during the hot canvass of 1848, with having pledged himself to the second alternative while the act was pending. This, however, Polk has emphatically denied; and those who best knew the surrounding circumstances and had been intimate in the confidence of the President-elect — among them Secretary Buchanan and the manager of the Texas compromise act, Secretary Walker — corroborate by their written statements, preserved among Polk's papers, what Polk himself asserts, and all those cognizant of his traits of character might naturally look for: that he kept his choice of plans strictly to himself, and made no pledge in advance whatever. But this, at least, Polk declares unhesitatingly: that his constant desire had been to have Texas admitted into the Union as soon as possible, by one means or another, and hence that the first alternative was his silent preference, since it best secured such admission practically. "For had annexation by negotiation been adopted," is his just comment in the retrospect, "Texas would have been lost to the United States."

The alternative of immediate annexation once decided upon, there was no sign of feebleness in Mr. Polk's pursuit of the chosen course. To Andrew J. Donelson, dispatched upon this mission, the President wrote June 15, repeating his desires, already expressed, that the Texas convention, then about to meet, should accept annexation to the United States unqualifiedly and at once. "That moment," he writes, "I shall regard Texas as part of the Union; and our army and navy will defend and protect her by driving an invading Mexican army out." Donelson was by that time in Texas; and Polk promised to send an additional force to the Gulf the next day, leaving

him to his own discretion in employing our troops or vessels should a Mexican army cross the Rio Grande. All we want, he says, is for Texas to assent to the terms of our statute, and he will not wait for the tedious process of forming a new constitution. "Of course," he adds, "I would maintain the Texan title to the extent which she claims it to be, and not permit an invading enemy to occupy a foot of the soil east of the Rio Grande." In this strain President Polk wrote to Sam Houston, also, assuring him that all rights of territorial boundary would be maintained, if only Texas would accept unconditionally the act of our Congress. Here we have the key to Polk's whole Mexican policy: which was to adopt the pretentious claim set up lately by the Texan revolutionists, that the boundaries of that republic extended to the Rio Grande, and over unsettled soil which the Mexican state of Texas had never included; and then to manipulate a treaty settlement with Mexico which should give to our Union another immense fraction of that unhappy nation's domains. By pressure upon that impoverished country Polk thought himself capable of driving a money bargain with her pride. Texas embraced her opportunity to the fullest extent, and voted in convention to accept the terms tendered by Congress, and enter the American Union as a new State; and by September 16, as the Diary informs us, the President announced clearly to his Cabinet that he should try to adjust, through this Texas question of limits, a permanent boundary between Mexico and the United States, so as to comprehend Upper California and New Mexico, and give us a line from the mouth of the Rio Grande to latitude 32° north, and thence west to the Pacific. For such a boundary he was willing, he said, to pay \$40,000,000, but could probably purchase it for \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000. In these views the Cabinet unanimously concurred, and instructions were given, accordingly, to John

Slidell, who went at once as a special minister to Mexico, that republic having previously broken off its relations with us because of our league with Texas. But this September conference followed preparations which the President himself had already secretly started. Slidell, a member of the House, was at his home in Louisiana when sent off; but there are indications in the Diary that he had been fixed upon for such a contingency as the present, and had received from Polk himself oral and strictly confidential instructions before he left Washington in the spring. Meanwhile, Dr. Parrott, Slidell's prospective secretary of legation, who had been in the city of Mexico as a secret emissary, wrote from there, August 19, that Mexico was not likely to fight the United States over the admission of our new State, that there would be no invasion of Texas, and that our Executive ought to restore Mexican relations if he could.

In much of the underhand work of 1845 — in the instructions sent to our naval officers who were cruising off the Pacific coast, for instance — Polk dared not trust himself to writing out contemporaneously in his own journal; he would instruct various persons by word of mouth, and enjoin upon them the utmost secrecy; but his Diary's later allusions aid historical testimony already gathered from other sources. The Diary of May 30, 1846, contains the President's incidental admission, at that tardy date, that in Slidell's instructions of 1845 "the acquisition of California and New Mexico, with perhaps some northern provinces," had been included. Polk's reticence to others he practiced with constant constraint for himself when committing his Mexican plans privately to paper; for in all this he meant to forestall public opinion, not to court it, believing that the public results would justify him before the people.

In Polk's private correspondence may be found General Scott's report with the

President's indorsement, dated January 13, 1846, in justification of the famous order which required General Taylor to advance from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande. Its preamble is worth quoting in this connection, inspired as it probably was in expression by the commander-in-chief or Secretary of War: "Congress having accepted the constitution adopted by the State of Texas, in convention assembled, in which constitution the Rio Grande del Norte is, at least in part, claimed as one of her boundaries, — subject, it may be, to future modification in part, by a treaty of limits between the United States and Mexico," — the President of the United States, through the War Department, had deemed it his duty to give instructions to General Zachary Taylor to advance and occupy such positions at or near Rio del Norte as might be necessary.

President Polk has been greatly blamed for precipitating the United States into an unrighteous war with Mexico, and at the same time placing the onus of hostilities, most craftily and dishonestly, upon that republic. The familiar phrases of his message will be recalled: "Mexico has passed the boundary of the United States, has invaded our territory and shed American blood upon the American soil;" "War exists, and, notwithstanding all our efforts to avoid it, exists by the act of Mexico herself." The real climax as shown by the Diary makes his dissimulation even greater than has been supposed. Saturday, the 9th of May, 1846, was a memorable one. Slidell was now in Washington, having returned from a mission for purchase utterly fruitless; and Polk, feeling convinced that nothing but war would give us the treaty of ample cession that he was bent upon procuring, took up a war policy. It was not the original Texas which had won its independence that he wanted to annex, for Mexico sought no recovery; nor was it Texas as voted to the Rio Grande, for Taylor held that disputed solitude

by military possession, and was the real aggressor ; but it was a new and broader belt to the Pacific, whose clear title could be won, as now seemed clear, only by force of arms. Congress being in the midst of its long session, the President summoned his Cabinet on this Saturday, and stated that it was his desire to send to the two Houses an immediate war message. But no news of any armed advance or opposition by the Mexicans, or of bloodshed or collision of any sort, had yet reached Washington from the front, where General Taylor with his command was already posted to make the disputed area of Texas our own. The Cabinet as a whole advised the President encouragingly, but Buchanan not without hesitation, while Bancroft, the Secretary of the Navy, gave his candid opinion that we ought to wait for some act of hostility before declaring war. Polk's Diary shows, however, that he preferred to recommend war as matters stood, for after the adjournment he made his preparations to write a message. But a new and sudden turn was given to the situation about sunset of the same day, when dispatches from General Taylor reached the White House by the Southern mail, reporting that slight and casual attack by Mexicans and loss of life on the line of the Rio Grande which has since passed into history. Here then was the opportunity for throwing all scruples aside ; and that Polk made the most of this *casus belli*, of this shedding the first drop of blood by Mexico, the American world is well aware. The Cabinet were summoned once more, in the evening ; and they agreed unanimously that a war message should be sent in to Congress on Monday, based upon this new state of facts. But would not that war message have been sent the same, had not this opportune intelligence arrived from the front ? All now, says the Diary, was unity and energy. Mr. Polk worked all Sunday over the message, except for his attendance on morning church ; Secre-

tary Bancroft, who took dinner with him, giving his skillful literary aid in the afternoon. There was great excitement in Washington, and confidential friends of the Democracy were preparing to have Congress coöperate. "It was," records the President piously, but with no apparent sense of the unrighteousness of his secular task, "a day of great anxiety to me, and I regretted the necessity for me to spend the Sabbath in the manner I have." On the morning of Monday, the momentous 11th of May, Mr. Polk shut out company, and carefully revised this war message, which he sent in to Congress about noon ; and such was the haste of preparation that he had not time to read over the accompanying executive correspondence, though he had seen the originals. Sliedell, in the afternoon, called upon him, to announce that though the bill for declaring war with Mexico passed the House, the Senate had adjourned without action, and evidently not united. But the bill went through that branch on Tuesday, with a slight amendment, in which the House concurred. The act was brought to the President soon after the noon of Wednesday, May 13, and he approved and signed it ; and an executive proclamation was forthwith issued which announced the existence of war, following the example of President Madison in 1812.

But there were already symptoms of national dissension to impress the Cabinet circle ; Buchanan, at least, among Polk's chosen advisers, showing, besides his characteristic timidity, some forecast of the public dangers which would attend this new greed for expansion. In draughting a circular to our ministers in Europe, which announced the Mexican war, he stated expressly, and as though to allay suspicion, that our object was not to dismember Mexico nor to make conquest ; that our boundary line as claimed against that republic was the Rio Grande. This draught was read at the Cabinet

meeting on this same 13th of May; and the Diary gives a full account of the conference. "I will not tie up my hands by any such pledge," declared the President at once and decidedly. "In making peace with our adversary, we shall acquire California and New Mexico and other further territory, as an indemnity for this war, if we can." A warm discussion now arose in the Cabinet, Buchanan contending on his part that England and France would in that case help Mexico against us; for as yet the Oregon line was still in controversy with Great Britain. But again did the President refuse to embarrass his course by any such pledge; nor, he added, would he tolerate any intermeddling by European nations. The Secretary of State, says the Diary, stood alone in this matter; Marcy being absent on account of business pressure at the War Department. Secretary Bancroft, the Attorney-General, and the Postmaster-General all sided strongly with the President, while Secretary Walker spoke with much excitement against the draught as Buchanan had prepared it. At last, to end discussion, Mr. Polk stepped to his table and wrote out a new paragraph in place of that which had disclaimed all intention of further dismemberment; and Buchanan's dispatches, when sent abroad, substituted the presidential paragraph for his own. "This," records Polk, "was one of the most earnest and interesting discussions which have occurred in my Cabinet," and it ended a day "of intense application, anxiety, and labor."

Some authentic explanation has long been wished of Secretary Bancroft's naval order, dated on May 13, when war was declared, which instructed our blockading squadron in the Gulf to permit Santa Anna, as a returning exile from Havana, to pass through with his suite, unmolested. The historical suspicion has been that this ex-President and military chief of Mexico was in secret

concert with our administration; and the Polk papers make that suspicion a certainty by their revelations. It appears from the Diary that about February 13, 1846, and before our Mexican relations had culminated in war, a Spanish-American officer and revolutionist — Colonel Atocha by name — held a secret interview at Washington with President Polk, and gave the latter the impression, while Mexico was in strong public commotion, that Santa Anna had sent to arrange for his own restoration to the head of the Mexican government, on the assurance that our ends would be gained in return. Mr. Polk consulted his Cabinet upon such an arrangement, and with their consent, though Buchanan opposed, dispatched his confidential agent to Havana, when war broke out, to confer with the distinguished exile. That agent was Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, of the navy, to whose rumored mission Mr. Benton alludes in his *Thirty Years' View*, though more slightly, perhaps, than the facts justify. Mackenzie's dispatches to the President, which were received at Washington on the 3d of August, are contained in full in the Polk Correspondence. It appears that the President made the Bancroft order to our blockading squadron the occasion for an oral message to Santa Anna, which Mackenzie reduced to writing and read to the Mexican general; thereby exceeding his authority, according to Polk's Diary record of January, 1848, since he should have delivered it orally. In course of the two interviews they held together, Santa Anna, as Mackenzie reports, asserted that, if in power once more in his own country, he would make concessions rather than see Mexico ruled by a foreign prince; that he preferred a friendly arrangement with the United States to the ravages of war; that he desired republican principles and a liberal government, excluding all mediation of England and France. Santa Anna advised that Taylor should ad-

vance his forces to Santillo. He also expressed a sense of his own kind treatment while a prisoner after the battle of San Jacinto, and said that if he did not return to Mexico he should like to become a citizen of the United States, and live in Texas. Santa Anna wrote a paper, it seems, for submission to our State Department. It is hard to say whether Polk's administration, in thus coöperating with the ablest of all Mexicans of the age, civil or military, in a subtle and sly intrigue for revolutionizing the republic with which we were now at war, was not overreached in its own game; at all events, Santa Anna, with his suite, passed our blockading line to Vera Cruz under the Bancroft order, not many weeks later, reëntered his country, and placed himself at the head of affairs; proving himself, however, after having done so, the most energetic and persistent of all Mexican opponents in the field, instead of our artful ally for dismemberment.

Most of the familiar episodes of the Mexican war are strongly lighted up by the daily entries of Polk's Diary: his strong dislike of Scott, and his increasing disparagement of Zachary Taylor as the latter began to be talked about for the next President; the earnest intrigue in the administration circle to supersede both of these Whig generals by the Democratic Benton, under a projected measure for creating a lieutenant-general to outrank them both, — a scheme in which Benton personally was most active; the failure of such a bill for want of a party support in Congress, followed by Polk's abortive effort to bring Benton into the field as one of the new major-generals, and Benton's haughty refusal of a commission because the President would not retire all the existing major-generals in his own favor, and give him plenary powers to arrange a treaty besides;¹ the Calhoun

"fencing in" plan for conducting the war by seizing and holding simply the territory we wanted, which appears to have been first broached by a military officer, but was dropped upon full Cabinet consultation, because such inactivity would not give us a parchment title, and might make the war too unpopular at home to be borne; Polk's disgust upon finding that the Whigs were having this war to their own party account, while he bore all the odium of it; Scott's quarrels at the front, and his recall after the capture of the city of Mexico; Trist, the clerk of the State Department, and his troubles over a treaty which he could not procure in a satisfactory form until he had ceased to be an accredited agent for negotiating one. Many were the mean expedients brought forward from time to time for heading off public opinion in the unhappy republic whose patriotism thwarted us. Our Executive at first employed Roman Catholic priests with his invading army, — "not," says the Diary, "as chaplains," but because "they spoke the Mexican language" and might "undecieve" the adversary; and in their last straits, Polk and his Cabinet had nearly decided to help the peace party of Mexico into power if they would execute in due form the desired treaty of peace and dismemberment.

At last, however, with all this fair domain our own prize, Mr. Polk viewed with alarm and evident surprise the portentous aspect of the slavery struggle which this war had aroused among his own people. He feared that such an agitation would "destroy the Democratic party, and perhaps the Union;" though slavery had, as he believed, "no legitimate connection with the war into Mexico, being a domestic, not a foreign question." But with this premonition, and to check the "worse than useless discussion," this "wicked agitation," he publicly proposed extending the Missouri Compromise line (the Democratic major-generals). "I would have recalled Scott and Taylor."

¹ "The difficulty," records Polk in his Diary, "is about recalling Butler and Patterson"

across to the Pacific, and considered himself a national umpire in doing so. This adjustment failing in Congress, it is due to President Polk to say, further, that during the last weeks of his official term he showed himself in private counsel a true lover of the Union, like Jackson before him, strongly contrasting with Calhoun and many others of his own slaveholding section. The Diary records an interview which he held at the White House with Calhoun January 16, 1849, at the time when the latter was gathering Southern Congressmen into caucus, and trying to combine them for an inflammatory appeal to Southern constituents. Mr. Polk thought that movement mischievous, and on this occasion expressed to the great nullifier his own strong attachment to the Union and his wish to preserve it. With reference to our new domain, which was being peopled so rapidly in the Sacramento region since the gold discovery, Polk now took the very ground which Zachary Taylor occupied soon after as his successor. "California might be admitted into the Union as a State, and so might even New Mexico; and thus we should get rid of the Wilmot anti-slavery proviso," said Polk: "and this is the only practical mode of settling the territorial question, — to leave the new States to themselves and arrest this slavery agitation." To this Calhoun expressed himself opposed. He said California ought not now to be admitted as a State, because slaveholders had found no opportunity to go there, and it was sure to become a free State; now was the time for the South to resist Northern aggressions. The two parted in disagreement; and the President, commenting in his journal upon this interview, declares himself satisfied that Calhoun does not want the question settled, that he desires disunion. "I set my face against all this," he records: "let California decide slavery or no slavery, and no Southern man should object."

Polk's Diary discloses a secret chapter in the expansion policy of this industrious administration which deserves a final notice. No sooner had the Mexican war been brought substantially to a close before our untiring President undertook the annexation of Cuba. On the 30th of May, 1848, just as a new presidential canvass was opening, and even before ratifications had been exchanged and peace secured with Mexico, Polk broached this other matter to his Cabinet; but by this time he had learned a lesson in self-constraint, and restricted his proposal to that of a fair purchase, disclaiming all wish for a forcible annexation. His Cabinet were evidently divided at first on this subject, and the Northern portion of it nervous and distrustful; Robert J. Walker and John Y. Mason being his chief supporters in the council. Buchanan objected that it would be a firebrand in the presidential canvass; but Cass, the party candidate, had declared himself quite ready and willing to risk his chances upon such an issue. On the 6th of June Polk brought the subject up again; insisting that a proposition of purchase should be made through our minister in Spain. A day or two after came confirmation of a speedy peace with Mexico, and Polk made it clear to his doubting advisers that he had no treacherous plans in reserve. Cubans were at this time in insurrection; and General Quitman, so gallant on the Mexican battlefields, would gladly have sailed with a force of our returning volunteers upon a filibustering expedition. But this, said the President, he could not connive at; he proposed taking no part in Cuban revolutions, but to let Spain know that we meant to keep back our American troops; at the same time notifying that power of our willingness to offer a price for the island. In this form, says the Diary, the Cabinet unanimously agreed to the President's proposal; even Buchanan assenting with the rest. A few days

after, Mr. Polk made his offer in due form by a dispatch transmitted to Minister Saunders at Madrid; sending him a power to treat for Cuba, with a hundred million dollars as the limit of a purchase, — and all this “profoundly confidential.” There is a later record of September 16 in Polk’s journal, stating that an important dispatch from Minister

Saunders at Spain was read in the Cabinet. What its purport was the Diary does not indicate, but doubtless Spain repulsed our overtures; and there the matter dropped. With a Whig President chosen by the people a few weeks later, this subject, and in fact all schemes for further territorial aggrandizement, became indefinitely postponed.

James Schouler.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

XXIII.

To the end of her life Helen will see the look on Emanuel Bayard’s face when she had spoken these words.

With more of terror than delight, the woman’s nature sprang, for that instant, back upon itself. Would she have recalled what she had said? It is possible; for now she understood how he loved her, and perceived that she had never understood what a man’s love is.

Yet when he spoke, it was with that absence of drama, with that repression amounting almost to commonplace, which characterize the intensest crises of experience.

“Do you?” he said. “Have you?”

And at first that was all. But his voice shook, and his hand; and his face went so white that he seemed like a man smitten rather by death than by love.

Helen, in a pang of maiden fright, had moved away from him, and retreated to the sofa: he sank beside her silently. Leaning forward a little, he covered his eyes with one hand. The other rested on the cushion within an inch of her purple dress; he did not touch her; he did not touch it. Helen felt sorry, seeing him so troubled and wrung; her heart went out in a throb of that maternal compassion which is never absent from the love of any woman for any man.

“Oh,” she sighed, “I meant to make you happy, to give you comfort! And now I have made you unhappy!”

“You have made me the happiest of all miserable men!”

He raised his head, and looked at her till hers was the face to fall.

“Oh, don’t!” she pleaded. “Not like *that*!”

He paid no heed to this entreaty. The soul of the saint and the heart of the man made duel together; and the man won, and exulted in it, and wondered how he dared; but his gaze devoured her willfully. The first embrace of the eyes — more delicate, more deferent, and at once less guarded than the meeting of hands or clasp of arms — he gave her, and did not restrain it. Before it, Helen felt more helpless than if he had touched her. She seemed to herself to be annihilated in his love.

“Happy?” he said exultingly. “You deify me! You have made a god of me!”

“No,” she shook her head with a little teasing smile, “I have made a man of you.”

“Then they are one thing and the same!” cried the lover. “Let me hear you say it. Tell it to me again!”

She was silent, and she crimsoned to the brows.

“You are not sure!” he accused her. “You want to take it back. It was a

madness, an impulse. You don't mean it. You do not, you have not, loved me. . . . How *could* you?" he added humbly. "You know I never counted on it, never expected, did not trust myself to think of it — all this while."

She lifted her head proudly. "I have nothing to take back. It was not an impulse. I am not that kind of woman. I have been meaning to tell you — when you gave me the chance. I love you. I have loved you ever since" —

She stopped.

"Since when? How long have you loved me? Come! Speak! I *will* know!" commanded Bayard deliriously.

"Oh, what is going to be gained if I tell you?"

Helen gave him a prisoner's look. She turned her head from side to side rebelliously, as if she had flown into a cage whose door was now unexpectedly shut.

"I meant to make you happy. All I say seems to make everything worse. I shall tell you nothing more."

"You will tell me," he said in a tone of calm authority, "all I ask. It is my affair whether I am happy or wretched. Yours is to obey my wish: because you love me, Helen."

His imperious voice fell to a depth of tenderness in which her soul and body seemed to sink and drown.

"I have loved you," she whispered, "ever since that night — the first time I saw you here, in my father's house."

"Now, sir!" she added, with her sudden, pretty willfulness, "make the most of it. I'm not ashamed of it, either. But I shall be ashamed of *you* if — this — if after I've said it *all*, it does n't make you happy. . . . That's all I care for," she said quietly. "It is all I care for in this world."

"Oh, what shall we do?" pleaded Bayard.

"You have your work," said Helen dreamily, "and I your love." Her voice sank to a whisper.

"Is that enough for you?" demanded the man. "I shall perish of it, I shall perish!"

Something in his tone and expression caused Helen to regard him keenly. He looked so wasted, so haggard, that her heart stood still, and said to her, "This is truer than he knows."

"No," she answered, with a sweet, womanly composure, "it is not enough for me."

"And yet," he said, with the brutality of the tormented, "I cannot, I must not, ask you to be my" —

She put the tips of her fingers to his lips to check the word. He seized her hand and held it there; then, for he came to himself, he relinquished it, and laid it down.

"Dear," said Helen, "I should n't mind it . . . to be poor. I want you to understand — to know how it is. I have never felt . . . any other way. It shall be just as you say," she added, with a gentleness which gave a beautiful dignity to her words. "We need not . . . do it, because I say this. But I wanted you to know — that I was not *afraid* of a hard life with you."

"Oh, you cannot understand!" he groaned. "It is no picturesque poverty you would have to meet. It would mean cold, hunger, misery you've never thought of, cruel suffering — for you. It would mean all that a man has no right to ask a woman to endure for him, *because* he loves her . . . as I love you."

"I could starve," said Helen.

"God help us!" cried the man. Nothing else came to his dry lips.

Then Helen answered him in these strong and quiet words: "I told you I would trust you, and I shall do it to the end. When you are ready for me, I shall come. I am not afraid — of anything, except that you should suffer, and that I could not comfort you. If you never see the way to think it right . . . I can wait. I love you; and I am yours to take or leave."

"This," whispered Bayard reverently, for he could have knelt before her, "is a woman's love! I am unworthy of it — and of you."

"Oh, there is the other kind of woman," said Helen, trying rather unsuccessfully to smile. "This is only *my* way of loving. I am not ashamed of it."

"Ashamed of it? It honors you! It glorifies you!"

He held out his arms, but she did not swerve towards them; they dropped. She seemed to him encompassed in a shining cloud, in which her own celestial tenderness and candor had wrapped and protected her.

"Love me!" he pleaded. "Love me, trust me, till we can think. I must do right by *you*, whatever it means to *me*."

"We love each other," repeated Helen, holding out her hands; "and I trust you. Let us live on that a little while, till we — till you" —

But she faltered, and her courage forsook her when she looked up into his face. All the anguish of the man that the woman cannot share, and may not understand, started out in visible lines and signs upon his features; all the solemn responsibility for her, for himself, and for the unknown consequences of their sacred passion; the solitary burden, which it is his to bear in the name of love, and which presses hardest upon him whose spirit is higher and stronger than mere human joy.

But at this moment a sound was heard upon the stone steps of the Queen Anne house. It was the footfall of the Professor himself, returning from his closing lecture of the series on Eschatology. Mrs. Carruth pattered behind him with short, stout steps. She had wound the affairs of the Association for Assisting Indigent Married Students with blankets to a condition in which they could run along without her till the exegetical trip to the German Professor's in Berlin should be over, and the slush of Cesarea should know her again.

XXIV.

The summer slid, Bayard knew not how. They separated, as so many confused lovers do in the complicated situations of our later life; wherein we love no longer in the old, outright, downright way, when men and women took each other for better, for worse, and dared to run the risk of loving without feeling responsible for the consequences. We are past all that; and whether it is the worse or the better for us, who shall say?

At least, these two had the healthy ring to their love; in that great and simple feeling was no delinquency or default. Bayard did not hesitate or quibble — one day a lover, the next a prudential committee, after the fashion of such feeble mathematicians as go by the name of men to-day. He was incapable of calculating his high passion; there was no room in his soul or body for a doubt to take on lease of life. He loved her, as the greatest of women might be proud and humble to be loved, as the smallest would be vain to be.

He loved her too much to make her miserable, and he knew, with that dreary, practical perception of the truth sometimes, but rarely, granted to men of the seer's temperament, that he could not make her happy. Between love and joy a dead wall shut down; it seemed to him to reach from the highest heavens to the waters under the earth. What elemental chaos could rend it? What miracle was foreordained to shatter it? Would the busy finger of God stretch out to touch it?

"God knows," he wrote her. "And He purposes, I am fain to believe, if He purposes anything we do or suffer. The hour may come, and the way *might* clear. More incredible things have happened to men and women loving less than we. If I can, I claim you when I can. Oh, wait for me, and trust me! Life is so short; it is not easy. Sometimes madness en-

ters into me, to fling all these cold, these cruel considerations, these things we call honor, unselfishness, chivalry, to the gales. . . . Then I come to myself. I will not wrong you. Help me to bear to live without you till I see your face again."

Helen wrote him noble letters; brave, womanly, and as trustful as the swing of the earth in its orbit. It is not too much to say that few women in her place would have shown the strong composure of this ardent girl. The relation between acknowledged lovers unbetrothed is one whose difficulty only an inspired delicacy can control. Helen's clear eyes held no shadows. The dark wing of regret for a moment's weakness never brushed between her heart and this Sir Galahad who loved her like man and spirit too. Few women reared as she had been would have trusted the man as she did; we may add that fewer men would have deserved it.

Emanuel Bayard did. Her heart knew him for one of the sons of light, who will not, because he cannot, cause the woman whom he loves an hour's regret that she has believed in him utterly and told him so. Now, the value of a woman's intuition in most of the problems or relations of life cannot be overestimated; when she loves, it is the least reliable of her attributes or qualities. Helen, in her composed way, recognized this fact perfectly, but it gave her no uneasiness.

"My own perception might fail me," she wrote. "You could not. It is not my own sense of what is best to do that I am trusting in this; it is you."

When he read these words, he put the paper to his lips, and laid his face upon it, and covered it from the sight even of his own eyes.

The date of Professor Carruth's return was set for early October. In September Bayard received from Helen the news that her mother had met with an accident — a fall; an arm was broken, and, at the age of the patient, the surgeon forbade the voyage. The Professor would

get back to his lecture-room, as he must. The two ladies were indefinitely delayed in Berlin.

The winter proved a bleak one, and went with Bayard as was to be expected. The devotee had yet to learn how a woman's absence may work upon a lover; but of this, since he had no right to do so, he did not complain. Headlong, fathoms down into his work he leaped, and with the diver's calm he did the diver's duty. The new chapel progressed after the manner of its kind. The pastor had peremptorily insisted upon the severest economy of plan; demanding a building which should be a "shelter for worship," and nothing more. Not a waste dollar went into architecture. Not a shingle went into debt. No mortgage desecrated the pulpit of Christlove Church. Bayard built what he could pay for, and nothing more. The dedication of the building was expected to take place in the spring.

Meanwhile his audiences grew upon his hands, and Windover First Church looked darkly at Windover town hall. Orthodoxy, decorum, property, position, gazed at gaping pews, and regretted that "these temperance movements estranged themselves from the churches."

Obscurity, poverty, religious doubt, sin and shame and repentance jammed the aisles to hear "the Christman" interpret decency and dignity and the beauty of holiness. He spoke to these, not with the manner of preachers, but with the lips and heart of a man. Week after week, strange, unkempt, unlettered seamen poured in; they stood sluggishly, like forming lava, to listen to him. Certain of his audiences would have honored Whitefield or Robertson. Bayard's soul seemed, that winter, alight with a sacred conflagration. He prayed and wrought for Windover as a tongue of flame goes up to the sky, because it was the law of life and fire. It is pathetic to think now how it would have comforted the

man if he had known how much they loved him, these undemonstrative people of the sea, for whom he gave himself. The half of it was never told him. Censure, and scorn, and scandal, and the fighting of foes in the dark he knew. The real capacity for affection and loyalty which existed in the rough, warm heart of Windover he sometimes thought he understood. He did not see — as we see now — that he had won this allegiance.

This was the more obscure to him because the tension between himself and the liquor interests of Windover was growing quietly into a serious thing, and heavily occupied his attention; and here we know that he was never deceived or blinded.

His methods were deliberate, his moves were intelligent, he ran no stupid risks; he measured his dangers, he took them in the name of good citizenship and good Christianity, and strode on to their consequences with that martial step characteristic of him. Of this chapter of the winter's story he wrote little or nothing to Helen. She heard how the chapel grew, how the library gathered and the smoking-room was fitted; about the hope of a gymnasium, the vision of a bowling-alley, the schedule for lectures and entertainments; all his dreams and schemes to give homeless and tempted men shelter and happiness under the rising roof of Christlove, all the little pleasures and hopes of the missionary life, she shared, as Helen had it in her to share the serious energy of a man's life. Upon the subject of the dangers he was silent. The extent to which these existed she could not measure, for Helen belonged to those social and religious circles into whose experience the facts in the remote lives of that worthy class of people known as temperance agitators do not enter. She had no traditions to enlighten her, and her own joyous nature vaguely filled in the darker outlines of her lover's life. How should the summer girl understand the winter Windover? She thought of

Bayard's real situation with little more vividness than if he had been a missionary in Darkest Africa. Pleasant sketches of Job Slip and Joey, little reminiscences of Captain Hap and Lena, pretty, womanly plans for replacing the burned furniture and decorations, flitted across the leisurely Continental tour by which she escorted her mother homewards. Mrs. Carruth was now quite recovered, but had developed the theory that the dangers of a midwinter voyage were lessened by every week's delay. As a result, the two ladies engaged passage in February, at the height of the gales.

It was a bitter winter. Two hundred Windover fishermen were drowned, and poverty of the dreariest kind sat sullenly in the tragic town. Bayard worked till he staggered for the women and children whom the sea bereft. Afterwards a cry went up out of scores of desolate homes which told what the man had been and done in Windover when the gales went down.

One night, a short time before Helen was to sail for home, there happened to Bayard one of those little mysteries which approach us so much oftener than we recognize them that we have never properly classified them, and may be long yet in doing so.

He had been in his own rooms since noon; for there was a heavy snowstorm on, and he was conscious of obvious physical inability to brave the weather unless the call of duty should be louder than a certain oppression on his lungs which he had been forced of late to observe more often than usual. It was a gray day at Mrs. Granite's. Jane was sad, and coughed. Her mother had cried a good deal of late, and said that "Jane was goin' off like her aunt Annie before her."

Ben Trawl came sullenly and seldom, now, to see the reluctant girl.

Mrs. Granite thought if Jane could go to her aunt Annie's second cousin Jenny, in South Carolina, for a spell, she would be cured; but Mrs. Granite said climate

was only meant for rich folks ; she said you lived and died here in Windover, if your lungs was anyways delicate, like frozen herring packed into a box. She was almost epigrammatic — for Mrs. Granite.

Bayard had been sitting in his study-chair, writing steadily, while his mind, with his too sensitive sympathy, followed the fortunes of these poor women who made him all the home he knew. It was towards six o'clock, and darkening fast. The noise on the beach opposite the cottage was heavy, and the breakers off Ragged Rock boomed mightily.

Snow was falling so thickly that he could not see the water. The fog-bell was tolling, and yells of agony came from the whistling-buoy. It was one of the days when a man delicately reared wincees, with a soreness impossible to be understood unless experienced, from life in a place and in a position like his ; when the uncertain value of the ends of sacrifice presents itself to the mind like the spatter from a stream of vitriol ; when the question, Is what I achieve worth its cost ? burns in upon the bravest soul, and gets no answer for its scorching.

Bayard laid down his pen, and looked patiently out of the window ; putting his empty hand in his pocket as he did so. His eyes gazed into the curtain of the whirling snow. He wondered how far out to sea it extended ; how many miles of it dashed between himself and Helen. It was one of the hours when she seemed to fill the world.

The snowflakes took on fantastic shapes — so ! That was the way she held out her white hands. The soft trailing of her gown sounded in the room. If he turned his head, should he see her standing, a vision in purple and gold, smiling, warm, and sweet ? It would be such a disappointment not to find her ! Rather believe that he should, if he would, and so not stir.

Suddenly his hand in his own pocket struck an object whose character he did

not at the moment recall. He drew it out and looked at it. It was the key of his old home in Beacon Street.

For three years, perhaps, he had not thought of his uncle's words : " Keep your latch-key. You will want to use it, some day."

Bayard regarded the latch-key steadily. The senseless thing burned his palm, as if it were trying to articulate.

He never sought to explain to himself, and I see no reason why we should explain for him, the subtle meaning which went from the metal to the man.

The key said, " Go ! "

And Bayard went. He made such efforts as all cool-headed people make to buffet the inexplicable and to resist an unreasonable impression. But after an hour's protest with himself he yielded to the invisible summons.

" It is a long while since I have seen my uncle," he reasoned. " This may be as good a time as any other to look him up."

He dressed for the storm, and took the nine-o'clock train to Boston.

It was blowing a blizzard when he arrived in town, and eleven o'clock. He took a carriage, and drove to his uncle's house. The lights were out on the front of the house, and the servants asleep. Bayard stood a moment irresolute. The folly of his undertaking presented itself to him with emphasis, now that he was there. He could not tell when he had yielded to any of that class of highly wrought emotions which we call presentiments or " leadings." Impatient with himself, and suddenly vividly aware that Mr. Hermon Worcester was a man who particularly objected to being disturbed in his sleep, Bayard was about to call the cab back to take him away, when he perceived that the driver had started off, and was laboring heavily up Beacon Street, with the snow to the hubs of the wheels. (Who has ever fathomed the inscrutable mind of the Boston cabman who has to be snowed under before he

will get on runners?) Resisting no longer, Bayard softly put his key in the lock.

It creaked a little, for it had grown rusty in the Windover salts, but the boy's key turned in the man's hand, and admitted him loyally into his old home.

The hall was dark, and the house still. He brushed off the snow in silence, and stood wondering what to do next. He felt mortified at his own lack of good sense.

Why was he here? And what reason could he give for this stupendous foolishness? He dripped on the Persian rugs awhile, and, finding neither enlightenment nor consolation in this moist occupation, proceeded to take off his overcoat and hang it on his own nail on the mahogany hat-tree under the stairs. When had such a shabby overcoat put that venerable piece of furniture to the blush? Never, if one excepted the case of the Vermont clergyman who had been known to take a lunch with his benefactor, and who received a barrel of old clothes the following week. Bayard hung up his wet hat, too, in the old place, took off his shoes, and crept upstairs in his stockings, as he had done how many hundred nights, coming home from Cambridge, late, in college days!

His uncle's door was closed, but, to his surprise, he found the door of his own room open. He slipped in. It seemed warm and pleasant — how incredibly pleasant and natural! The register appeared to be open. Oh, the luxury of a furnace! The wet and tired man crawled along, feeling his way in the familiar dark, and got down by the register. He remembered where the safety-matches used to be that struck and made no sound. Groping, he found them, in their paper match-box set within the old bronze one. He struck one, softly, and looked about. In the little flare he saw that the room was just as it had always been. Nothing was changed or disturbed, except that his books had gone to Mrs. Granite's. His bed lay

turned back, open for the night, as it always was; the big, soft pillow, the luxurious mattresses, the light warmth of the snowy blankets, invited him. His mother's picture hung over the head of his bed. Those old pipes and silk menus and college traps and trifles were crossed on the wall by the bureau; his gun was there, and his fishing-rods.

Bayard was about to yield to his weariness, and get into his own bed, thinking to see his uncle in the morning, as a sane man should, when his attention was attracted by a slight sound in Mr. Worcester's room. It was repeated; and something about it struck the young man unpleasantly.

Without noise he opened the door of the bath-room intervening between his own and his uncle's apartment. Then he perceived a crack of light at the threshold of Mr. Worcester's closed door.

As he stood uncertain and troubled, the sound which he had heard was reiterated. It resembled the effort of difficult breathing, and was accompanied by a slight groan.

Then a thick voice called — "Partredge?"

"Partredge always did sleep like the dead," thought Bayard. "I hope he does n't neglect my uncle, now he is growing old."

"Nancy?" summoned the voice again.

Nancy always woke easily and good naturedly. But Nancy heard nothing now. Bayard, afraid to shock the old man by so astounding an appearance, was moving quickly and quietly to find the servants, when something caused him to change his purpose. Apparently, Mr. Worcester had tried to reach the bell — it was one of the old-fashioned kind, with a long, embroidered bell-handle — he had partly crossed the room, when Bayard intercepted the fall, and caught him.

The gas was lighted, and recognition was instant. Without shock, it seemed without surprise, Hermon Worcester lay

back in the young man's arms, and smiled pleasantly into his face.

"I *thought* you would use the latch-key—some night," he said with difficulty. "You've chosen the right one, Manuel. The servants did not hear—and—I'm afraid I'm not—quite—well, my boy."

After this he said nothing, but lingered for three days, without evident suffering, and with evident content, making signs that Manuel should not leave him, which he did not, to the end.

Hermon Worcester passed on serenely, in the Faith, and the prominence and usefulness thereof, though the last prayer that he heard on earth came from the lips of the affectionate heretic in whose arms he died.

Bayard had been so long out of the world and the ways of it that it did not occur to him, till he received the summons of the family lawyer, that he would be required to be present at the reading of his uncle's will.

"As the nearest of kin, my dear sir," suggested the attorney, "the occasion will immediately concern you, doubtless."

Bayard bowed in silence. He did not think it necessary to explain to the attorney that he had been for a long time aware of the fact of his disinheritance.

"Possibly Uncle may have left me his library," he thought, "or the furniture of my old room."

He had, indeed, received the library. The rest of Hermon Worcester's fortune, barring the usual souvenirs to relatives, had been divided between Mr. Worcester's favorite home missionary associations and Cesarea Seminary, of which he had been for thirty years trustee.

The house in Beacon Street, with its contents, went unreservedly, "and affectionately," the testator had expressed it, to his nephew, Emanuel Bayard.

"I think," observed the lawyer at the first decent opportunity, "that Mr. Worcester intended, or—hoped that you might make your plans of life in accord-

ance with such circumstances as would enable you to keep, and to keep up, the homestead. But of course," added the attorney, shrewdly reading Bayard's silent face, "that might be—as you say—impossible."

"I said nothing," replied Bayard in a low voice.

"The place is yours, without conditions," pursued the lawyer, with polite indifference. "It can be sold, or converted into income—rented, if you please, if ever unfortunately necessary. It would seem a pity; it would bring so little. But still, it could, of course, be done."

"What do you call a little?" asked Bayard.

"Oh, enough for a small fresh-water professor or retail grocer to get along on, if he knew how," replied the Back Bay lawyer carelessly. He mentioned the figures.

The house was old and in need of repair; the furniture out of date and worn. The probable values were not large, as the attorney said. To the pastor from Angel Alley their possession seemed to represent the shock of nature involved in a miracle.

XXV.

Helen was to sail for Boston the following Saturday. It lacked three days of that date. It being out of the question to reach her now by letter, Bayard cabled to her:—

"Will meet you arrival steamer. Future clear before me. I await you. E. B."

To this impulsive message he found himself expecting a reply. The wan missionary had burst into a boyish and eager lover. Oh, that conscientious, cruel past! He dashed it from him. He plunged into the freedom of his heart. In honor—in his delicate honor—he could win her now.

Helen did not answer the cable message. A hundred hindrances might have

prevented her, yet he had believed she would. He thought of her ardent, womanly candor, her beautiful courage, her noble trust. It did not occur to him that a woman has two natures — this for the unfortunate, and that for the fortunate lover. One he had tasted; the other he had yet to know.

He vibrated restlessly to and fro between Windover and Boston, where his presence was urgently required in the settlement of his uncle's affairs. A snow-storm set in, and increased to a gale. Ten days passed somehow. The steamer was due in twenty-four hours. She did not arrive.

Bayard had lived in Windover long enough to acquire the intelligent fear of the sea which characterizes the coast, and when the next day went, and another, and the boat was admitted at headquarters to be three days overdue, he suffered the unspeakable. It had been nothing less than a terrible midwinter gale. Wrecks lined the coast; glasses scoured it; watchers thronged it; friends besieged the offices of the steamship company. The great line which boasted that it had never lost a life held its stanchest steamer three days, four days overdue.

It was like him that he did not overlook his duty in his trouble, but stood to his post, and remembered the little service appointed for that most miserable evening when he was expected to be with his people. Those who were present that night say that the scene was one impossible to forget. Looking more like death than life, the preacher prayed before them "to the God of the sea."

Now, for the first time, he felt that he knew what Windover could suffer. Now the torment of women all their lives watching for returning sails entered into his soul; those aged men looking for the sons who never came back; the blurred eyes peering off Windover Point to see the half-mast flag on the schooner as she tacked up the bay; the white lips

that did not ask, when the boat came to anchor, "Which is it?" because they dared not — all this, at last, he understood. His personal anguish melted into the great sum of misery in the seaport town.

"If she comes back to me," he thought, "how I shall work for them, my poor people!"

Now, for the first time, this devout, unselfish man understood that something else than consecration is needed to do the best and greatest thing by the human want or woe that leans upon us. Now that he took hold on human experience, he saw that he had everything to learn from it. The knowledge of a great love, the lesson of the common tie that binds the race together — these taught him, and he was their docile scholar.

Five days overdue! . . . Six days. Bayard had gone back to Boston, to haunt the offices and the docks. Old friends met him among the white-lipped watchers, and a classmate said, "Thank God, Bayard, *you* haven't wife and child aboard her." He added, "Man alive! you look like the five days dead!"

Suddenly the stir ran along the crowd, and a whisper said, "*They've sighted her! . . . She's in!*"

Then came the hurrah. Shouts of joy reëchoed about him. But Bayard's head fell upon his breast in silence. At that moment he was touched upon the arm by a beautiful Charter Oak cane, and, looking up, he saw the haggard face of the Professor of Theology.

"I was belated," thickly articulated the Professor, with dry lips. "I came straight from the lecture-room. It is the course on the Nature of Eternal Punishment — a most important course. I felt it my duty to be at my desk. But — Bayard, I think I shall substitute to-morrow my lecture (perhaps you may recall it) on the Benevolence and Beneficence of God."

The two men leaped into the tug together, and ploughed out to the steamer.

Helen was forward, leaning on the rail. Her thick steamer-dress blew like muslin in the heavy wind. Her eyes met Bayard's first — yes, first. Her father came in second, but his were too dim to know it.

"Mother is in the cabin, dear Papa!" cried Helen. "We have to keep her warm and still, you know."

His daughter's precious kiss invited him, but the old man put Helen gently aside, and dashed after his old wife.

For that moment Helen and Bayard stood together. Before all the world he would have taken her in his arms, but she retreated a little step.

"Did you get my message?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Did you answer it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I thought it would do just as well when I got here."

"And you might have been — you might never have got here at all!" cried Bayard fiercely.

"Have you been anxious?" asked Helen demurely.

He did not think it was in her to coquet with a man in a moment like that, and he made her no reply. Then Helen looked full in his face, and saw the havoc on it.

"Oh, you poor boy!" she whispered; "you poor, poor boy!"

This was in the afternoon; and he was compelled to see her carried off to Cesarea on her father's arm, without him. There was no help for it; and he waited till the next day, unreconciled and nervous in the extreme. He had been so overworn and overwrought that his mind took on feverish fancies.

"Something may happen by to-morrow," he thought, "and I shall have never — once" —

He rebuked his own thought, even then, for daring to dream of the touch

of her lips. But the dream rode over his delicacy, and rushed on.

At an early hour the next day he went to Cesarea, and sought her in her father's house. It was a cold, dry, bright day. Cesarea shivered under her ermine. The Professor's house was warm with the luxurious, even warmth of the latest modern heater, envied by the rest of the Faculty in the old-fashioned, draughty houses of the Professors' Row. Flowers in the little window conservatory of the drawing-room breathed the soft air easily, and were of rich growth and color. Helen was watering the flowers. She colored when she saw him, and put down the silver pitcher which she had abstracted from the breakfast-room for the purpose of encouraging her lemon verbena, that had, plainly, missed her while she was abroad. She wore a purple morning-gown with plush upon it. She had a royal look.

"How early you have come!" she said half complainingly.

He paid no attention to her tone, but deliberately shut the door, and advanced towards her. "I have come to *stay*; that is — if you will let me, Helen."

"Apparently," answered Helen, taking up the pitcher, "I am not allowed a choice in the matter."

But he saw that the silver pitcher shook in her hand.

"No," he said firmly, "I do not mean to give you any choice. I mean to take you. I do not mean to wait one hour more."

He held out his arms, but suspended them, not touching her. The very air which he imprisoned around her seemed to clasp her. She trembled in that intangible embrace.

"It will be a poor man's home, Helen — but you will not suffer. I can give you common comforts. I cabled to you the very hour that I knew. . . . Oh, I have trusted your trust!" he said.

"And you *may* trust it," whispered Helen, suddenly lifting her eyes.

His, it seemed to her, were far above her. How blinding beautiful joy made them!

Then his starved arms closed about her, and his lips found hers.

The Professor of Theology sat in his study. The winter sun struck his loaded shelves; the backs of his books inspected him tenderly. At the western window, on the lady's desk reserved for Mrs. Carruth, her sewing-basket stood. The Professor glanced at it contentedly. He had never been separated from his wife so long before, and they had been married thirty-five years. She had unpacked that basket and taken it into the study that morning, with a girlish eagerness to sit down and darn a stocking while the Professor wrote.

"This is a great gratification, Statira," he had said.

Mrs. Carruth had gone out, now, to engage in the familiar delights of a morning contest with the Cesarea butcher, and the Professor was alone when Emanuel Bayard sturdily knocked at the study door.

The Professor welcomed the young man with some surprise, but no uncertain warmth. He expressed himself as grateful for the prompt attention of his former pupil, on the joyful occasion of this family reunion.

"And it was kind of you, Bayard, too, meeting the ladies on that tug. I was most agreeably surprised. I was wishing yesterday—in fact, it occurred to me what a comfort some young fellow would have been whom I could have sent down, all those anxious days. But we never had a son. Pray sit down, Mr. Bayard. . . . I am just reading the opinions of Olshausen on a most interesting point. I have collected valuable material in Berlin. I shall be glad to talk it over with you. I found Professor Kammelschkreiter a truly scholarly man. His views on the errors in the Revised Version are the most instructed of any I have met."

"Professor," said Bayard stoutly, "will you pardon me if I interrupt you for a minute? I have come on a most important matter. I am sorry to seem uncivil, but the fact is, I—I cannot wait another moment, sir. . . . Sir, I have the honor to tell you that your daughter has consented to become my wife."

At this truly American declaration, the Professor of Theology laid down his copy of Olshausen, and stared at the heretic missionary.

"My daughter!" he gasped—"your wife? I beg your pardon," he added, when he saw the expression of Bayard's face. "But you have taken me altogether by surprise. I may say that such a possibility has never—no, never once so much as occurred to me."

"I have loved her," said Bayard tenaciously, "for three years. I have never been able to ask her to marry me till now. I think perhaps my uncle meant to make it possible for me to do so, but I do not know. I am still a poor man, sir, but I can keep her from suffering. She does me the undeserved honor to love me, and she asked me to tell you so."

The Professor had risen, and was pacing the study hotly. His face was rigid. He waved his thin, long fingers impatiently at Bayard's words.

"Scholars do not dwell upon paltry, pecuniary facts, like parents in lower circles of society!" cried the Professor, with superbly unconscious hauteur. "There would have lacked nothing to my daughter's comfort, sir, in any event, if the right man had wooed her. I was not the father to refuse him mere pecuniary aid to Helen's happiness."

"And I was not the lover to ask for it," observed Bayard proudly.

"Hum—m—m," said the Professor. He stopped his walk across the study floor, and looked at Bayard with troubled respect.

"I will not take her from you at once," urged Bayard gently; "we will

wait till fall — if I can. She has said that she will become my wife then."

His voice sank. He spoke the last words with a delicate reverence which would have touched a ruder father than the Professor of Theology.

"Bayard," he said brokenly, "you always were my favorite student. I could n't help it. I always felt a certain tenderness for you. I respect your intellectual traits and your spiritual quality. Poverty, sir? What is *poverty*? But, Bayard, *you are not sound!*"

Against this awful accusation Bayard had no reply; and the old Professor turned about ponderously, like a man whose body refused to obey the orders of his shocked and stricken mind.

"How can I see my daughter, *my* daughter, the wife of a man whom the Ancient Faith has cast out?" he pleaded piteously.

He lifted his shrunken hands, as if he reasoned before an invisible tribunal. His attitude and expression were so solemn that Bayard felt it impossible to interrupt the movement by any mere lover's plea. Perhaps, for the first time, he understood what it meant to the old man to defend the beliefs that had ruled the world of his youth and vigor. He perceived that they too suffered who seemed to be the inflictors of suffering; that they too had their Calvary, these determined souls who doggedly died by the cross of the old Faith in whose shelter their fathers and their fathers' fathers had lived and prayed, had battled and triumphed. Bayard felt that his own experience, at that moment, was an intrusion upon the sanctuary of a sacred struggle. He bowed his head before his Professor, and left the study in silence.

But Helen, who had the small reverence for the theologic drama characteristic of those who have been reared on its stage, put her beautiful arms around his neck, and, laughing, whispered, "Leave the whole system of Old School Orthodoxy to me! I can manage!"

"You may manage him," smiled Bayard, "but can you manage *it*?"

"Wait a day, and see!" said Helen.

He would have waited a thousand for the kiss with which she lifted up the words.

The next day she wrote him, at Windover, where he was dutifully trying to preach as if nothing had happened: —

"Papa says I have never been quite sound myself, and that he supposes I will do as I please, as I always have."

There followed a little love-letter, so deliciously womanly and tender that Bayard did not for hours open the remainder of his mail. When he did so, he read what the Professor of Theology had written, after a night of prayer and vigil such as only aged parents know.

MY DEAR BAYARD [the letter said], — Take her if you must, and God be with you both! I cannot find it in my heart to impose the shadow of my religious convictions upon the happiness of my child. I can battle for the Truth with men and with demons. I cannot fight with the appeal of a woman's love. I would give my life to make Helen happy, and to keep her so. Do you as much! Yours sincerely,

HAGGAI CARRUTH.

P. S. We will resume our discussion on the views of Professor Kammelschkeiter at some more convenient season.

XXVI.

Early June came to Windover joyously, that year. May had been a gentle month, warmer than its wont, and the season was in advance of its schedule.

Mrs. Carruth, found paling a little, and thought to be less strong since her accident abroad, had been ordered to the seaside some three or four weeks before the usual flitting of the family. Helen accompanied her; the Professor ran down as often as he might, till Anniversary

week should set him free to move his ponderously increasing manuscript on the Errors in the Revised Version from Cesarea to the clam study. The long lace curtains blew in and out of the windows of the Flying Jib; Helen's dory glittered upon the float, in two coats of fresh pale yellow paint. And Helen, in pretty summer gowns of corn color, or violet, or white, listened on the piazza for the foot-ring of her lover. She was lovely that spring, with the loveliness of youth and joy. Bayard watched her through a mist of that wonder and that worship which mark the highest altitudes of energy in a man's life. It was said that he had never wrought for Windover, in all his lonely time of service there, as he did in those few glorified weeks.

It is pleasant to think that the man had this draught of human rapture; that he tasted the brim of such joy as only the high soul in the ardent nature knows.

Helen offered him her tenderness with a sweet reserve, alternating between compassion for what he had suffered and moods of pretty coquettish economy of his present privilege that taunted and enraptured him by turn. He floated on clouds; he trod on the summer air.

Their marriage was appointed for September: it was Helen's wish to wait till then, and he submitted with such gentleness as it wrung her heart, afterwards, to remember.

"We will have one perfectly happy summer," she pleaded. "People can be lovers but once."

"And newly wed but once," he answered gravely.

"Dear," said Helen, with troubled eyes, "it shall be as you say. *You* shall decide."

"God will decide it," replied the lover unexpectedly.

His eyes had a look which Helen could not follow. She felt shut out from it; and both were silent.

Her little dreams and plans occupied hours of their time together. She was

full of schemes for household comfort and economy, for serving his people, for blessing Windover. She talked of what could be done for Job Slip and Mari, Joey, Lena, Captain Hap and Johnny's mother, Mrs. Granite and poor Jane. Her mind dwelt much upon all these children of the sea who had grown into his heart. "Jane," she said, "should have her winter in the South." She spoke of Jane with a reticent but special gentleness. They would rent the cottage; they would furnish the old dreary rooms.

Helen did not come to her poor man quite empty-handed. The Professor had too much of the pride of total depravity left in him for that.

"I shall be able to buy my own gowns, sir, if you please!" she announced prettily. "And I am going to send Mrs. Granite, with Jane, to her aunt Annie's cousin Jenny's (was that it?) in South Carolina, next winter, to get over that Windover cough. We've got to go ourselves, if *you* don't stop coughing. No? We'll see!"

"I *shall* stop coughing!" cried Bayard joyously.

She did not contradict him, for she believed in Love the healer, as the young and the beloved do. So she went dreaming on.

"I came across a piece of gold tissue in Florence; it will make such a pretty portière in place of that old mosquito net! And we'll make those dismal old rooms over into" —

And Bayard, who had thought never to know paradise on earth, but only to toil for heaven, closed her sentence by one ecstatic word.

The completion of the chapel, still delayed, after the fashion of contractors, was approaching the belated dedication day of which all Windover talked, and for which a growing portion of Windover interested itself. Bayard was over-busy for a newly betrothed man. His hours with Helen were shortened; his

brief snatches of delight marked spaces between days of care. Erected upon the site of the burned building, the new chapel rose sturdily in the thick and black of Angel Alley. The old illuminated swinging sign remained — “for luck,” the fishermen said. It was to be lighted on the day when the first service should be held in the new Christlove.

There came a long, light evening, still in the early half of June. Bayard was holding some service or lecture in the town, and had late appointments with his treasurer, with Job Slip and Captain Hap. He saw no prospect of freedom till too late an hour to call on Helen, and had gone down to tell her so; had bade her good-night, and left her. She had gone out rowing, in the delicious loneliness of a much-loved and never-neglected girl, and was turning the bow of the dory homewards. She drifted and rowed by turns, idle and happy, dreamy and sweet. It was growing dark, and the boats were setting shorewards. One, she noticed (a rough, green fishing-dory from the town), lay, rudely held by a twist of the painter to the cliffs, at the left, below the float. The dory was empty. A sailor hat and an old tan-colored reefer lay on the stern seat. Two girls sat on the rocks, sheltered in one of the deep clefts or chasms which cut the North Shore, talking earnestly together. One of the girls had her foot upon the painter. Neither of them noticed Helen; she glanced at them without curiosity, rowed in, tossed her painter to the keeper of the float, and went up to the house. Her father was in Windover that night; he and her mother were discussing the inconceivable prospect of an Anniversary without entertaining the Trustees; they were quite absorbed in this stupendous event. Helen strolled out again, and off upon the cliff.

She had but just tossed her Florentine slumber-robe of yellow silk upon the rocks, and thrown herself upon it, when voices reached her ear. Eavesdropping

is an impossible crime on Windover Point, where the cliffs are common trysting-ground; still, Helen experienced a slight discomfort, and was about to exchange her rock for some less public position, when she caught a word which struck the blood to her heart, and back again, like a smart, stinging blow.

The voices were the voices of two girls. The stronger and the bolder was speaking.

“So I come to tell you. Do as you please. If *you* don’t let on, I shall.”

“Lena!” groaned the other, “are you sure? Is n’t there some mistake?”

“Not a—— chance of any,” replied Lena promptly. “Do you s’pose I’d thrust myself upon you this way, and tell, for nothin’? Lord, *I* know how decent girls feel, bein’ seen with the likes of me. That’s why I set it after dark, and never come nigh your house. Besides, *he*’s there. I warn’t a-goin’ to make no talk, you better believe, Jane Granite. I’ve seen enough o’ that.”

“Mr. Bayard says you are a — good girl, now,” faltered Jane, not knowing what to say. “I’m sure he would n’t want me to be ashamed to be seen with you — now. And I — I’m much obliged to you, Lena. Oh, Lena! what ever in the world are we going to do?”

“Do?” said Lena sharply. “Why, head ’em off — that’s all! It only needs a little horse sense, and — to care enough. I’d be drowned in the mud in the inner harbor in a land wind, I’d light a bonfire in the powder factory and stand by it, if that would do him any good. I guess you would, too.”

Jane made no answer. She felt that this was a subject which could not be touched upon with Lena. It was too dark to see how Jane looked.

“Why,” said the other, “you’re shaking like a topsail in a breeze o’ wind!”

“How do you mean? What is your plan? What do you mean to have me do?” asked Jane, whose wits seemed to have dissolved in terror.

"Get him out of Windover," replied Lena coolly; "leastways for a spell. Mebbe it 'll blow by. There ain't but one thing I know that 'll do it. Anyhow, there ain't but one person."

"I can't think what you can mean!" feebly gasped Jane.

"*She* can," replied Lena tersely.

Jane made a little inarticulate moan.

Lena went on rapidly: "You go tell her. That's what I come for. Nothin' else — nor nobody else — can do it. That's your part of this infernal business. Mine's done. I've give you the warnin'. Now you go ahead."

"Oh, are you *sure*?" repeated Jane weakly. "Is n't it *possible* you've got it wrong, somehow?"

"Is it possible the dust in the street don't hear the oaths of Windover?" exclaimed Lena scornfully. "Do you s'pose there ain't a black deed doin' or threatenin' in Angel Alley that I don't know? I tell you his life ain't worth a red herin', no, nor a bucketful of bait, if them fellars has their way in this town! . . . It's the loss of the license done it. It's the last wave piled on. It's maddened 'em to anything. It's maddened 'em to murder. . . . Lord," muttered Lena, "if it come to that, would n't I be even with 'em!"

She grated her teeth like an animal grinding a bone, took her foot from the painter, sprang into the fishing-dory, and rowed with quick, powerful strokes into the dark harbor.

Helen, without a moment's hesitation, descended the cliff, and peremptorily said, "Jane, I heard it. Tell me all. Tell me everything, this minute."

Jane, who was sobbing bitterly, stopped like a child at a firm word, and, with more composure than she had yet shown, she gave her version of Lena's startling story.

Lena was right, she said: the rum people were very angry with Mr. Bayard; he had got so many shops shut up, and other places; he had shut up so much in

Angel Alley this year. And now old Trawl had lost his license. Folks said a man could n't make a decent living there any longer.

"That's what Ben said," observed Jane, with a feeble sense of the poignancy of the phrase. "A man could n't make an honest living there, now. But there's one thing," added Jane, with hanging head. "Lena don't know it. I could n't tell *Lena*. God have mercy on me, for it's me that helped it on!"

"I do not understand you, Jane," replied Helen coldly; "how could you injure Mr. Bayard, or have any connection with any plot to do him harm?"

"I sent Ben off last Sunday night," said Jane humbly. "I sent him marching for good. I told him I never could marry him. I told him I could n't stand it any longer. I told him what I heard on Ragged Rock — that night — last year."

"What did you hear on Ragged Rock?" asked Helen, still distant and doubtful.

"Did n't the minister ever tell you?" answered Jane. "Then I won't."

"Very well," said Helen, after an agitated silence, "I shall not urge you. But if Mr. Bayard's life is in *real* danger — I cannot believe it!" cried the sheltered, happy woman. Such scenes, such possibilities, belonged to the stage, to fiction, not to New England life. The Professor's daughter had a healthy antagonism in her to the excessive, the too dramatic. Her mind grasped the facts of the situation so slowly that the Windover girl half pitied her.

"You don't see," said Jane. "You don't understand. You ain't brought up as we are."

"If Mr. Bayard is in danger" — repeated Helen. "Jane!" she cried sharply, thinking to test the girl's sincerity and judgment, "should you have come and told me what Lena said, if I had not overheard it?"

"Miss Carruth," answered Jane, with a dignity of her own, "don't you know

there is not one of his people but would do *anything* to save Mr. Bayard?"

Through the dark Jane turned her little pinched face towards this fortunate woman, this other girl, blessed and chosen. Her dumb eyes grew bright, and flashed fire for that once; then they smouldered, and their spaniel look came on again.

"You ought to speak differently to me," she said. "You should feel sorry for me because it's along of Ben. I tried to keep it up — all this while. I have n't dared to break with him. I thought if I broke, and we'd been keeping company so long, maybe he might do a harm to Mr. Bayard. Then it come to me that I could n't, could n't, *could n't* bear it, not another time! And I told him so. And Ben, he swore an awful oath to me, and cleared out. And then Lena came and told."

"What was it Ben swore?" asked Helen, whose sanguine heart was beginning to sink in earnest. "This is no time for being womanly, and — and not saying things. If it takes all the oaths in the repertoire of Angel Alley, it is my right to know what he said, and it is your duty to tell me!"

"Well," answered Jane stolidly, "he said, 'Damn him to hell! If we ain't a-goin' to be married, he shan't, neither!'"

"Thank you, Jane," said Helen gently, after a long silence. She held out her hand. Jane took it, but dropped it quickly.

"Do you know the details, the plan, the plot, if there is a plot?" asked Helen, without outward signs of agitation.

"Lena said they said Christlove should never be dedicated," answered Jane drearily. "Not if they had to put the parson out of the way to stop it."

"Oh!"

"That's what Lena said. She thought if Mr. Bayard could be got out of town for a spell, right away, Lena thought maybe that would set 'em off the notion of it. I told her Mr. Bayard would n't go. She said you'd see to that."

"Yes," said Helen softly, "I will see to that."

Jane made no reply, but started unexpectedly to her feet. The two girls clambered down from the cliff in silence, and began to walk up the shore. At the path leading to the hotel Jane paused and shrank away.

"How you cough!" said Miss Carruth compassionately. "You are quite wet with this heavy dew. Do come into the cottage with me."

She put her hand affectionately on the damp shoulder of Jane's blue-and-white calico blouse.

The hotel lights reached faintly after the figures of the two. Jane looked stunted and shrunken; Helen's superb proportions seemed to quench her. The fisherman's daughter lifted her little homely face.

"I don't suppose," she faltered, "you'd be willing to be told. But mother and me have done for him so long — he ain't well, the minister ain't — there's ways he likes his tea made, and we het the bricks, come cold weather, for him — and — all those little things. We've tried to take good care of Mr. Bayard! It's been a good many years!" wailed Jane piteously. It was more dreadful to her to give up boarding the minister than it was that he should marry the summer lady in the gold and purple gowns.

"I suppose you and he will go — somewhere?" she added bitterly.

"We shan't forget you, Jane," replied Helen gently.

The calico-blouse shoulder shook off the delicate hand that rested upon it.

"I won't come in," she said. "I'll go right home."

Jane turned away, and walked across the cliffs. The hotel lights fell short of her, and the darkness swallowed her undersized, pathetic figure, as the mystery of life draws down the weak, the uncomely, and the unloved.

Jane went home, and unlocked her bureau drawer. From beneath the sachet-

bag, on which her little pile of six handkerchiefs rested precisely, she drew out an old copy of Coleridge. The book was scented with the sachet, and had a sickly perfume; it was incense to Jane. She turned the leaves to find "Alph, the sacred river;" then shut the book, and put it back in the bureau drawer. She did not touch it with her lips or cheek. She handled it more tenderly than she did her Bible.

Left to herself, Helen felt the full force of the situation fall upon her, in a turmoil of fear and perplexity. The whole thing was so foreign to her nature and to the experience of her protected life that it seemed to her more than incredible. There were moments when she was in danger of underrating the facts, and letting the chances take their course, it seemed to her so impossible that Jane and Lena should not somehow be mistaken. Her mind was in a whirlwind of doubt and dismay. With a certain coolness in emergencies characteristic of her, she tried to think the position out by herself. This futile process occupied perhaps a couple of hours.

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock when the Professor, with a start, laid down his manuscript upon the Revised Version, for the door of the clam study had opened quietly, and revealed his daughter's agitated face.

"Papa," she said, "I am in a great trouble. I have come to you first—to know what to do—before I go to him. I've been thinking," she added, "that perhaps this is one of the things that fathers are *for*."

Like a little girl, she dropped at his knee, and told him the whole story.

"I could n't go to a man and ask him to marry me without letting you know, Papa!" said the Professor's daughter.

The Professor of Theology reached for his Charter Oak cane as a man gropes for a staff on the edge of a precipice. The manuscript chapter on the Authen-

ticity of the Fourth Gospel fell to the floor. The Professor and the cane paced the clam study together feverishly.

The birds were singing when Helen and her father stopped talking, and wearily stole back to the cottage for an hour's rest.

"You could go right home," said the old man gently. "The house is open, and the servants are there. I am sure your mother will wish it whenever she is acquainted with the facts."

"We won't tell Mother just yet, Papa—not till we must, you know. Perhaps Mr. Bayard won't—won't take me."

The Professor straightened himself, and looked about with a guilty air. He felt as if he were party to an elopement. Eager, ardent, boyishly sympathetic with Helen's position, quivering with that perfect thoughtfulness which she never found in any other than her father's heart, the Professor of dogmatic orthodox theology flung himself into the emergency as tenderly as if he had never written a lecture on Foreordination, or preached a sermon on the Inconceivability of Second Probation.

It was he, indeed, and none other, who summoned Bayard to Helen's presence at an early hour of the morning; and to the credit of the Department and of the ancient Seminary in whose stern faith the kindest graces of character and the best graciousness of manner have never been extinguished, be it said that Professor Haggai Carruth did not once remind Emanuel Bayard that he was meeting the consequences of unsoundness and the natural fate of heresy. Nobly sparing the young man any reference to his undoubtedly deserved misfortune, the Professor only said, "Helen, here is Mr. Bayard," and softly shut the door.

Helen's hearty color was quite gone. Such a change had touched her that Bayard uttered an exclamation of horror, and took her impetuously in his arms.

"Love, what ails you?" he cried, with quick anxiety.

Arrived at the moment when she must speak, if ever, Helen's courage and foresight failed her utterly. She found herself no nearer to knowing what to say, or how to say it, than she had been at the first moment when she heard the girls talking on the rocks. To tell him her fears, and the grounds for them, would be the fatal blunder. How could she say to a man like Bayard, "Your life is in danger. Come on a wedding-trip, and save yourself"? Yet how could she quibble or be dumb before the truth?

Following no plan or little preacted part, but only the moment's impulse of her love and her trouble, Helen broke into girlish sobs, the first that he had ever heard from her, and hid her wet face against his cheek.

"Oh," she breathed, "I don't know *how* to tell you! But I am so unhappy—and I have grown so anxious about you! I don't see . . . how I can bear it . . . as we are!" . . .

Her heart beat against his so wildly that she could have said no more if she had tried. But she had no need to try; for he said, "*Would* you marry me this summer, dear? It would make me very happy. . . . I have not dared to ask it."

"I would marry you to-morrow." Helen lifted her head, and "shame departed, shamed," from her sweet, wet face. "I would marry you to-day. I want to be near you. I want . . . if anything—whatever comes."

"Whatever comes," he answered solemnly, "we ought to be together—now."

Thus they deceived each other—neither owning to the tender fault—with the divine deceit of love.

Helen comforted herself that she had not said a word of threat or danger or escape, and that Bayard suspected nothing of the cloudburst which hung over him. He let her think so, smiling tenderly; for he knew it all the time, and more, far more than Helen ever knew.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

IN the absence of any adequate biography of Coleridge, these two volumes of his letters,¹ edited by his grandson, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, will be eagerly welcomed. By far the greater part of these letters have never before been published, and among them is included the poet's correspondence with his wife, with Southey, and with Wordsworth. But the editor has also judiciously selected from among the letters already published such as will help to preserve a continuous narrative, thus giving the entire collection an autobiographical character. The conception was a unique one, and the result has a rare value. Coleridge is allowed to reappear before

¹ *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Edited by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE. In two

us, after the lapse of two generations, to tell the story of his strange and marvelously interesting life in his own words and in his own way. Whatever was needed to make allusions intelligible the editor has furnished in careful and ample footnotes. A difficult part of his task lay in determining which letters out of the large mass of unpublished correspondence were most important. Whether his principle of selection was a true and final one may be an open question. His sole criterion in regard to any letter, as he tells us in his preface, has been, "Is it interesting? Is it readable? . . . Coleridge's letters lack style. The fastidious critic who touched and retouched his ex-volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

quisite lyrics, and always for the better, was at no pains to polish his letters. He writes to his friends as if he were talking to them, and he lets his periods take care of themselves." It is quite possible that among the letters which have not yet seen the light there are some which possess a deeper significance for the lover of Coleridge, because they reveal the hidden springs of his life and his thought, than those which have a purely literary character and an interest for the general reader. However that may be, we cannot but be profoundly grateful for what has been given to us; and as to that which still remains unpublished, we are consoled by the prospect of a coming biography by the same editor, in which he will surely avail himself of all the material at his disposal.

Among the attractions of these volumes are portraits of Coleridge which have hitherto been unknown; of his brothers, James and George, the latter of whom stood in the place of a father to the poet in his early years; of his wife, also, and his children: Hartley, as a boy with a winning face, and thoughtful beyond his years; Derwent, the father of the editor; and Sara, the gifted and beautiful daughter. There is also a pencil sketch of Mrs. Wilson, the housekeeper at Greta Hall, which is an inimitable study for a human countenance. The frontispiece of the first volume represents Coleridge at the age of forty-seven, and has been followed in the bust in Westminster Abbey. There is another and most pathetic portrait of him at the age of fifty-six, which gives the weird, unearthly dreamer. But of all these portraits, the most self-revealing, the real man, as we think, is given in the frontispiece of the second volume, in which may be read as in one

concentrated glance the story of his career. He himself has contributed to our knowledge of his personal appearance as a young man in one of his humorous letters to John Thelwall: "My face, unless when animated by immediate eloquence, expresses great sloth, and great, indeed almost idiotic good nature. 'Tis a mere carcase of a face; fat, flabby, and expressive chiefly of inexpression. Yet I am told that my eyes, eyebrows, and forehead are physiognomically good; but of this the deponent knoweth not. As to my shape, 'tis a good shape enough, if measured; but my gait is awkward, and the walk of the whole man indicates *indolence capable of energies*. . . . I can not breathe through my nose, so my mouth, with sensual thick lips, is almost always open."¹

There is another humorous touch of self-portraiture in the comment which he makes upon his first name. When recommending Southey to name his boy Robert, after himself, he remarks: "I would have done so but that, from my earliest years, I have had a feeling of dislike and disgust connected with my own Christian name, — such a vile short plumpness, such a dull abortive smartness in the first syllable, and this so harshly contrasted by the obscurity and indefiniteness of the syllabic vowel, and the feebleness of the uncovered liquid with which it ends, the wobble it makes, and struggling between a dis- and a trisyllable, and the whole name sounding as if you were abeeceeing S. M. U. L. Altogether, it is, perhaps, the worst combination of which vowels and consonants are susceptible."

Though these letters will not greatly modify the estimate already formed of Coleridge's genius and character, they do

¹ The Rev. Leapidge Smith, in the *Reminiscences of an Octogenarian*, 1870, gives a different impression: "In person he was a tall, dark, handsome young man, with long, black, flowing hair; eyes not merely dark, but black and keenly penetrating; a fine forehead; a

deep-toned, harmonious voice; a manner never to be forgotten, full of life, vivacity, and kindness; dignified in person; and, added to all these, exhibiting the elements of his future greatness." (Quoted in *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, i. 181.)

reveal the man in an intenser light, and will serve to correct misjudgments, to create a deeper reverence for his personality and a profounder sympathy for his misfortunes. Some things which were already known are here made more clear and emphatic. He was a great sufferer from physical pain during his whole life, from his boyhood, when a student at Christ's Hospital, down to the day of his death. What Mr. Stuart said of his letters, that they were "one continued flow of complaint of ill health and of incapacity from ill health," is only confirmed by the fuller correspondence now before us. It does not diminish the reality of his sufferings to learn that an examination of his body after death revealed the cause of much of his pain to be nervous sympathy. His constitution was delicate and highly organized, and tremulous with quick and intense susceptibility.

As to domestic infelicity, Coleridge's description of his wife in a letter to Southey, now for the first time made public, accounts for much that was hitherto inexplicable. His home became impossible to him, and at the age of thirty he was practically banished from it, living for the rest of his life as if a stranger or visitor in this world, with no continuing city. Mrs. Coleridge's faults might have been virtues in some other adjustment of the marriage tie, but to her husband they were torture and the rack. "Her mind has very little that is *bad* in it; it is an innocent mind, but it is light and *unimpressible*, warm in anger, cold in sympathy, and in all disputes uniformly *projects itself forth* to re-criminate, instead of turning itself inward with a silent self-questioning. Our virtues and our vices are exact antitheses. I so attentively watch my own nature that my worst self-delusion is a complete self-knowledge so mixed with intellectual complacency that my quickness to see and readiness to acknowledge my faults is too often frustrated by the small pain which the sight of them gives me, and

the consequent slowness to amend them. Mrs. C. is so stung with the thought of being in the wrong, because she never endures to look at her own mind in all its faulty parts, but shelters herself from painful self-inquiry by angry recrimination. Never, I suppose, did the stern match-maker bring together two minds so utterly contrariant in their primary and organical constitution." A threatened separation seems to have made Mrs. Coleridge serious, and, as the letter runs, "she promised to set about an alteration in her external manners and looks and language, and to fight against her inveterate habits of puny thwarting and unintermitting dyspathy. . . . I, on my part, promised to be more attentive to all her feelings of pride, etc., etc., and to try to correct my habits of impetuous censure."

Of course this is but one side of the story, and Mrs. Coleridge's version of what she had to endure from the difficult character of her husband can be easily supplied with no great effort of the imagination. The portrait of Mrs. Coleridge given here seems to accord with her husband's description, as does also the account of Dorothy Wordsworth, one of the keenest of women. De Quincey has remarked that Coleridge once told him that he had been forced into the marriage with Sarah Fricker by Southey, who insisted that he had gone so far with his attentions to her as to make it dishonorable to retreat. The correspondence apparently confirms this statement. One is led to conclude that Coleridge married partly on the rebound after his disappointment with Mary Evans, partly at Southey's instigation, and in part because he was then absorbed in the scheme of a Pantisocracy to be set up on the banks of the Susquehanna, and it was regarded among the friends of the project as the proper thing for each of them to secure a wife before their departure. As to Cottle's testimony that if ever a man was in love, Coleridge was in love with Sarah

Fricker, it does not seem to be borne out by his correspondence with his wife, which has a certain formal character, and not only reveals less of the real inwardness of the man than any other set of his correspondence, but is keyed in a lower tone.

Another feature of Coleridge's life, the opium-eating habit, is here traced back to an earlier period than has been generally supposed. The habit, indeed, was not confirmed until the spring of 1801, when Coleridge was twenty-nine years of age, but the first traces of it belong to his boyhood, when he suffered from rheumatism, and learned the value of "the accursed drug" as an opiate for pain. In 1795, he writes to a friend that "for the last fortnight I have been obliged to take laudanum almost every night." Nor does it appear that he ever quite overcame the habit, although, under the loving care of the Gillmans, he submitted to restraint, and opium was allowed only under careful supervision.

I.

One source of the curious interest which attaches to Coleridge beyond any of his contemporaries was his abandonment of poetry for metaphysics and theology. The amount of poetic achievement was relatively small, but a few things which he has done, *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, *Kubla Khan*, *The Pains of Sleep*, — these, and some others which deserve to be associated with them, have an unparalleled beauty, which is distinctive, and of its kind very rare. His exquisite musical diction, "the magical use of words," as it has been called, gives to his poetry a certain divine appeal which slides into the soul. He was not only a poet, but the founder of a new school in English poetry. Wordsworth was great in production, and made the new principle his own; but the suggestion and advocacy of the principle belonged to Coleridge, to whom Wordsworth never failed to acknowledge his intellectual indebtedness.

Why, then, did he cease to write poetry when he had hardly reached the age of thirty? Why did he stop singing, and betake himself to delving in the barren wastes of unintelligible metaphysical speculation? Such is the problem of Coleridge's life as so many of his literary critics have conceived it. His life has seemed to them to lack unity, as if his early years were separated from his later by a deep, impassable gulf, over which brood impenetrable mists. One of his latest biographers, Mr. Traill, has ventured once more to penetrate the thickets of his philosophical speculations, but finds the task empty and vain. Carlyle also sneered at the procreations of his philosophical moods, "the strange centaurs, spectral Puseyisms, monstrous illusory hybrids, and ecclesiastical chimeras which now roam the earth in a very lamentable manner." This has been, in the main, the estimate of Coleridge's career, that his life began with the rarest promise, and ended in failure, as if he were deserving our resentment for having done so little when he might have done so much, for raising great expectations only to disappoint them. Coleridge himself also appears to sanction such a judgment, for in his *Ode on Dejection*, which belongs to the border-line between the two periods of his life, he laments with his own peculiar pathos the loss of his poetic power: —

"But now afflictions bow me down to earth:

Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,

But O, each visitation

Suspends what Nature gave me at my birth,

My shaping spirit of imagination."

In a letter written to Southey in 1802, in which he inclosed these lines, he adds this further comment: "As to myself, all my poetic genius (if ever I really possessed any *genius*, and it was not rather a mere general aptitude of talent and quickness in imitation) is gone, and I have been fool enough to suffer deeply in my mind regretting the loss, which I attribute to my long and exceedingly severe

metaphysical investigations, and these partly to ill health and partly to private afflictions, which rendered any subjects immediately connected with feeling a source of pain and disquiet to me."

But the common estimate which gives Coleridge a high place among English poets, and yet discerns no unity in his life, dismissing his later work as having no large significance or enduring value, must be partial and inadequate. It may be true that ill health and poverty, domestic trials and the evils begotten by opium-eating, united to destroy that "natural gladness of heart" with which he was by nature so richly endowed, and thus to weaken the springs of poetic creativeness. But even this strong combination of adverse circumstances does not quite explain the abandonment of poetry and the transition to metaphysics. If the poetic fire is genuine, it has vitality and is not easily extinguished. Milton wrote *Paradise Lost* after he had become poor and old and blind, and when his domestic happiness had been torn into shreds and tatters; taking refuge in poetry from the ills of life, as Coleridge fled from poetry to metaphysics. Coleridge's judgment varied as to whether he were more of a poet or a philosopher. In one of his earlier letters he remarks, "I think too much for a poet;" and on Southey he also comments at the same time, "He thinks too little for a great poet." He thought that if he and Southey could have been rolled into one, it would have made an ideal combination.

When we turn to contemporary opinions about the greatness of Coleridge, it is the marvelous scope of his intellectual power which inspires such boundless admiration, rather than any poetic achievement. The familiar apostrophe of Charles Lamb, which one is never tired of quoting, has the ring of true insight into the potent attractiveness of a rarely gifted personality: "Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column be-

fore thee,—the dark pillar not yet turned, — Samuel Taylor Coleridge, — Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, . . . to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus; for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts, or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grey Friars reëchoed to the accents of the inspired Charity boy!"

It is not as a poet that Shelley describes him in his letter to Maria Gisborne, where he is enumerating the treasures to be found in London, but rather as the thinker and the sage: —

"You will see Coleridge—he who sits obscure

In the exceeding lustre, and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind,
Which, with its own internal lightening blind,
Flags wearily through darkness and despair —
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls."

Carlyle also discerned this aspect of the true greatness of Coleridge, though blind, perhaps willfully blind, to the profound significance of his thought: "Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill in those years, looking down on London and its smoke tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting toward him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there; . . . a sublime man who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the black materialisms and revolutionary deluges with God, Freedom, Immortality still his; a king of men."

Of the pupils of Coleridge to whom Carlyle refers as among the younger inquiring men with whom he had "a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character," there were two who deeply stirred the current of religious thought in the Church of England, both of whom dedicated to Coleridge, as

their master, the firstfruits of their labors. Archdeacon Hare, one of the authors of the *Guesses at Truth*, calls him "the Christian philosopher, who through dark and winding ways of speculation was led to the light, . . . whose writings have helped to discern the sacred concord and unity of human and divine truth." The late Rev. F. D. Maurice felt so strongly the personal tie which bound him to Coleridge that "he could not bear to think of him chiefly as a writer of books, nor did he feel that he could do justice to his poems as works of art, on account of their intensely painful reality."¹

The impression which Coleridge's poetry made upon De Quincey, when still a young man, transcended the effect of ordinary poetry, and became "an absolute revelation of untrodden worlds, teeming with power and beauty, as yet unsuspected among men." It was the desire to know the man who had written such poetry which arrested and enthralled De Quincey; and under the same spell Southey and Wordsworth and many others of less note had succumbed. He had a wonderful gift of drawing to himself devoted friends whom he inspired with supreme confidence in his power. There was something in the man even more interesting than what he wrote, while in his writings it is the personal revelation which is often more valuable than the thought. It is this which gives unity to all the varied manifestations of his genius. De Quincey studied him, analyzed and dissected him, in the conviction that he surpassed Milton in the richness and variety of his intellectual endowment. He was a poet, a journalist and politician, a literary critic, an extensive and brilliant scholar, a metaphysician and phi-

losopher, a theologian, and was the wonder of his age for his gift of conversation. And in all these lines he excelled. "Had the poet in him," says Mr. Traill, "survived until years had 'brought the philosophic mind,' he would doubtless have done for the human spirit in its purely isolated self-communings what Wordsworth did for it in its communion with nature." He appeared for a short time in the pulpit, and "had he chosen to remain faithful to this new employment," says the same writer, "he might have rivaled the reputation of the greatest preacher of the time." "Assuredly," said De Quincey, "Coleridge deserved beyond all other men that were ever connected with the press to be regarded with distinction. . . . Nowhere does there lie such a bed of pearls confounded with the rubbish and purgaments of ages as in the political papers of Coleridge." As a philosopher he was the most suggestive of thinkers, and though he left no system, perhaps *because* he left none, he has profoundly influenced the direction of all subsequent philosophical thought on its ideal and transcendental side. And as a theologian there has been no one in the English Church since the days of Wycliffe whose thought marks a more vital and far-reaching influence. Carlyle, in one of his atrabilious moods, disparaged his conversation, but the *Table Talk* remains to tell what it was like, one of the few most interesting, most stimulating books that have been written.

II.

It is not, then, as a poet that Coleridge must be primarily or exclusively regarded. We understand him better if we think of him as a Dr. Johnson of the nine-

¹ It is interesting to note, as showing the theological influence of Coleridge in America, that the late Horace Bushnell, who may be said to rank next after Jonathan Edwards as a profound religious thinker, acknowledged his indebtedness to Coleridge as greater than that which he owed to any other human teacher.

Another distinguished American theologian

who defended the philosophy and theology of Coleridge was the late Dr. William G. T. Shedd, professor in Union Theological Seminary. See his essay on Coleridge as a Philosopher and Theologian, first published as an introduction to Harper's edition of Coleridge's Works, and reprinted in Shedd, *Literary Essays*, New York, 1878.

teenth century, but living in an ampler ether and breathing a diviner air. When he turned from poetry to philosophy, there was no contradiction in the unity of his experience; he was only coming to the clearer recognition of himself. While his mind was thus maturing, he discerned that he was not so entirely at one with Wordsworth as he had taken for granted when together they sent forth their Lyrical Ballads with its new theory of poetry. It was Wordsworth's mission to interpret nature to man. But Coleridge had now begun to doubt whether it were true, as Wordsworth believed, that the inspiration to interpret the outer world came from its direct study or observation. He began to differ from Wordsworth in his idea of the nature of the human imagination. "O Wordsworth!" — so ran the Ode on Dejection in its original form, —

"O Wordsworth! we receive but what we give;

And in our life alone does nature live:

Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud.

It were a vain endeavor,

Though I should gaze forever

On that green light that lingers in the west:

I may not hope from outward forms to win

The passion and the life whose fountains are within."

In turning away from poetry as the sole vehicle of his expression, Coleridge was not narrowing his sphere, but rather enlarging it, nor was he abandoning the principle which had inspired his poetry. When conversing with Wordsworth about the essential nature of the poetic, two things had been urged as not incompatible, — "the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of the imagination." But what was this imagination which, like moonlight or sunset, invested with an unwanted glow and as if supernatural effect all common objects and familiar scenes? Whatever it was that Coleridge under-

stood by imagination, it was this that constituted the thread of unity in his multifarious intellectual life or spiritual experience. When he made the transition to philosophy, he was obeying the stronger impulse, extending the application of the imagination as he conceived it till it included the whole range of human interest.

It is one of the curiosities of literature to be found in the *Biographia Literaria* that although the book seems to have been written in order to lead up to the definition of the imagination, yet when it comes to the vital issue the writer declines the task, unless in very brief and, except to the already initiated, unintelligible form. For that chapter which is entitled *Imagination* he makes elaborate preparation, announcing it beforehand in the preceding chapter, and warning off the reader who is not capable of appreciating it when it shall be reached. But when he comes to write the chapter, he inserts an anonymous letter, — it may have been written by himself to himself, — in which he is advised not to undertake to treat the subject of the imagination at length, but to reserve it for his great unpublished work, his *magnum opus*, on the Logos, or Communicative Intellect in Man and Deity. This pseudo-anonymous advice he thinks fit to follow, and the great chapter which was to have been written is reduced to these few words, without further comment: "The primary imagination I hold to be the living power and prime agent of all human perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I Am. The secondary imagination I consider as an echo of the former, coexisting with the conscious will, yet as still identical with the primary in the *kind* of its agency, and differing only in degree and in the mode of its operation. It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to recreate; or when this process is rendered impossible, yet still at all events it struggles to idealize and to unify. It is essentially vital, even

as all objects (*as* objects) are essentially fixed and dead."

Among the many projected books of Coleridge which never got themselves written, there is one which towers above all the rest. He refers to it in several places in these letters before us, the subject always the same, but the title varying with his changing moods; as when he was in great physical suffering or depression, it was to be called *Consolations and Comforts from the Exercise and Right Application of the Reason, the Imagination, the Moral Feelings*, "addressed especially to those in sickness, adversity, or distress of mind from speculative gloom;" again, it should be known to the world as *Logosophia*; or again, *Christianity Considered as Philosophy, and the only Philosophy*. His letters bear abundant witness, as do his other works, to the greater importance which he attached to this project than to his poetry or his criticism: to complete it was the supreme desire of his life; he prays to be spared until it is done. Sometimes he almost ventures to allude to it as if it were already finished, and might be contemplated as his greatest achievement. Perhaps this latter mood had grounds as sufficient for its justification as his less confident moods. The magnum opus was in reality his life's lesson; those scattered hints in his writings and conversation, which, when put together, do not indeed form a system, but are animated and unified by one common sentiment. He could not have told, for it was beyond the power of the human mind to formulate it clearly, the fullness of the motive which inspired him. But if we may dare point to the difference by which he is still distinguished from other poets or literary critics, from philosophers or theologians, it is in regarding all life, all literature and institutions, all thought, and all religion as a divine revelation; and the imagination, about which he talked so largely and so vaguely, was simply the power of sight

which discerns the world and human life in their higher aspects as they exist in the mind of God, —

"The vision and the faculty divine."

Or in his own words: "They only can acquire the philosophic imagination who know and feel that the potential works in them as the actual works on them. . . . The organs of sense are framed for a corresponding world of sense, and we have it; all the organs of Spirit are framed for a correspondent world of spirit, though the latter organs are not developed in all alike."

The peculiar quality which distinguishes Coleridge's thought, though it may be called transcendental, was not originally borrowed from Kant or from German philosophy. If its source may be traced, it goes back to a remote origin, those ancient writers of the Neoplatonist school, Jamblichus and Plotinus, passages from whose works Charles Lamb represents Coleridge as declaiming while yet at Christ's Hospital. Coleridge himself tells us that at the age of fifteen he had translated the hymns of Synesius, who was at once a Neoplatonist and a Christian bishop. In a letter to Thelwall, written in 1796, when he was twenty-four years of age, he incloses a five-guinea note, with a request that his friend will send him from London the following books which he has seen advertised in catalogues: Jamblichus, Proclus, Porphyrius, Plotini Opera a Ficino, Juliani Opera; in a word, almost the whole body of Neoplatonist literature. The revival of the Neoplatonic conception of the world and its reimportation into English thought is primarily owing to Coleridge, though others had facilitated the process before him. But he made it possible, and even popular, by his poetry and by the principle which lay beneath the poetry, — the effort "to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and semblance of truth to characters supernatural and romantic."

It was for this reason that Carlyle may have thought he detected an affinity between Coleridge's influence and those spectral Puseyisms, as he called them, which his soul abhorred. Newman also had given Coleridge a place among the forerunners of the Oxford movement, for he too, at an early age, had caught something in the air which was akin to Coleridge's motive; as when, speaking of angels, he could say, "Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God."

But the difference between Coleridge and Newman was far greater than the resemblance. Newman and his friends trembled for a moment in the balance, when it was uncertain whether they would follow the spirit and method of Coleridge or turn back to the Latin fathers as their guides. For Neoplatonism was associated in its origin with a declining civilization, and with a dying world which was hurling its anathema upon the whole creation. Coleridge had been impressed with the Neoplatonic doctrine of revelation, but he had refused its alliance with the old heathen conception of the world as evil. He saw a new creation resplendent with supernatural beauty, when the idea of a living communion with the divine was associated with a living, growing world, upon which was brooding the divine approval and benediction.

The Neoplatonic conception of life finds one of its best expositions in a poem by Coleridge entitled *The Destiny of Nations* : —

"For what is Freedom but the unfettered
use
Of all the powers which God for use has
given ?
But chiefly this, him first, him last to view
Through meaner powers and secondary
things
Effulgent, as through clouds that veil his
blaze.
For all that meets the bodily sense I deem

Symbolical, one mighty alphabet,
For infant minds ; and we in this low world
Placed with our backs to bright reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded
ken
The substance from its shadow."

About the time when this poem was written, in the years 1796-98, when the poetic power of Coleridge was at its height, we have also from his notebook a similar utterance of his Neoplatonic creed : "Certainly, there are strange things in the other world, and so there are in all the steps to it ; and a little glimpse of heaven, — a moment's conversing with an angel, — any ray of God, any communication from the spirit of comfort which God gives to his servants in strange and unknown manners, are infinitely far from illusions. We shall understand them when we feel them, and when in new and strange needs we shall be refreshed by them."

Such was the creed with which Coleridge stimulated the genius of Wordsworth in their early acquaintance and communion, which also dates from these memorable years. Each of these men gave something to the other which was sorely needed : Wordsworth calmed and steadied the impulses of Coleridge, who was too much carried away with his tumultuous vitality, till he was in danger of losing his self-possession ; while Coleridge gave to Wordsworth the encouragement of sympathy and admiration, the courage which was alone needed to place him on his feet, with full confidence in his powers. But if we would weigh the relative indebtedness of these great souls to each other, to Coleridge belongs the credit and the immortal honor of having suggested the doctrine which was the motive of Wordsworth's poetry and his own. It was he who became the founder of the Lake School of Poetry, as it is called, whose principle was in such sharp contrast with that which underlay the classical poetry of the last century, — the Neoplatonic doctrine that outward nature

is a radiation from a divine life, that supernatural communion is mediated by un-earthly powers, that human thought corresponds to some eternal reality. What Coleridge had taught, under this inspiration of Hellenic and Egyptian mysticism combined, appears in Wordsworth's poetry in a more restrained and sober form, taking on its most exquisite expression in his *Ode to Immortality*. As years went by, Wordsworth dropped his own original theory, according to which poetry was to consist in rustic scenes and ordinary events clothed in the plain language of common life; devoting his powers of description, in which he far surpassed Coleridge, to a delineation of the feelings which nature, and nature always as it is revealed in its surpassing loveliness in the Lake Country, inspires in an unworldly soul. A contemporary criticism of Wordsworth's poetry in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December, 1818, enforces this aspect of its teaching as its most distinctive characteristic: "The reverential awe and the far-extended sympathy with which he looks upon the whole system of existing things, and the silent moral connections which he supposes to exist among them, are visible throughout all his writings. He tunes his mind to nature with a feeling of religious obligation; and where others behold only beautiful colors making their appearance according to optical laws, or feel pleasant sensations resulting from a pure atmosphere or from the odoriferous exhalations of herbage, or enjoy the pleasure of measuring an extended prospect as an amusement for the eye, this poet, whether justly or not, thinks he traces something more in the spectacle than the mere reflection of his own feelings painted upon external objects by means of the association of ideas."

As for Coleridge, his deepest interest was in humanity, and not in nature. He was destined to react from his earlier mood, to turn away from Plotinus, his first master, in proportion as the problem

of human evil and suffering was forced upon his attention. He led Wordsworth back to the Lake Country, where for a few years they remained together in harmonious and loving association. That Coleridge could abandon such exquisite scenery, and bury himself in the crowded city, never again returning to Keswick or Grasmere even for a visit, after his final departure in 1810, reveals the essential difference between the men, and discloses the mission of Coleridge more clearly. Poetry was but an incident in his career. The effort which it required was a pressure from without which he could not endure. It hurt him, in his poetic moods, to feel that he was writing for money and must make haste. He hints also at "the limited sphere of mental activity in the artist." So far as he continued to write poetry, it was for the purpose of inward relief. When the charge of egotism was alleged against him, he replied, "It is not egotism when, in order to relieve my heart, I sing my own sorrows; but it is a law of my nature. He who labors under a strong feeling is compelled to seek sympathy, and the poet's feelings are always strong."

III.

The autobiography, the history of a soul, which is found in Coleridge's poetry was continued in other and many devious forms, but the thread of unity binds them together in an organic whole. His life stands for a spiritual process, in which was reproduced the intellectual and moral and religious experience of humanity on a vaster scale than by any other in this modern day. He explored the wide ocean of human thought, sounding it to its depth, and to this end his life ministered in all its strange and sad vicissitudes.

The different phases of Coleridge's life have been summarized by Mr. Dykes Campbell, one of his latest biographers, in these beautiful words: "A brief dawn of unsurpassed promise and achievement;

'a trouble' as of 'clouds and weeping rain;' then a long summer evening's work, done by the setting sun's pathetic light. Such was Coleridge's day, the afterglow of which is still in the sky." But if there is any fault to be found with this enumeration, it is in not recognizing the positive value of the second period in Coleridge's life as having a high redeeming quality. This has been also the common judgment: that from the time when the opium habit was established, about 1802, the intervening years until the residence at Highgate began, in 1816, were for the most part unproductive and unprofitable. And yet it was during these years, when the natural indolence of his constitution was augmented by frequent and long-continued illness and by the influence of opium, that he really accomplished the greater part of the work of his life. To this period we owe most of the material contained in the two volumes of *The Friend*; the three volumes of *Essays* on his own *Times*, which include his articles for the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*; the *Biographia Literaria*, which was written and got ready for the press, though not published till later; the lectures, also, on Shakespeare, and other critical studies in literature which make him the founder of the higher English literary criticism, a department in which he has never been surpassed. During these dark, unhappy years he carried on his philosophical studies, especially of Kant and Schelling; he was engaged in that wide, discursive process of reading which laid at his feet the intellectual and spiritual treasures of the world. And of course, beyond and above all this, he was always brooding at his leisure over the mystery and the phenomena of human life, in himself or in the world; threading the labyrinths of his own thought, where he was at liberty to wander at his will. On the whole, it would seem as if the biographers of Coleridge had erred in depreciating the value of

these melancholy years. In the evening of his life, which set in so early after he went to Highgate, he produced but one important book, his *Aids to Reflection*, unless we add that small but most significant treatise, *The Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*. We do not wonder that Coleridge himself should have protested against the sentence which did him such great injustice: "By what I *have* effected am I to be judged by my fellow-men; what I could have done is a question for my own conscience."

The story of Coleridge's career reads like a series of detachments from all the ordinary ties and relationships of life. The opium habit may have had much to do with evils that befell him, but there was some deeper hidden cause, whose action was only intensified by opium, which of itself alone explains the strange and sad vicissitudes, the failure, the poverty, the disappointments, the humiliations beneath which he groaned, but through all of which he carried his higher integrity unharmed. This deeper cause, often-times lying beneath his consciousness, acting indirectly, but never losing its potency, was his passion for freedom, individual freedom as well as national and ecclesiastical. It was this passionate love of freedom which in his early years appeared in his visionary scheme for an ideal community on the Susquehanna, where men should be delivered from the gross burdens of life and the responsibility of earning a livelihood. This same mood created his intense and burning enthusiasm for the French Revolution, a devotion to the emancipation of humanity in which he surpassed his most advanced contemporaries. He abandoned these dreams of his youth, and from being a revolutionist became an ardent anti-Jacobin; but the love of freedom still burned unquenched, the most powerful motive of his being. Even duty, whenever it presented itself as an external obligation, interfering with his inward impulse or inclination, became

for him an impossibility. It was not altogether his natural indolence or the natural infirmity of a weak will to which were owing his many sins of omission. He could not act unless his inner being coincided with the demand of external order. For this reason, mainly, though other causes combined with it, he was detached, but also set free from relationships and from dependence on every tie which hampered the working of the spirit within him. Bitter agony, the tears of repentance, mortification of heart, attended the process, as he broke away or was forced away from family and friends, from reputation, while yet in his inmost soul he was acquitted of any guilt or stain upon his higher manhood.

Coleridge never ceased to struggle against his natural infirmities. The correspondence reveals anew the heroic efforts he made to support his family. But he was never quite adequately equipped for the practical side of life; he had no capacity for affairs; and added to this was that strange difficulty that it seemed to paralyze his powers when he attempted to curb his spirit in the harness and turn out poetry for a money compensation. As we read the letters of the early years, we forecast the end to which he was drifting. The struggle with poverty and anxiety, with depression and hopelessness, with ill health, also, which began when he was so young, could not be maintained for long without some catastrophe. At the age of twenty-three he had married a girl who, like himself, was penniless, when he had no other prospect of support than Cottle's promise to pay liberally for all the poetry he would write. If it was well-nigh impossible for him to write when money was in contemplation, how hopeless was the task when he had already received the money in advance! Not only was there his own support and that of his growing family to be provided for, but he seems to have been under a pledge to contribute to the support of his wife's

relations. The unequal struggle went on for six years or more before he confessed defeat. More than most men Coleridge would seem to have needed the support and consolation of the family. Like Schleiermacher, like Wesley, he was greatly dependent on the friendship of women. He was a devoted father, proud of his children, and his description of their looks and ways deserves a high place in the literature of children. In this respect he reminds us of Luther, who has immortalized his children by the profound interest and sympathy with which he entered into their youthful lives.

If Coleridge had been willing—or able, perhaps we should say—to work regularly even for a few hours a day, there would have been no lack of an adequate income. In one of his letters to Poole, March, 1800, he writes: "If I had the least love of money I could make almost sure of £2000 a year, for Stuart has offered me half shares in the two papers, the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*, if I could devote myself with him to them—but I told him I would not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times two thousand pounds; in short, that beyond £250 a year I consider money as a real evil—at which he stared." This was written at a moment when Coleridge was in the greatest stress of his efforts to maintain his family. He may not describe correctly the offer of Stuart, for the latter was a man of business, and knew the weakness of his friend. But Stuart did say, later in life, when speaking of Coleridge, that if they were both young, and Coleridge were only willing to work regularly, there was nothing he would not have given for the aid which Coleridge could render, and that he could have made his fortune. The man, however, who could have accepted Stuart's offer was not the Coleridge we know; nor if he had done so should we have had the Coleridge whom, despite his failures, we revere and love.

As to his separation from his wife, and what seemed like the desertion of his family, we are no longer called upon to express any moral indignation. There was in it something of the nature of fate. It is plain enough that after the opium habit had gained the mastery, he could not with any self-respect continue to reside at Greta Hall. There he met with the tears, the reproaches, possibly even the contempt of his alienated wife. It was better also for his children, if they were to retain their reverence for their father, that he should be away. The constant presence of Southey in his even and mechanical activity, or of Wordsworth in his economical, well-regulated life and smug prosperity, was a source of bitterness and torture to one who, with the consciousness of genius and of vast unexpended powers, was yet unable to apply them in order to gain his daily bread. We can see now what they were not able then to make allowance for: that his ill health was no fancied complaint; that he fell under the influence of opium, when, under the guidance of a wise physician, he might have been recovered to some extent, at least, from his physical infirmities. At any rate, there has been no lack of moral condemnation for his offense, either on his own part or on that of his friends. For the wrong of which he may have been guilty he paid the penalty to the utmost farthing.

In extenuation of Southey's attitude, much, of course, may be said. The responsibility of Coleridge's family fell upon him at a time when he was sufficiently burdened with his own anxieties and labors. It does not diminish the value of his kindness or the nobility of his behavior that we have learned that he was reimbursed for his expenses on this account, or that Mrs. Coleridge rendered indispensable services in his household. But while Southey did his duty, the spirit in which it was done was cold and ungracious. He recognized no mission with which Coleridge might still be

charged, which he was still executing amid physical suffering as well as the agonies of a stricken conscience. He saw only the weakness, the failure, and the wrong. He became indignant, so that he could not trust himself to speak, when he thought of Coleridge's long-continued absences from his home, of the silence which he maintained as to his whereabouts or doings, of the letters sent to him which he did not answer, and which, it was afterwards learned, he did not even read. Southey refused to believe that physical pain was the motive in resorting to opium, but rather attributed the evil habit to the luxury of self-indulgence. When reports came to him of the fascination and the spell which Coleridge was exercising in such extraordinary degree, of how his wonderful gift of conversation was winning him renown in the higher circles of London society, he uttered his doleful prophecy: "What will become of Coleridge himself? He may continue to find men who will give him board and lodging for the sake of his conversation, but who will pay his other expenses? I cannot but apprehend some shameful and dreadful end to this deplorable course."

It was a memorable event in the higher walks of the intellectual life, in that year of the divine grace 1797, when Coleridge and Wordsworth met; and very beautiful, too, had been the friendship of the two poets, in which Dorothy Wordsworth had also entered as an equal partner. But now Wordsworth had lost faith in his friend, and had spoken words which, to be sure, had gained in their mischief-making power by repetition, but words which he would not retract or recall, for they contained his deep conviction. As for Coleridge and how he felt, there was no man living whom he so honored and loved as Wordsworth. Whether those lines in *Christabel*, which he quotes from himself in one of his letters as "the best and sweetest lines I ever wrote," referred originally to Southey or not,

they are equally applicable to his broken friendship with Wordsworth : —

“ And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.

 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother :
 They parted, — ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining, —
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
 A dreary sea now flows between ;
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been ! ”

It is one of the remarks of Renan, which indicates his insight into the workings of life, that if a man set up to be a reformer of the world in any one department of human interest, he must at least be conservative of the world's traditions in all other respects. It was because Coleridge failed to fulfill this condition that he was called upon to pay a heavier fine for his attempt to teach the world than is exacted from most of its teachers. It fell to his lot to endure obloquy and ostracism, the personal malice of those who influenced the average popular opinion. The *Edinburgh Review*, under the editorship of Jeffrey, pursued him for years with its rancorous criticism, while its rival, the great *Quarterly*, treated him with indifference or with silent contempt. On account of his early sympathies with the French Revolution, which had inspired his earlier poetry, he was suspected, when the reaction had set in, of being a dangerous character who was undermining the foundations of the social order. He was denounced as a pantheist, a word which covered a bottomless, nameless fear and hatred. In philosophy, as in theology, he was condemned as an innovator, overthrowing the accepted principles of Locke with a vague, confusing transcendentalism which led no one knew whither ; and in literature he was defying the canons of taste and criticism upon which rested all that was great and

dear in English poetry. Add to all this his reputation for utter shiftlessness of character ; the lack of dependence to be put on his engagements or promises ; his willingness to take money or to solicit loans ; the name of an opium-eater who was wasting his powers in idle dreaming, or spending them in the meaningless flow of conversation ; above all, the abandonment of his family to the charity of the world.

One thing more was needed to complete his humiliation : that he should be wounded in his intellectual pride. When the invitation came to him from Mr. Murray, the publisher, to furnish a translation of *Faust*, he resented the slight which the offer might seem to carry. “ Some one or other of my partial friends,” he writes in reply, “ has induced you to consider me as the man most likely to execute the work adequately ; those excepted, of course, whose higher powers (established by the solid and satisfactory ordeals of the wide and rapid sale of their works) it might seem profanation to employ in any other manner than in the development of their own organization.” As a piece of satire nothing could be better. But it has always been a source of regret that, in this instance, Coleridge did not swallow his pride, and attempt a task which no one could have performed so well. His reproduction of the poem might have been, as in the case of his *Wallenstein*, no mere servile translation, but an improved conception, with an original quality breathed into it by an imagination in no degree inferior to that of its great author. But again, he was sorely wounded by what he calls the “ insolence ” of another of Mr. Murray's proposals : “ that he would publish an edition of my poems, on the condition that a gentleman in his confidence — Mr. Milman ! I understand ” (Henry Hart Milman, who became the distinguished historian and dean of St. Paul's) — “ was to select and make such omissions and corrections as should be thought advisable.” These things left

their impression upon his personal appearance. In his old age, he gave one, says Carlyle, "the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy laden, half vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. . . . The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them as in a kind of mild astonishment."

During his lifetime Coleridge was suspected of plagiarism, and after he was dead the charge was alleged against him with indignant severity; as though, in addition to his other failures, he had been deceiving the English people, who, in their ignorance of German philosophy and literature, had naively supposed that at least his thought was his own. "A gross literary pirate, whose plunderings were only limited by his ignorance," was the vindictive accusation made by the late Sir William Hamilton, who for a brief moment posed as a sort of oracle, on the ground of his supposed learning. The charge has now been practically disproved. Coleridge did indeed freely appropriate the thought of others, as well as suggestions and materials of thought, but his acknowledgment was in most cases ample enough to cover his indebtedness. If there were things which he did not acknowledge, yet he always placed the thought which he received from others in new combinations, and, above all, he impressed upon it the stamp of his peculiar genius, so that what passed through his mind came forth again with a distinctive quality of his own. As has been well said, what he took he repaid again with interest. In the words of Mr. Brandl, who has made an admirable study of Coleridge's literary work, "no one who conscientiously weighs his expressions will call him a plagiarist." De Quincey, who was the first to detect what seemed like petty pilfering, was amazed that Coleridge should borrow, when he was already rich in himself be-

yond all estimate; "when he could spin daily and at all hours, for mere amusement of his own activities and from the loom of his own magical brain, theories more gorgeous by far and supported by a pomp and luxury of images such as Schelling — no, nor any German that ever breathed, not John Paul could have emulated in his dreams."

Such, then, were the obstacles against which Coleridge's reputation had to struggle. But there was, after all, a certain divine purpose and consistency in his career, when he was set free from business of every kind, from occupation or profession, from family ties, detached also from his best friends, with hardly even a reputation to sustain; for he was also set free to fulfill his mission to the world in pure, disinterested love, with nothing to lose or gain. Dr. Arnold of Rugby, who was his warm eulogist, also thought that "his mind was a little diseased by the want of a profession, and the consequent unsteadiness of his mind and purposes; it always seemed to me that the very power of contemplation becomes impaired or diverted, when it is made the main employment of life." There may be truth in the remark, but, on the other hand, whether justly or not, those who are identified with a profession upon which they are dependent for support do not escape the suspicion of interested motives, as in the widespread conviction of the last century that priests and law-givers created systems of jurisprudence or religion for economical reasons, for the benefit of the few instead of the well-being of the many. From that suspicion Coleridge is exonerated. He was set free to speak out his thought to the world, without fear or favor. It is this which gives to his writings an element of sincerity and power, which was indeed dearly purchased, but was well worth the sacrifice it cost. He became a revelation of the native content of the human soul. He was like some visitant to this earth from another sphere, read-

ing its meaning as no one of its denizens could do. He looked upon it with a keen, impartial eye, noting in the picture it presents a beauty hitherto undiscerned, so that he might

"add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream."

It is a peculiarity of these letters of Coleridge that they are as fresh as if they had been written yesterday, so that as we read we can hardly realize that one hundred years have gone by since his rich and exuberant life was finding its first expression. We can also understand better, by their perusal, the impression which he left upon all who came in contact with him, the unbounded admiration and affection which, without any effort, he evoked. We can understand better the rapture into which he threw his friends by his presence and conversation; how Lamb could say of him that "the neighborhood of such a man is as exciting as the presence of fifty ordinary persons;" how his friend Thomas Poole, one of the most sensible of men, could say that "God never made a creature more divinely endowed;" or Allston, an American artist who painted his portrait when they were together in Rome, that "in his high poetic mood his countenance was quite beyond the painter's art; it was indeed 'spirit made visible.' " While we may not be able to formulate the secret of his fascination, or explain how he should have risen to fame when only a youth, while his achievement was still so slight, yet some things about him are more clearly evident than they were. In the first place, the world did not lose when he turned from poetry to prose. And in the second place, it was not the opium habit, melancholy as were its effects, which prevented him from giving the complete and permanent form to his thought which the world expected, and perhaps had a right to demand. The misfortune of his intellectual life was in the circumstance that much of his best

thought, his rich learning, his deepest inspiration and conviction, should have found its vent in conversation rather than in letters. It may have been that he needed the stimulus of a visible present audience and its immediate response in order to the freedom of the mysterious genius which dwelt within him; or it may have been that in conversation he found the pathway which offered least resistance to his powers, hampered as they were by indolence and weakness of the will. His unexampled power as a talker was exerted while still a student at Cambridge, it was growing through all the years of his misery and depression, and at last it came to its perfection when he took refuge at Highgate. Every man who thinks and observes must needs have some form of utterance, and for this end conversation has its advantages. Its defect as a mode of expression is that it takes the edge of novelty from thought, so that what has been said in speech must afterwards appear as a feebler reminiscence should it be put in writing, and it also deters one from the labor of formal composition. But no estimate of Coleridge is complete which does not allow for the thought and impulse communicated to the world, of which the traces no longer exist except in the testimony of those who sat at his feet to hear, and came away to record the impression. Coleridge took this view of his life when he was charged with dreaming it away to no purpose: "Would that the criterion of a scholar's utility were the number and moral value of the truths which he has been the means of throwing into the general circulation; or the number and value of the minds whom, by his conversation and letters, he has excited into activity and supplied with the germs of their aftergrowth!"

Coleridge died at Highgate in 1834, at the age of sixty-two. During the hours of the last night of his life, when the power of articulation was almost gone, he was dictating to his friend Mr.

Greene a passage for his magnum opus, that mysterious work of which he spoke so often, but which it is now believed had taken form only in his imagination. When Southey heard of his death, he was writing to a friend. "It is just forty years since I became acquainted with Coleridge; he had long been dead to me, but his decease has naturally wakened up old recollections. . . . All who were of his blood were in the highest degree proud of his reputation, but this was their only feeling concerning him." The voice of Wordsworth broke as he read the news, but he recovered himself, and repeated the remark that "he was the most wonderful man he had ever known." Charles Lamb, who survived his friend only a few months, went about saying to himself, "Coleridge is dead." He alone of the many friends gave the deeper expression of the mood of the hour: "His great and dear spirit haunts me; never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seem to love the house he died in more passionately than when he lived. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel."

In 1885 the long-delayed recognition was accorded him, when his bust was placed in the shrine of England's greatest dead, the abbey church of Westminster. Since then three biographies have been written of him, to which are now added these autobiographical volumes of his correspondence: intimations, it may be, that now at last his name and reputation are emerging from the shadows of unmerited obloquy; that he is to be

judged on his own merits and by the work which he accomplished; that the failures of his life are to be forgotten in grateful commemoration of the good, the beautiful, and the true which it was his mission to reveal to the world.

A few sentences are here taken at random from his letters which deserve a place in his *Table Talk*: "It is among the feeblenesses of our nature that we are often, to a certain degree, acted on by stories, gravely asserted, of which we do yet most religiously disbelieve every syllable; nay, which perhaps we know to be false." "It is as much my nature to evolve the fact from the law as that of a practical man to deduce the law from the fact." "I find it wise and human to believe, even on slight evidence, opinions the contrary to which cannot be proved, and which promote our happiness without hampering our intellect." "Men of genius have, indeed, as an essential of their composition, great sensibility; but they have likewise great confidence in their own powers." "Deep thinking is attainable only by a man of deep feeling, and all truth is a species of revelation."

And this is a sentence which gives the concentrated essence of the life of Coleridge: "I once had the presumption to address this advice to an actor on the London stage: 'Think in order that you may be able to observe! Observe in order that you may have the materials to think upon! And, thirdly, keep awake ever the habit of instantly embodying and realizing the results of the two; but always think!'"

"A STANDARD DICTIONARY."

WE have considered in succession the two recent great lexicographic enterprises undertaken by American scholars, *The Century Dictionary* and *The International Dictionary*. Now that *A Standard Dictionary*¹ has been given to the public, its merits and demerits will be considered quite exclusively from the point of view of the literary worker, who seeks in such a work an apparatus combining handiness, mechanical agreeability and durableness, thoroughness and intelligence, with so much historical fullness as the general literary student and workman may require.

At the outset we must raise a protest against the name adopted by the editor and publishers. It is true that they save their consciences by the use of the indefinite article; nevertheless, the assumption is that the dictionary is and will be known as the *Standard*, — a piece of effrontery unworthy of the projectors of so excellent a work.

A Standard Dictionary is, from its fullness and general plan, to be compared rather with the *Century* than with the *International*, and we shall accordingly confine ourselves essentially to this view. In some not unimportant respects, *A Standard*, in availing itself of the experience of the *Century* editors, has made a gain. The obvious advantage of its lesser compass and cheaper price may be passed by with a mere mention, though, practically, it is well worth recognition, and certain of its deeper-lying virtues may be pointed out.

In the ticklish matter of phonetics and orthography, by its adoption of the

standard phonetic alphabet used by the Spelling Reform Association of 1877, it introduces for wider attention what is, on the whole, the simplest and best method of phonetic representation yet devised, and one distinctly better than that used by the *Century*, which is more difficult to be understood of the people; both dictionaries showing a commendable anxiety to dispense so far as may be with that free use of diacritic signs and arbitrary symbols which made earlier lexicons cumbersome and riddlesome. This is a peculiarly puzzling department of English lexicography, by reason of the wretched disparity between our vocal sounds and their written quasi-equivalents. The printing, in a separate section, of the list of disputed spellings and pronunciations is one of the features of the dictionary, and a very welcome one. Perhaps nothing in the whole range of discussion called up by language use is so hotly contested a moot point as that of pronunciation; here, the preponderance of authority is indicated and the different uses are noted in their order of acceptability, the judgment being that of a board of accredited scholars chosen for the purpose. Such an extensive and convenient summary as this will prove popular, and should help materially in the clarifying of opinion. It is to be regretted, however, that the editor has not seized upon a great general law of English accent and applied it in this list. His board of advisers was made up of fifty-seven students, he reserving to himself the privilege of final decision. There is danger, sometimes, not safety, in num-

the *Idiomatic Phrases in the Speech and Literature of the English-Speaking Peoples*. Prepared by More than Two Hundred Specialists and Other Scholars, under the Supervision of ISAAC K. FUNK, D. D. In two volumes. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1893, 1895.

¹ *A Standard Dictionary of the English Language*. Upon Original Plans. Designed to Give, in Complete and Accurate Statement, in the Light of the Most Recent Advances in Knowledge, and in the Readiest Form for Popular Use, the Meaning, Orthography, Pronunciation, and Etymology of All the Words and

bers, and half a dozen trustworthy philologists would have come nearer constituting the ideal committee. The general law we refer to is simply this: Accent in our tongue is recessive; it works backwards to the root, or, in cases where the root and first syllable do not coincide, to the first syllable, the qualifying laws being euphony and the distribution of secondary accents in polysyllabic words. Hence, of two pronunciations, both of which have some vogue, that is preferable which illustrates most thoroughly the recessive tendency. So far as we can see, *A Standard* has not followed this safe historically sound rule in its treatment of disputed pronunciations. The familiar noun "accessory" will serve to illustrate. Preference is given to "acces'sory," although the weight of dictionary authority, to say nothing of the consensus of the choicest usage, makes for "ac'cessory," which would have the further decisive merit of being in consonance with the main law just explained. At the present juncture, when both accentuations are heard in the mouths of users of good English, it is better philology to adopt "ac'cessory."

As to the spelling of words in general, — a subject of far more practical interest than that of strict phonetics, — hearty praise may be bestowed upon *A Standard*, which moves further towards the proper goal than does the *Century*; that goal being a closer correspondence of vocal sound and written symbol. The *Century* approves of the amended spellings of the American Philological Society, and prints the list as an appendix; but its later rival gives, in the body of its work, these spellings as the first or preferred form. Thus, in the *Century*, "woe," its first spelling, is balanced by "wo" in *A Standard*; the former dictionary giving "wo" lower down as a proposed innovation. The bolder plan of *A Standard* will be welcomed by all having at heart a more sensible and easy native orthography. As all philologists are aware, the

objection to an approximation to phonetic orthography, that it destroys etymological flavors, while introducing spellings which strike the layman as amusing, is never made by those best informed; scholars indeed having been at pains to say again and again that, on the whole, etymology would be helped, not hindered, by such changes. One of the most convenient applications of this improved orthography will be found in the dictionary's spelling of chemical terms; "sulfid," "morphin," and the like will speedily come into common use if the scientists will start the innovation, for then the wayfaring man will regard them as having authority. The change, too, of the final *d* and *ed* to *t*, when so pronounced, raises hopes of the eventual disappearance of an eye-cheat of long standing, which an occasional sturdy scholar or maker of letters like Walter Savage Landor has set at defiance from aforetime. The dictionary has been wisely cautious in stopping ere the danger-line is crossed and the customary forms are visited too roughly. But the main fact, that a popular dictionary should be a pioneer in the matter of improved and approved spelling, is cause for rejoicing, and should do much for the amelioration of existent evils.

In the handling of definitions, with their illustrative quotations, the *Century* has an advantage over *A Standard*, partly to be explained by its greater space limits; its quotations are fuller, richer, and the plan, of special utility to the scholar, is followed of indicating the historical development of a given word by arranging the passages chosen in chronological order. *A Standard*, reversing this, gives the definitions, with the quotations, in what it calls the order of usage, the present-day use first. As a result, it appeals more to the average patron, and less to the student having a nice appreciation of obsolete or obsolescent meanings. This, with its aim in mind, can hardly be called a fault; to many, indeed, it will seem a virtue. A couple of ex-

amples by way of illustration. In the *Century*, under the word “girl,” we are told at the outset that it refers to “a young person, whether a boy or a girl, but most frequently meaning a girl,” which is exasperatingly indefinite, while the information, familiar to students of Chaucer, that “girl” was originally applied to either sex, adds here to the confusion. The second definition, “A female child,” etc., is what most inquirers wish to know before aught else. *A Standard*, contrariwise, begins, “*girl*. 1. A female infant or child, or a young unmarried woman,” which is much more comprehensive, and not until the fourth definition do we meet with, “A child of either sex.” Again, in the case of the word “knave,” one of the many English words which have come down in the world since its original state of innocence, the *Century* reads, “1. A boy; a boy as a servant; a fellow. 2. A friend; a crony. 3. A false, deceitful fellow.” Whereas *A Standard*, concerned primarily with the modern connotation, reads first, “A person of habitual dishonesty; tricky, deceitful man; mean scoundrel; rogue;” relegating the information as to the earlier inoffensive significance to a subordinate fourth place. The superiority of this method for practical purposes is obvious. Of the definitions themselves, it must be said that they are often clearer and more comprehensive than their correspondents in the *Century*, and this in departments least to be looked for,—a conclusion that anybody examining the respective treatments of the words “literature” and “poetry” will quickly reach. The cross-references are, as a rule, satisfactory, and the system of grouping a list of special terms under their generic noun, as in the case of the handicrafts, is carried to a fullness never before attempted; thus 275 words bearing on carpentry follow that trade-term. In gathering the quotations, modern authors are prevailingly drawn upon; this again being an advantage or otherwise according to one’s

point of view, but unquestionably a course to be commended by the larger number. The referring of the quotation to author, work, chapter, and page is also an innovation, and one which at once proves its desirability.

The etymologies, so far as we have been able to examine them, are sound, and in connection with them must be mentioned one of the very best practical improvements of the dictionary: we refer to the relegation of the etymological information to modest parentheses at the end of the article. In this way, those who read as they run get their definition (always what they chiefly want) unclouded by the learned, technical knowledge which in all precedent books of the kind flaunts itself in a prominent place and type. This simple change is so admirable, so truly popular, that it is astounding it has never been thought of and put into play before. It is the testimony of librarians that plain people who consult their treasures are confused and balked constantly by the older method of lugging in the etymological apparatus immediately after the word,—a violation of the natural organic way of acquiring knowledge by moving from the simple and easy to the more complex and special. The dictionary is progressive also in its clearer, more systematic use of compounds, written as one word or with the German double hyphen, in accordance with the principle of a greater or less degree of unity. This is a needed improvement in a matter where confusion worse confounded has long reigned; every man writing English being a law unto himself in respect of compounding words.

A Standard follows the *Century* in its generous treatment of idioms, colloquialisms, and especially so-called Americanisms, those variations of the parent stock indigenous to the development of English in the United States. Both dictionaries, in truth, are an immense advance upon anything previous in catho-

licity anent the unconventionalities of speech: the latter gives more space to idiomatic locutions, American and British, and hence is more of a treasure-house for this piquant division of the subject; but the former, considering its limits, is very comprehensive. It would not be difficult to criticise A Standard both for exclusions and inclusions under the head of idiomatic phrases, as where it gives in its treatment of the word "girl," above adverted to, the expression "summer girl" (not characterizing it as slang, which it should have done), but does not mention "maiden girl," a much more respectable phrase in *lingua jocosa*. The Century shows itself hospitable to slang, admitting words and expressions by the score that would have horrified Noah Webster, and been frowned upon by the less critical a dozen years ago; but after all, every year chronicles the incorporation of new idioms, words having, like men, their strange eventful histories, and the street argot of to-day proving to-morrow the language of the drawing-room and of literature. Slang, indeed, is idiom in the making, and it is the wise man who shall say what is fittest to survive. Appearing several years after the Century, we find A Standard including the word or phrase which the other very properly eschewed, or of whose existence it was unaware. Thus, it opens the door to locutions like "to be in it" and "get a move on," which still have a vulgar smack, no doubt, and are not in the Century; but then the latter, in accepting "come off" and other terse neoterisms, is equally daring. Martinets and precisians of language will grumble at such license, but the principle of keeping abreast of the colloquial is entirely a right one, and has in mind that it is the dictionary's business to register far more than to dictate. That such expressions as those cited are in the mouth of young America of the better sort is a fact, like it or not as we may. It gives a vivid sense of the truer conception of

duty held by the modern lexicographer to compare these latest works with that of Smart, to whom the vulgar speech flavors beyond the pale of Belgravia had no interest.

The problem of new terms, more broadly viewed, is one of prime importance, and A Standard, exercising the privilege of any good dictionary latest to see the light, incorporates many thousands of words not to be elsewhere found: a striking example is "appendicitis," which it may surprise those who have not looked for it there already to miss from the Century; of another new word of medical science, now much in use, "anti-toxin," the same is true. Needless to say that a work following A Standard half a dozen years hence will be in a position to supply gaps in a similar fashion. Absolute contemporaneity is the *sine qua non* of comprehensiveness in vocabulary. The separate treatment of proper names and the space devoted to them call for a word of thanks. The Century fills a large supplementary volume with names, and offers the most ambitious attempt of the kind: the omissions, misstatements, and confusion of cross-references therein to be found have been pointed out by various critics; A Standard throws itself open to the same reproach. The seeker after literary light will be grieved justly to find the dictionary innocent of a reference to the existence of Mr. George Meredith or Mr. William D. Howells. But all things are comparative in this world, and leniency is the proper mood when the lack hitherto of material of the kind is remembered. The Century, and A Standard in less degree, gather together a great mass of information, and, *pace* shortcomings, earn gratitude by even tentative efforts. A useful fresh article in the latter is that on Faulty Diction, for it furnishes a ready aid which can be invoked in the innumerable disputes over alleged solecisms, and maybe the bloodless but bitter word-

wars of the past will be diminished through its agency.

A word may be said on the mechanical excellence of the dictionary in general, facilitating its handling and examination; and in particular as to the convenience of the work through its use of the Denison Patent Index, a time-saving device which speaks for itself. The practical efficacy of a reference book daily consulted rests in its easy manipulation and accessibility; and an index of this kind is of the highest utilitarian value, a fact recognized by the International.

Such are some of the salient features of this work, as they may strike the literary worker who explores *A Standard* and tests its quality, — a few characteristics, where

many more might be touched upon. Enough, however, has been said to imply the opinion, in fine, that this is, on the whole, a soundly constructed, progressive popular dictionary of encyclopædic nature; one that, in spite of occasional slips, and always having in mind its purpose, offers a most satisfactory compromise in the shape of a dictionary of comparatively moderate price and compass. This is high praise, but it seems to be deserved. For more purely historical and scholarly investigation the Century presents superiority; while the great New English Dictionary (Dr. Murray's) will, for such purposes and problems, be the authority for years after its completion.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and Criticism. The fifth volume of the new edition of Poe, under the charge of Messrs. Stedman and Poe, contains *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* and *The Journal of Julius Rodman*. We shall give the entire work more careful notice when it is complete. (Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) — The new series of Thomas Hardy's novels is continued by the issue of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, to which a humorous little preface is prefixed, and which is adorned with a frontispiece etched by H. Macbeth-Raeburn and a map of the Wessex of the novels. (Harpers.) — *The Women of Shakespeare*, by Louis Lewes, Ph. D. Translated by Helen Zimmern. (Putnams, New York; Hodder Brothers, London.) The good sense shown by the author in his preface, in which he emphatically disclaims any attempt to discover reconcile systems of philosophy in the great dramas, and evinces other signs of critical sanity, and the modest candor of the avowal that he cannot promise to say much that is new, naturally prepossess the reader in favor of what proves a rather commonplace book and a hardly needed addition to English Shakespearean literature, whatever may

have been its usefulness in its original form. The persons likely to be attracted by the volume will find the sketch of the poet's life and time and of the rise of the English drama an oft-told tale, while Mrs. Jameson has anticipated all that is best in the studies of Shakespeare's women. It is noticeable that while generous space is accorded to some of the characters of early or doubtful plays, little more than three pages of most ineffective criticism is found sufficient for *Rosalind* (with *Celia* thrown in), — still another illustration of the truth which the editor of the *Variorum Shakespeare* has set forth, that *As You Like It*, that "almost flawless chrysolite of a comedy," is so essentially English that it is well-nigh incomprehensible to the readers of other races. — The seventh and eighth volumes of the attractive new edition of Defoe's *Romances and Narratives* are occupied with *The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders*. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) — The latest addition to Messrs. Macmillan & Co's. series of standard novels is a volume containing *Annals of the Parish* and *The Ayrshire Legatees*. We hardly like to speak of this reprint as a revival of

tales which, with one other of their author's, *The Provost*, should surely take a high place among Scottish classics, yet we fear that nowadays, even to the tolerably well read, Galt is often little more than a name. Had he been a less voluminous — and unequal — writer, his few altogether admirable works probably would not have been, out of Scotland, so nearly forgotten. If it were not so, it would be almost an impertinence, at this late day, to praise the stories here given, and recount some of their excellent qualities, their insight, humor, freedom from exaggeration of every kind, and above all their lifelikeness; for in these studies Galt was a realist of the best sort, two generations before the use and abuse of the term. Canon Ainger contributes an appreciative introduction, and the book is very well illustrated by Charles E. Brock. — The third and concluding volume of *The Best Plays of Ben Jonson*, in the *Mermiad Series* (imported by Scribners), contains *Volpone*, *Epicoene*, and *The Alchemist*. Brief but sufficient introductions are prefixed to each play, and an etched portrait of William Cartwright, from the picture in the Dulwich Gallery, serves as frontispiece. — The July number of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, which with all its comprehensiveness modestly calls itself *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles*, covers the words from *Deject* to *Depravation*. (Macmillan.) — *Old Pictures of Life*, by David Swing. (Stone & Kimball.) The title of these two little volumes is somewhat misleading; they should have been called, rather, *Pictures of Ancient Life*. Light essays in a simple, picturesque style, they reproduce for us some of the familiar scenes of history and fiction. *A Greek Orator*, *A Roman Gentleman*, *Cordelia* and *Antigone*, *Thoughts on Greek Literature*, — these are some of the subjects in the first volume; while the contents of the second are somewhat more contemporary and varied. *The Submerged Centuries*, *An Injured World*, *Excess*, *The Novel*, — in these and a few more essays we have the meditations of a sane and hopeful mind, set down with an orderliness that is quite charming; the last utterance of one of those courageous, helpful men who are the backbone of a nation. — *Literature of the Georgian Era*. (Harpers.) The late Professor Minto, in these lectures to students, now posthumously published, has not

made it convincingly clear that the time of the four Georges was a distinct literary period. Nor was Mr. Minto's hand unsubdued by journalism, in which he worked so long. After these two statements of exception, which may seem important to a few readers, it is a pleasure to observe that the book is far more readable than most volumes of its sort; and a method that is now too discursive, and again too anecdotic, for effective concentration, will but serve to heighten the interest of the unstudious and uncritical public in a series of lively papers which has Pope and Shelley for its temporal limits. The fact of Minto's extraordinary power as a teacher is little or not at all displayed in his written word, and only those who knew the man can read between not infrequently commonplace lines the tone of his voice, the glance of his eye, and the intimate, inspiring force of the spoken word.

Finance. *Government and Co., Limited*, an Examination of the Tendencies of Privilege in the United States, by Horatio W. Seymour. (McClurg.) A small volume, in which the writer endeavors to arouse the attention of what he calls the great middle class to the dangers which lie in the way of the American republic through privileges due chiefly to a protective tariff. His voice is loud, but his cry is somewhat inarticulate. — *Honest Money, Coin's Fallacies Exposed*, by Stanley Waterloo. (The Equitable Publishing Co., Chicago.) — *A Freak in Finance*, or *The Boy Teacher Taught*, Answer to *Coin's Financial School*, by J. F. Cargill. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.) — *Cash versus Coin*, an Answer to *Coin's Financial School*. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) — *Coin at School in Finance*, by George E. Roberts. (W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago.) — *Money: Gold, Silver, or Bimetallism*, by Melville D. Landon, "Eli Perkins." (Chas. H. Kerr & Co.)

Fiction. *An Experiment in Altruism*, by Elizabeth Hastings. (Macmillan.) Half a dozen characters are set forth, showing various attitudes toward the solution of the problems which confront earnest-minded men and women in our great cities, — a woman doctor, an altruist, a reformer, an anarchist, the writer herself who tells the story, a sort of old-maid-of-all-work, as nearly as one can say, besides two or three characters who are bystanders. A little love-story is inwoven, but the main purpose

of the book appears to be to fire off epigrams. Every character except the baby has a cartridge-box full. There is much smoke, and now and then a wounded person is carried off the field; but after the cartridge-boxes are emptied and the air is clear, the impartial reader is not quite sure just what the battle has been about, or whether it is not a sham fight. With so much cleverness as the author shows, her characters are little more than unembodied souls with names. — *The Master*, by I. Zangwill. (Harpers.) It is impossible not to regret the misdirected labor which has been expended upon this ponderous book. We have seldom met a novel, so excellent at its best, in which padding, sometimes brilliant, sometimes journalistic, sometimes commonplace or even trivial in quality, forms so appreciable an element. The work has little of the spontaneity of the writer's Jewish tales, nor does it compare favorably with them in sincerity, graphic power, insight, humor, and pathos. As we have intimated, the melancholy story of *Matthew Strang* is in parts exceedingly well told; but the volume as a whole impresses the reader as simply a task in bookmaking set himself by a clever man who holds the pen of a ready writer. — Those who find *The Master* disappointing can turn for solace to *The Children of the Ghetto*, a new edition of which has been issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. In this form the book will probably be seen for the first time by many American readers, to whom it can be heartily commended as a work which, notwithstanding faults of construction, fairly compels interest and admiration, so vivid, sympathetic, and forcible are its sketches of a peculiar people. — *Almayer's Folly*, a Story of an Eastern River, by Joseph Conrad. (Macmillan.) In spite of plainly evident marks of inexperience on the writer's part, there is undeniable power in this tale, as well as a somewhat unusual measure of freshness and originality. The weak, visionary Almayer, if not an attractive, is a very real figure. Having early wrecked his life in marrying a Malay woman, whose thin veneer of civilization rapidly disappeared, thinking through her to obtain wealth which never comes, though he dreams of it unceasingly, he drags out twenty years of miserable existence amongst half-savage Malays and Arabs, on the banks of the Pantai in Bor-

neo. The story tells of his final and fatal disappointment, when, as the last hope of fortune vanishes, his daughter, the only creature dear to him, leaves him for a husband of her mother's race. The scene, a new one in fiction, of this wretched tragedy is depicted with a vividness which must make it visible even to an unimaginative reader. — *Maureen's Fairing*, and Other Stories, by Jane Barlow. Iris Series. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) The eight stories in this little volume should have been but seven, for *An Escape* is quite out of place in this collection of Irish sketches, and its merits hardly entitle it to longer life than is to be found in the pages of a magazine. Otherwise the book is, speaking with some reservations, a not unfit successor of *Irish Idylls*, showing the same delicacy of touch and fine artistic sense, the same genuine but restrained pathos and delightful humor. The latter quality predominates, for the village of Ballyhoy, where several of these little dramas are enacted, is a more cheerful place than Lisconnel. A love of orderliness, a trait which the inhabitants of either hamlet would hold in small esteem, makes us regret that the two pleasant child-stories should not have been placed next each other and in their proper sequence, as the one given last should really serve as an introduction to the other. — *Jacqueline*, par Th. Bentzon. (Calmann Lévy.) The lady whose pen-name is Th. Bentzon is perhaps best known in this country as an admirable translator and critic of the higher class of American fiction, of which she has a rarely sympathetic and accurate knowledge. But work of this kind is only an incident in her literary career, which has been mainly that of a novelist. She is hardly at her best in her latest tale, though it shows throughout the ease and skill of a graceful writer and an accomplished story-teller. As often before, her heroine is a young girl, in this case one well born and bred, but as unlike as possible the conventional *jeune fille*. Indeed, through a succession of painful experiences, her personal knowledge of the evil of the world at last far exceeds that likely to be acquired by her English and American compeers. There are many deft touches in the portraiture of Jacqueline, and true ones as well, as for instance in the intimations given of her love for Hubert Marien, the imaginary sentiment of a

schoolgirl for a mature man; but often the persons concerned in her history, however cleverly described, exist for the story, and somehow fail to strongly impress the reader with their vitality. — The sixth and seventh volumes of the Incognito Library (Putnams) are, *A Gender in Satin*, by Rita, and *Every Day's News*, by R—. Rita's novelette is, as usual, of a conventional "modern" sort, and of course introduces us to the giddy, elegant, heartless woman of fashion, and the gifted, fascinating cynic whom we know so well. Naturally, the latter destroys the peace of mind of the good heroine, but she has a husband still better than herself, whose love and patience, we are led to believe, will in the end win the victory. Thus, the tale, though of to-day, is moral. The author has skill enough to make it readable, and it will be forgotten as soon as read. *Every Day's News* is a much better book. The superficially clever, cold-hearted, and vulgar young writer, who catches the tone of the day, and produces novels, psychological, immoral, and worthless, which are widely praised and peculiarly successful, is very well and truly sketched, as are all the other women who figure in the story. Mr. Henry James's influence is plainly perceptible in the author's manner and style. — *The Countess Bettina, the History of an Innocent Scandal*. (Putnams.) The inspiration of this tale is not far to seek. If *The Prisoner of Zenda* and some of its successors had not been written, we probably should never have had *The Countess Bettina*. The hero, though naturally less brilliant and entertaining, bears a strong family resemblance to the self-possessed, ready-witted man of the world with whom Mr. Anthony Hope has made us acquainted, and the adventures of Jack Dalton are to the full as improbable as those of his prototype, if not quite so skillfully conceived and worked out. His story is told with considerable spirit, and is always readable. — *Jack O'Doon*, by Maria Beale. (Holt.) A story of the North Carolina coast, wherein the lovely and refined daughter of a rough and eccentric retired sea-captain, a lowly born but sublimely heroic sailor, and a well-born but rather unheroic artist work out their destinies. In this case, the artist wins. The tale is not without cleverness, but is weak in characterization, somewhat mannered in style,

and drags in the telling. In brief, it is amateurish, but promising. — *Doctor Izard*, by Anna Katharine Green [Mrs. Charles Rohlf]. (Putnams.) The story of the making, career, and unmasking of a Claimant, wherein the writer shows her usual skill in the fabrication and unraveling of mysteries. — *The Idiot*, by John Kendrick Bangs. (Harpers.) A volume of amusing conversation at a boarding-house table. The character who gives the title to the book does most of the talking, and his monologues are generally readable. The author shares the common fate of humorists who are prolific writers in that his fun sometimes appears forced; but as a whole this little volume affords most entertaining reading, and makes one wish for more from the same source. — *Princeton Stories*, by Jesse Lynch Williams. (Scribners.) A collection of college stories meriting more than passing comment. Beside being well constructed and well told, they breathe a spirit of commendable vigor and manliness. They naturally possess the interest incident to sketches of picturesque student life, but aside from this they betray an unusual aptitude for story-telling on the part of the author. Princeton men are fortunate in having the life of their college so favorably presented to the outside world. — *Foam of the Sea, and Other Tales*, by Gertrude Hall (Roberts), will strengthen its author's title to that place among our most careful and imaginative writers which her first volume of stories won for her. These fairy tales for grown-ups are more mystic, more remote from common humanity than the earlier little romances; they are godchildren of the *Twice-Told Tales*, and with their Hawthornesque flavor they have occasionally something of Hawthorne's power. But the book cannot be called an improvement on *Far From To-Day*; and one must hope that Miss Hall will not forget the rich dramatic life of those earlier creations, to lose herself in dreams, even though they should be as beautiful as *Garden Deadly*. — *A Street in Suburbia*, by Edwin Pugh (Appleton), is in some respects an English counterpart of *Chimmie Fadden*. The cockney dialect, however, is not likely to win so many readers in this country as the more familiar Bowery lingo; and the Englishman's humor is not so compelling as Mr. Townsend's.

Travel and Description. Lotos-Time in Japan, by Henry T. Finck (Scribners), is an interesting record of the author's experiences and observations in Japan during the months of July and August. Mr. Finck took a pair of keen but friendly eyes with him and kept them wide open, and he tells his story in a racy and entertaining style, though his pages are marred by at least one particularly bad pun. We should expect the author of *Romantic Love* and *Personal Beauty* to have something worth saying about Japanese women, and it is interesting to know that he found them remarkably pretty and charming, and, except while walking, graceful. In summing up, Mr. Finck considers the civilization superior to ours in the most essential points. "Japanese civilization is based on altruism, ours on egotism." The book has sixteen full-page illustrations from photographs. But what becomes of the Japanese smile, when these people are being photographed? Can it be that they are never told to look pleasant? — Attractive and inexpensive summer books are Macmillan's Miniature Series in paper covers. The first volumes reissued in this form are Winter's Shakespeare's England, and *The Friendship of Nature*, by Mabel Osgood Wright. — The Boston Picture Book. (Irving P. Fox, 8 Oliver St., Boston.) An oblong paper-covered book, containing over one hundred views of buildings, monuments, portraits, and bits of scenery in and about Boston, from photographs. The points are well chosen, and the general effect is good.

Music and the Drama. Letters of a Baritone, by Francis Walker. (Scribners.) From letters written during his student days in Florence Mr. Walker has made an exceedingly readable and interesting volume. Heartily believing in Italy as the land to which students of singing should continue to resort, he also owns that "the unscrupulous, plausible wrecker of voices is to be found everywhere," and it is with the hope — a hope that should be largely justified — of saving other aspirants from some of the difficulties he encountered that he publishes this record of his experiences. Not only are his technical hints and suggestions eminently wise and sound, but he gives information as to ways and means which must prove helpful and encouraging to the rather numerous company of impecu-

nious American students. His good sense, and enthusiastic and at the same time intelligent devotion to his art command the respect of the reader, whom, as we have before intimated, he never fails to interest, even when he writes of life in Italy other than in its musical aspects. — Mr. William Winter, who writes criticisms of the modern stage as if he loved to, and not as if he had to, publishes a third series of his *Shadows of the Stage* (Macmillan), a collection, well ordered, of his occasional comment. In one or two instances, as in the final chapters, he gives broad generalizations which are interesting, but start more questions than they answer. It is refreshing to meet with such honest, old-fashioned views as those which run amuck of Ibsen. The universal stage includes this gentleman, but the orthodox stage reads him out of meeting with a delightful serenity of faith.

Nature and Science. Introduction to Elementary Practical Biology, a Laboratory Guide for High-School and College Students, by Charles Wright Dodge. (Harpers.) The object of this book is to promote original investigation in the study of biology. To this end, the directions for dissecting each organism are followed by a series of questions which are to be answered from the student's own observations. It will easily be seen that this is entirely different from the old-fashioned plan of question and answer in the text. The design is, of course, to make the student more independent of "the book," and at the same time more thorough in his examination of specimens. Unicellular organisms, animals (from sponges to frogs), and plants (from the lowest to the highest) are taken up in order. The volume is intended to be used with the assistance of an instructor. — *Insects and Insecticides*, a Practical Manual concerning Noxious Insects and the Methods of Preventing their Injuries, by Clarence M. Weed. Revised Edition. (Orange Judd.) Almost every useful plant — herb, shrub, or tree — has one or more insect enemies against which eternal warfare must be waged, and this excellent handbook in its enlarged and improved form, with nearly two hundred illustrations, can hardly fail to be of the greatest value to farmers and horticulturists. While the author's name is a sufficient guarantee of scientific accuracy and thoroughness, the book is emi-

nently practical in method, and insects affecting fruits, shade-trees, ornamental plants, vegetables, etc., are treated of in turn, without reference to technical classification. By way of criticism, it seems to us that sufficient stress is not laid on the value of birds as destroyers of insects, and the great importance of protecting them. The good work of the cuckoos among tent caterpillars and of the rose-breasted grosbeak with the potato beetles, for instance, should not have been ignored. — Lectures on the Darwinian Theory, delivered by the late Arthur Milnes Marshall. Edited by C. F. Marshall. (Macmillan.) This is a remarkably lucid exposition of Darwinism, given in eight interesting lectures, aided by many illustrations, both verbal and pictorial. The first lecture is on the history of the theory of evolution, and the volume closes with a chapter on Darwin's life and work. The author seems to share Wallace's opinion as to sexual selection, and dismisses it with very few words, but otherwise he is in entire sympathy with his subject.

Poetry. *Ad Sodales*, by Frank Taylor (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford), is a little paper-covered volume of forty pages of very graceful and finished society verse. The sureness of touch and lightness of fancy betoken a new scholar in the school of Locker and Praed. — *The End of Elflintown*, by Jane Barlow. Illustrated by Laurence Housman. (Macmillan.) This is a little fairy tale done in a fitting verse form, delicate and easy. It is another tiny straw to show us which way the wind of romance is blowing. So, at least, no doubt, Mr. W. B. Yeats and the younger Celts would have us believe. Mr. Housman's drawings are a delightful addition to the volume. — *First Poems and Fragments*, by P. H. Savage (Copeland & Day), is a modest first book, with the virtues of sincerity and simplicity, of that school of meditative verse whose traditions (and inspirations, indeed) are mainly derived from Emerson or Wordsworth, — the school to which Mr. William Watson and Mr. Archibald Lampman belong. Mr. Savage, however, has none of the felicity of phrase of his Canadian contemporary, while he has all of the Londoner's perilous lack of magnetism. One admires the seriousness of such a first volume, but one misses the ruddy drop of human blood.

Education and Textbooks. Foundation

Studies in Literature, by Margaret S. Mooney (Silver, Burdett & Co.), gives in briefest outline some of the best known classic myths, illustrating each with extensive quotations from modern poetry and half-tone reproductions of famous pictures. "This volume has been prepared for students who are old enough to understand that literature is one of the fine arts." — *Selections from Herrick*, edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr. (Ginn), in the Athenæum Press Series, is a careful piece of work. If the editor gives us no new criticism of this master of the lyric, he is at least sane and free from pedantry. There is a glossary, a bibliography, and a good introduction, beside notes in plenty. — *Endymion*, by John Lyly. Edited by George P. Baker. (Holt.) Mr. Baker's introduction to this play is so scholarly and thorough that one is not disposed to quarrel with the fact that it occupies two thirds of the volume. It is really an exhaustive essay on Lyly and his relation to Elizabeth's court, and makes an extremely valuable addition to this series of English Readings. — *Specimens of Exposition*, selected and edited by Hammond Lamont (Holt), is one of the series of textbooks, English Readings. The authors presented for study include Matthew Arnold, Burke, James Bryce, Professor Huxley, John Richard Green, Mommsen, Frederick Denison Maurice, William Archer, George C. V. Holmes, Adam Smith, and Josiah Royce. — *Rhetoric, its Theory and Practice*, by Austin Phelps and H. A. Frink. (Scribners.) Another illustration of the educational truth that the letter is deadly, and that a teacher, if he hopes to be present in spirit, must also be present in the flesh, is copiously offered by this new-old textbook of rhetoric. The basis of it is the late Professor Austin Phelps's *English Style in Public Discourse*; the superstructure, by Professor H. A. Frink, of Amherst College, has been raised upon Phelps's well-known lectures, with the hope of making the whole work serve all the usual purposes of instruction in rhetoric. "The essential elements of literary power and beauty," says Mr. Frink, "are indefinable, illusive, and are not to be communicated by direct instruction." Yet Mr. Frink quotes twice and with approval Professor Earle's remark that "the oral is the source and parent of all that is developed in the literary,"

and we are consequently the more surprised at his constant implication that the art of what he calls oral address can be better taught than skill in writing. As a matter of fact, in the present case, the original element of Phelps is much more valuable than the added element of Frink; and therefore, so far as the joint book is concerned, Mr. Frink's implication is justified. The many examples of good English have been chosen with judgment, but the authors use too often the dangerous expedient of bad English as a warning. Neither author shows a feeling for style in his own manner of writing. Mr. Frink often permits himself the "periodic" inversion dear to rhetoricians; and in one instance of this, at least, he has come perilously near what the natural man will think bad grammar. The distinctions between words are sometimes arbitrary, and in the article of "memory" used for "reminiscence" Mr. Frink has the great example of Landor against him.

Practical Religion. Master and Men, or The Sermon on the Mountain Practiced on

the Plain, by W. B. Wright. (Houghton.) This volume is one of the signs of the times, for it is an earnest translation of the sermon on the mount in the terms of modern life. We say modern life, though among the biographical studies which intercalate the studies of the several texts are St. Paul, Moses, Socrates, King Alfred, and George Fox, along with George Macdonald and General Gordon; for these older worthies are conceived in the spirit of the present day. Mr. Wright looks with almost painful clearness into the direct sun of righteousness. — *The Heresy of Cain*, by George Hodges. (Thomas Whittaker, New York.) A score of discourses refreshingly direct, candid, and practical. They are the words of a man to men, who is not less a man for being a clergyman, and no less a minister of God for being a sympathetic, almost homely man. The book rings true, and comes from a nature generously alive to the needs and cries of the struggling human being who is enmeshed in modern industrial society.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Byways of
the Bee.

THAT exemplar of industry presented for our childhood's contemplation, the honey-bee, has many little habits not specified in the rhyme setting forth its estimable qualities. One such habit has always filled me with special delight, for its blending of thrift and happy-go-lucky desultoriness. It is a fact well known to the observer of the ways of the hive that our "busy bee" will often make honey from any sweet substance it comes across, perhaps even neglecting the "opening flower" to do this. An overripe and bursting grape, the pomace of cider, the careful housewife's store of marmalade or of jelly, is sometimes as attractive to the industrious insect as is the nectar secreted by the flower. Whatever our bees do, doubtless also the bees of Hybla and Parnassus did; at any rate, the purveyors of the Muses' honey, to this day, often go hither and thither, sipping a drop here and a *souçon* there from sweets already crystallized, but now to be changed into some new ambro-

sial form. And as bees more frequently do this when their hives are stored for the winter, — by way of diversion, perhaps, in the boon and lazy sunshine of autumn, — the poet's gleanings are made in a like season of *insouciance*. At such times, he indulges himself in translating bits of his favorite old authors, tries his hand at parody, experiments with quaint measures and archaic diction, or turns into verse some tempting suggestion thrown out by a brother writer in prose. By and by, he will have filled, as it were, a whole compartment of his hive with snatches and fragments of song, of which the taster will be at no loss to detect the original source; but at the same time, if a fair and generous taster, he may allow that the bee-poet has added some flavor, some sweetness, referable to his own peculiar process of crystallization; or, if not this, at least shall the frank translucence of the latter's borrowings disarm serious displeasure on the part of the taster. With such and no farther apology is offered the

subjoined miscellaneous handful of translation, paraphrase, or parody. The boldest hazard of all shall be made first, — some attempted rendering into English of those Greek lines of wondrous beauty, forever cut into the marble of Shelley's *Adonais* :

To living men thou wast the star that brought the light ;
Shine now among the dead, the Hesper of their night.

CARMEN III. BOOK I.

(HORACE.)

So guide thee the Love that queens it in Cyprus,
The Brothers of Helen so shine on thy way,
And so the great Father of Winds, with strict fetter,
Bind down every gale that would drive thee astray ;
That thou, O fair Ship, so dearly entrusted
With Virgil, mayst ride with all speed to thy goal,
And yield him up safe in his far Attic haven,
And so be preserved the one half of my soul !

Surely, a strength as of triple-plate armor
And fibre of oak his heart did inclose,
Who first in frail boat essayed the wroth Ocean,
Nor yet was affrighted when Africus rose
Swift to join battle with northern-bred tempests,
Or the Hyades gloomed, or Notus held sway,—
Mighty sea-despot, unmastered, all-powerful
To raise the wild waters, or smoothly allay !
What onset of Death need he fear, who, intrepid,
Had seen the rough wake of the sea's giant flocks,
The boiling white surge, and the Acroceraunian
Terror of steep-fronted, bolt-riven rocks ?
* * * * *

"THE LETTER THOU HAST WRITTEN ME."

(HEINE.)

The letter thou hast written me,
It does my hope no wrong !
Thou lov'st me not ? So let it be.
But ah, thy letter 's long !

Twelve pages, — yes, and closely penned,
A manuscript in small :
Not so one writes when one would send
Farewell for good and all !

SUGGESTED BY "A PUZZLING TALE."

(GRIMM.)

Three lilies bloom in the meadow gay ;
Above the grass how they toss and sway !
Their velvet faces together they lay.

Alike they are tall, alike they are straight,
And alike they keep their queenly state,
While the sighing zephyrs upon them wait.

Not lilies are they, but ladies fair ;
The spell of a wizard hath chained them there,
And they toss and sway in their despair !
* * * * *

Once, at the time of even-song,
One of the three, whose love was strong,
Sundered the charm that held her long ;

And her joy was great, as her love was great,
When she came, in the dusk, to her own sad gate
And him who had sought her early and late.

"Thou hast mourned me truly, both night and day ;
I have seen thee pass on thy sorrowing way,
As hapless I stood in the meadow gay.

"And I lifted my face, and strove to speak,
And tell thee, the one whom thine heart did seek
Rose in thy pathway, a blossom weak.

"And now, if thine eyes have skill to see
And choose thine own from among the three,
Pluck me to-morrow, and I 'll be free ! "

Soon as the day began to dawn,
Back must the lady in haste be gone,
Into her flower-cell close withdrawn.

How shall her lord make choice aright ?
Two lilies are drenched with the dew of night,
But the third stands tearless, and straight, and bright !

A moment he pauses, with doubting eye :
He passes the two so quickly by ;
He gathers the third, with a joyful cry.

Up by her hand the lady he drew,
One kiss he caught from her lips so true,
And away through the morning fields they flew.

A FEBRUARY FYRE.

Our fyre is fed with burrs and thornes,
Envies and malice, slights and scornes, —
Whatever, as we pass along,
Doth cling to us to doe us wrong.

Our friendly fyre doth also drawe
All winnowed chaffe and rubbish strawe,
All dead leaves sodden by the raine ;
All ydle griefes and dotings vaine ;
Which throwing in the fyre, we start,
And run our waye, with easie heart.
For nowe, the winter being past,
The Yeare's new seed abroad is cast,
And the faire Garden of the minde,
New bourgeoning, shall the Gardener finde.

TO EARLIE VIOLETS.

Spring is soe untender,
She doth frowne
Laughters downe ;
E'en smiles offend her !

Since she doth despise ye,
Goe and finde
Service kinde
With one will prize ye.

To my lady run ye ;
She will bende,
Soe, and spende
Sweet sighes upon ye !

'T is enough ye meet her ;
Though ye die
'Neath her eye,
What dethe were sweeter ?

THE MUSTERING OF GRAY HAIRS.

White are thy temples, and gray is thy crown, ere the season of frost ;

But the hairs of thy head all are numbered and named, as a militant host.

They gather invincible, crowd on thee ever, from gray growing white ;

Thou regardest thy face, snow-framed, in the pitiless visions of night,

As legion on legion they witness, in toneless yet penetrant voice :

(Drear their notation, yet hearken thou must, for thou hast not thy choice :)

"*Fear* are we called, and we blanch as the earth in gelid December

Ere the cloud-prisoned flakes their way of descent out of heaven remember."

"*Hope - against - Hope* are we called, and we blanch as the young blades of spring,

In the treacherous nights, overswept by a cold and invisible wing."

"*Travail-of-Soul* are we called, and we blanch as the waters that leap

When the cataract draws, and rage in white wrath at the foot of the steep."

"*We* are called *Vain Desire*. We blanch as the sands on the shore,

That ever, since ead, the tides sweep under, fling up, and outpour."

"*We* are called *Vigil-and-Sorrow*. We blanch as the night at the wane,

When Darkness and Dawn meet unknown in a pallor of mist and of rain."

"*We* are called *Break-Heart Remorse*. We blanch as the old field of stubble,

Where the feet of the passer in crimson imprint the legend of trouble."

"*We* are called *Passion-Burnt-Out*. We blanch as when embers corrode,

And the gray film gathers like moss where the rose-flame panted and glowed."

Thus, in the pitiless visions of night, thy face shall appear

Framed with white hairs ; and the numbers and names of their host thou shalt hear.

Lastly, the fence being pulled down by many laborious versifiers, the Muse easily finds herself in Gallic fields ; or, to return to our metaphor of the apiary, the bee-poet, with a sip of culinary sweets, takes a careless farewell.

THE CRANBERRY TART.

(VILLANELLE.)

All honor to the Cranberry Tart,
And her who fashioned thee at will,
O rarest work of plastic art !

What memories at thine image start,
How didst thou once our senses thrill !
All honor to the Cranberry Tart !

Awhile fond glances would we dart
Ere we thy sweets would wanton spill,
O rarest work of plastic art !

Each gazer fond, with all his heart,
Would then fall to, and eat his fill.
All honor to the Cranberry Tart !

Our adolescent loves depart ;
But haply thou canst please us still,
O rarest work of plastic art !

Though newer viands, dishes smart,
Invite with Gallic name and skill,
All honor to the Cranberry Tart,
O rarest work of plastic art !

A Tale of Ri- — I have lately read a magazine article on the subject of giants, which attributes to those grotesque monsters great good nature with proportionate small wit. Whether this discrimination be just or otherwise, it recalls a story of two giants, which, in my young days, I received by oral transmission from Gaelic kin of mine beyond the water.

Almost all persons visiting the Giant's Causeway in the north of Ireland, and Fingal's Cave on the west coast of Scotland, have noted the fact that in both places the structures are of the same basaltic rock, apparently carved with exquisite niceness, and so adjusted as to form the greatest natural architectural wonders of the world. The Giant's Causeway projects into the sea, and appears to extend thereunder in the direction of Scotland. Indeed, many physicists regard it as continuous, passing under the water to reappear at Fingal's Cave. Some geologists even maintain that in former days this marvelous stone bridge extended from Scotland to Ireland in unbroken line above the water. It is not thus now, and this is the reason why :—

Once upon a time there lived in the wilds of Galloway a Scottish giant. Like others of his kind, he was bloodthirsty and vain-glorious. Modesty dwelt not in him. So when the rumor came to him that across the causeway (which before these unregenerate days did span the sea from Galloway to Antrim) there dwelt an Irish giant of equal proportions, and nowise his inferior in the use of the long-bow, our Cyclops of Galloway was much troubled in his savage mind. The friends of both parties continued to fan the flame of jealousy which burned in the red breast of the Scotsman, to the end that one day he arose in his wrath, performed what was then understood

as an Highland toilet, and, girding up his loins with mickle tartan, he strode across that causeway in search of his detested rival.

Away in Antrim dwelt the Irish giant, in a cottage built to order so as to contain the greater part of his stalwart person. The Irish giant was married, and a red-haired colleen presided over his hearth. Now, this red-haired colleen was a shrewd little woman, and as, when standing on tiptoe, she scarcely came as high as the giant's knee, she had long regarded him with uplifted eyelids.

On the morning when our story properly begins, Bridget Rua (which is Celtic for Red Biddy) saw speeding over the causeway a form more gigantic, more gruesome, and, if possible, more fell of purpose than that of Paddy her lord. With a glance she divined the errand of the intruder, and, experience having taught her that discretion is the better part of valor, she proceeded to ensconce Paddy in a cradle which yet awaited its occupant. "Lie there, Pat," said she, "and portend ye're asleep."

Scaree was Pat comfortably settled when a heavy step which shook the landscape announced the arrival of Sawney.

"Hoo's a' wi'!"

"Whist, mon!" ejaculated Red Biddy, raising her finger. "Whist, mon, or ye'll wake the child!" again raising the admonitory finger.

A change came over the expression of the doughty Scot. His truculence faltered to astonishment.

"You're joking, mem."

"Divil a joke," said Bridget Rua. "If ye wake the child, there'll be murther when Paddy comes home."

"Yon the chiel?" gurgled the dismayed Scot, glancing suspiciously at the supine figure, which extended four feet beyond the crib in both directions.

"Bedad, if ye wait there till Paddy comes home, ye'll soon larn who the father is, bad 'cess to ye!" said she.

The bewildered Caledonian, his lips frozen with astonishment, once more ejaculated, "Yon the chiel? I'll no stay here."

Whereupon, with such speed as terror gives, this giant of the Galloways hastened back to his native province with so great precipitation that the causeway gave away under him; and certain it is that to this day many and many a mile of blue water foams

and storms between the Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave.

Cannot we trace in Hibernian wit to this day the same dexterous yet artless-seeming ingenuity that informed the clever stratagem of Bridget Rua?

A Northern Berry. — I write to sound the praises of a berry; one that grows the world around in northern countries, but which with us is almost unknown. It is called the cloud-berry in the highlands of Scotland and Wales, in Norway the *multebær*, and in arctic America the yellow-berry. Wherever found and under whatever name, it is admirable.

I saw it first several years ago in Norway, when traveling along the half-beaten track where solid Norwegian comforts could be obtained, and yet where the contaminating influence of the English and American tourist had not made itself felt. Under such propitious circumstances, the fortunate wayfarer may meet the *multebær* accompanied by rich and foamy cream, which is brought to the table in a bedroom pitcher of a noble size. With the advent of the English tourist, the size of the cream-jug and the quality of its contents will deteriorate, and one must not hope to enjoy the *multebær* in its best estate where the Anglo-Saxon tongue is heard.

A *multemyr*, or moor where the *multebær* grows, is a thing of beauty from the time when the white blossoms open, in June, until the frost turns the myr to a mosaic of reds and yellows. The five-petaled flower, three quarters of an inch in diameter, looks, with its yellow centre, like a single white rose. The stem runs along the ground, lifting its blossoms and crinkled dark green leaves above the silvery reindeer moss and alpine plants which surround it. Here are the waxy bells of the arctic cranberry, the pink and white twin flowers of the *Linnaea*, starry saxifrage, marsh marigolds and violets, purple butterwort, and the white orchids spotted with pink called by the Norwegians "our Lady's hand." On the hillocks and higher rocky ledges about the marsh grow tangles of juniper, heather, dwarf birch, and the soft gray tufts of the arctic willow.

Later, when the opening heather is sending a crimson flush over the swells of land, the myr is at its brightest. The solid round fruit, resembling a large raspberry, turns

a vivid scarlet, while the sepals, curving backwards, are a clear gold color. The leaves, too, by this time, are variegated with buff and maroon, and the brilliant berries of the cornel mingle with alpine gentians of an intense blue.

When the berry is quite ripe it is a pale salmon-yellow, cool, refreshing, and with a peculiar honey-like flavor quite its own. The botany says, "It cloyes when eaten in large quantities," but my experience has been that it could never be furnished in an abundance sufficient to produce such a result.

To really appreciate the berry you should gather it yourself, if possible on some barren elevated plateau above tree limit on a fjeld of western Norway. There the air is a delight to breathe, so clean and cool and tonic it is on those wind and storm swept heights, so laden with that aromatic northern fragrance of peat and juniper and heather. In the distance, snow-covered peaks lift themselves above the treeless table-land, and from the precipices come the voices of many streams, blending in a harmony which swells and dies away with the blowing of the winds.

My first gathering of the multebær was one of those happy experiences which come oftenest when unsought. In fact, Gunhilde and I had gone a-fishing for fjeld trout. Gunhilde had no points of resemblance in common with the goddess of northern mythology. She was only a little maiden of eight years, with shy blue eyes and tightly braided flaxen tails. But she was full of kindly, gentle impulses, had the gift of serene silence, and an unwavering love for her barren hills and for trout-fishing.

My light tackle was four thousand miles away, but I did not disdain, therefore, to catch trout by more primitive methods. Gunhilde dug worms in the good old-fashioned way, tying them up in one of her small stockings; then she brought out two young saplings which were to serve as rods, and we started for the fishing-grounds, three miles away.

I will not stop to describe our sport that morning; suffice it to say that Gunhilde and I jerked by main force so many mountain trout from that little stream that we felt fairly entitled to pause, on our way home, at a multemyr, and refresh ourselves largely.

Not only does the multebær grow in comparatively sheltered marshes, but I have found it while passing over the highest ridges of the Hardanger Vidda, a desolate waste where all traces of vegetation had apparently disappeared.

Ole my guide, Freya my pony, and I had had a long, fatiguing day. We had forded swift streams, eaten at noon our *fladbrød* and cheese in a sheltered hollow, and were hurrying to reach a refuge hut still far away, when the sun was low in the sky. For hours the only sign of life had been the whirl of the *ryppen*, or arctic grouse, as they sprang from our feet as we passed, the twittering of the grassfinch's young brood, and the plaintive cry of gray gulls that swept by us as we skirted some rocky lake shores. All day the clouds had hung low, sometimes inclosing us in a chilling gray mist so dense that Ole's figure, only a few steps ahead, loomed vaguely in distorted giant form; then a sudden current of air would toss the mist to right and left, making a clear passage through which we could see a far-off snowy ridge or stretch of glacier. Once, Ole, with a field-glass, had discerned and pointed out to me a herd of wild reindeer feeding on a distant ledge.

Great masses of granite were strewn over the barren ground, where the only trace of vegetation was a few gray lichens. But while passing by a giant boulder which looked like some relic of Druid worship, I saw a glimmer of scarlet and gold. Slipping down from Freya's back, I went to investigate. There was the multebær growing in a little circle where the rock gave it shelter from the keen winds that blew from the ice-fields. The plant was lower and the leaves were smaller, but the berry was just as large, as juicy, as finely flavored, as on the lower levels. Under the lee of each rock I found a small handful of fruit; how refreshing the cool, juicy berries were to our throats, parched with fatigue! We could not have left them ungathered, though we had still far to go, and the setting sun warned us not to linger.

As the twilight approached, the clouds lifted and ranged themselves in majestic masses above the Haukeli Mountains. The sombre colors turned to rose and violet; every snow peak and glistening slope of glacier reflected the changing tints, every little pool seemed aflame, and the great

polished boulders shone as if with inward fires.

In pleasant contrast to my rough Vidda experience was the next appearance of the multebær. It was in the Latin Quarter of Paris; not the truly Bohemian neighborhood near the Pantheon, but the "Annex" beyond the Luxembourg gardens, where the English and American students congregate. I had gone one evening with two artist friends to call on a Norwegian lady, an old resident of Paris. We found her in a cosy little sitting-room, surrounded by trophies of travel and home souvenirs. Our talk ranged widely from land to land, for we were all born wanderers, and eager to exchange suggestions for future jaunts. Before we parted, our hostess, after heating water in a quaint little *bouillotte* among the embers, produced a bottle of *multesaft*, or syrup made of multebær juice and sugar, poured a little into some high glasses, added just a dash of Cognac, filled the glasses with boiling water, and brought out a box of Holland ginger-cakes formed like all manner of men and beasts. Then, with a "*Vær saa god*" from our hostess, we gathered around the tiny table, bright with its curious Norwegian glass and silver. And when we had finished, we three guests stood in a row before the dear old lady, holding up our petticoats on either side, in true peasant fashion, bobbed a little curtsy, and said in chorus, "*Tak for maden*" (Thanks for the food); and she, inclining her snowy head, murmured sweetly, "*Velbekommen*" (May it agree with you).

In America, the multebær, called there the yellow-berry or cloud-berry, is found on the White Mountains at tree limit, in some parts of Maine, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, on the summits of the Canadian Rockies, and throughout the most northern portions of the continent. It is common on the mossy plains near the Polar Sea, but bears fruit there only in favorable seasons.

While taking a long voyage to the delta of the Mackenzie River, in company with the Northern Brigade of the Hudson Bay Company, I saw the cloud-berry on the shores of Great Slave Lake and at several places along the Mackenzie River. At the most northern point, Peel River post, near the Arctic Sea, I found the half-ripe berry on July 15. The natives sometimes preserve

the fruit with syrup made from the sap of the canoe birch tree. This lacks the fine maple flavor, and requires a much larger quantity of sap to form the syrup, but it serves well enough as a substitute for sugar. Even in that country, where life is hard, where the struggle for a bare existence never ceases, there is a summer, a short period when all vegetation seems to spring forward at a bound, when ten days of the unsetting sun is enough to bring leaves from the bud to full perfection. As the snows melt away, the low-growing flowers will be seen already in bloom, and one courageous anemone—the pasque flower—unfolds its fur-covered petals as early on the distant Mackenzie as on the prairies of Minnesota and Dakota.

One night, when still within the arctic circle, we stopped for wood at a place where the steep high banks were crowned by a stunted but dense growth of spruce and white birch. It was midnight, but behind the distant foot-hills of the Rockies the sun's beams glanced towards the zenith, and the great spaces above were all aflame with rose-color.

Going on shore, I climbed over the boulders, among which grew the yellow arnica's showy flowers, Siberian asters, and brilliant blue Mackenzie lupine. The hillside was covered with thickets of rose-bushes and the silver-berry, or *sac-à-commis* of the early voyageurs. Making my way through these, I reached the summit, and entered the freer dusky spaces beneath the trees. Here was a soft twilight, where large gray moths flitted to and fro, and where the only sound was the threadlike plaintive note of some anxious little wood-bird, as, unseen by me, he peered down through the thick branches. Far below I could see the great river shining between the tree-trunks, and hear faintly the voices of the Indians as they ran from the shore to the boat with their burdens of wood.

Moss everywhere! burying the prostrate trees, covering the rugged boulders, filling up hollows, and softening all outlines like a heavy fall of snow. A beautiful carpet, soft as feathers to the touch, formed of miniature fir-trees, palms, and delicate fern patterns. There was the silvery reindeer moss interwoven with sage-green filaments crowned with tiny scarlet salvers, the snowy cetraria, the haircap moss, blood-red peat moss, and dainty gray lichens resting lightly

on the mosses, and bearing a strange resemblance to the dusky moths that hovered above them. My feet sank deep in the soft mosses, and felt the elastic bound of mosses still below, and the breaking and crackling of dry branches of trees long since buried from sight and preserved from decay.

At some former time, Indians had been there for canoe birch, leaving behind them sections of the slender tree-trunks and fragments of bark. The latter had curled in fantastic shapes, some forming baskets, others scrolls and cornucopias, and in these had grown miniature gardens. Trailing mosses drooped over the sides; here swayed the fragrant bells of the *Linnæa*; here were pale green and yellow pyrolas, and the deep pink blossoms of the arctic dew-berry sending out a strong fragrance of bitter almonds. And all around what a wonderful growth of flowers for a forest nook north of the arctic circle! The lady's-smock grew fair and tall, and near it rosy clusters of valerian. At the foot of the larger plants were beds of low-growing green and white orchids, the waxy moneses, pink and white vetches, arctic anemones, coral-root, broom-rape, and the starlike blossoms of the northern bedstraw. The flowers of spring, summer, and autumn seemed to unite here, the Labrador tea still retaining some spicy white clusters, though the fireweed was opening its crimson blossoms, and the bear-berry was weighed down with its spikes of scarlet berries. And here, growing in the moister places, I discovered my old friend the mullebar. I bent down and gathered some trailing sprays, finding them of more luxuriant growth than those of higher altitudes on Norwegian fjelds, though this place was much farther north. Here the great Mackenzie, flowing from the south, brings softer winds, and extends the limit of the forests which give shelter to these delicate flowers.

The hidden wood-bird no longer sounded his note of alarm, and from a thicket swelled the song of a hermit thrush greeting the sun as it rose after its brief hour of eclipse behind the mountain range. But as I listened there came the summons of the boat, the old voyageur cry, "Ah ho! Ah ho! Il faut porter!" I gave one farewell look at this arctic garden, seen for the first time by a white woman's eyes, climbed down through the roses and silver-berries, and a

few minutes later our little boat was on its southern way, stemming bravely the mighty flood of the Mackenzie.

— One of the most pleasant events of the Tasso Centenary has been the reproduction, by Pier Desiderio Pasolini, of Flaminio Nobili's Treatise of Human Love, with autographic notes by his contemporary, Torquato Tasso.

Count Pasolini has, besides the *charme et l'air agréable* of a delightful style, the rarer gift of feeling, and enabling his readers to feel, the reality of figures which the centuries have turned to dust. From old chronicles he evolved a Caterina Sforza of flesh and blood, — "a being breathing thoughtful breath," — as real as any woman of the nineteenth century; and now, in his preface to simple-minded Flaminio Nobili, he has done the same part by Leonora and Lucrezia d'Este, Duchess Renata, and Francesco-Maria della Rovere.

One would have thought that after Goethe, Byron, Symonds, and the rest of the innumerable train who have dealt with the subject, nothing remained to be said of the Bergamo poet and his time; but the wand of the diviner reveals fresh water in parched places, and the publication of this pamphlet, annotated by the hand of Tasso, which Pasolini chanced on one day in the old printshop in Piazza Ara Celi, has been the occasion of a terse, but vivid and sympathetic study of the elements which went to form the "only Christian of our Renaissance."

As Symonds says, fiction is always less interesting than truth; and certainly, the melodramatic, romantic, lovelorn Tasso has yielded place to a figure more inherently sad and touching. The former Tasso was the butt of circumstance, the victim of jealousy and tyranny; but this Tasso is in more grievous case, for his own morbid, sensitive spirit wields the pitiless scourge. He is one born out of time, a dreamy knight who has lapsed two hundred years, and is at war with his age. From outward fret and persecution there is escape to the hermitage of a quiet soul, but "who shall minister to a mind diseased?"

In my childish days, it was with a sense of elusiveness and disappointment that, in the peaceful convent garden, — it is all rooted up now, leaving Tasso's oak standing stark and solitary, — I thought of the poet's death on the eve of his coronation. Why

might he not have lived for his triumph? pleaded child ignorance impatiently. Why might the wreath rest only on an impassive brow? No solution fell then to the little girl's throbbing question, but now the answer slowly spells itself out: he came the sooner to his crown of *rest*; and it is with nameless but clear relief that, as the evening bells break out over the amaranthine city, I read that last letter written from the airy convent on the Janiculum:—

"What will my Signor Antonio say when he shall hear of his Tasso's death? The news, I incline to think, will not be long in coming; for I feel that I have reached the end of life, no remedy having been found for this troublesome indisposition, added to the many others I am used to,—like a rapid torrent resistlessly sweeping me away. It is too late to speak of my stubborn fate, not to mention the world's ingratitude, which yet willed to have the victory of leading me a beggar to the grave; the while I kept on thinking that the glory which, despite of those that like it not, this age will inherit from my writings would not have left me wholly without guerdon. I have had myself brought to this monastery of St. Onofrio; not only because the air is commended by physicians above that of any other part of Rome, but also, as it were, upon this elevated spot and by the conversation of these devout fathers to commence my conversation in heaven. Pray God for me; and rest assured that as I have loved and honored you always in the present life, so will I perform for you in that other and more real life what appertains not to feigned, but to veritable charity. And to the divine grace I recommend you and myself."

A Plea for a Word. — There is a word that is fast

slipping out of use among the educated classes; it is not heard at all in some quarters, having been banished as "bad form," to be avoided as the pious avoid oaths, or as the refined avoid slang and vulgarisms. And yet that which is really signified by this word is perhaps the most lovely and desirable thing in the world; the thing which society, whether in its broad or narrow sense, can least afford to do without; the thing which, at its best, represents the perfected ideal of civilization, embracing all that birth, individual endowment, and the highest mental and moral culture can give. This word is "lady,"

a word our forefathers and foremothers were not ashamed to use. Indeed, they would have been ashamed not to use it, nor could those of two or more generations back have been very easily made to comprehend the state of that society in which it should be a tabooed word. Yet such it is to-day, and to give utterance to it is to proclaim one's self a social Ephraimite.

Now, we are told on good authority that *nomina sunt consequentia rerum*. Would it be wholly illogical to reverse this saying, and maintain that, to an extent, things are the consequences of names? Philologists relate instances of the vanishing of words among certain tribes of the earth, which vanishing has been invariably accompanied by a gradual disappearance of the ideas expressed by these words. Thus, it would appear that there is a most curious and intimate correspondence between vocables and the thoughts of man, inasmuch that the latter, which are the essence of all realities, may almost be said to have or not have their being according to the (acknowledged) existence or non-existence of the former, which are nothing but breath, agitated air, or, in their more permanent form, mere arbitrary symbols. Is not this recognized as a fact in common parlance? To say that a certain word "does not exist in So-and-So's vocabulary" is equivalent to saying that So-and-So is ignorant of, or does not choose to admit, the idea or the thing which that particular word represents. If such ignoring, intentional or otherwise, on the part of an individual can imply so much, what shall we infer from the deliberate and concerted rejection by a whole class—and a class calling itself the highest—of a word which formerly could boast of the best usage? What, indeed, but that this word has, for serious reasons, fallen into disrepute. And with this inference, may there not be a justifiable fear lest the lovely idea should dissolve and perish along with its graceful and fitting vehicle?

That the vehicle in question has not yet wholly vanished off the earth is evident enough; therefore, in accordance with our theory, it is safe, without further evidence, to assume that the idea is still in a more or less flourishing condition. There certainly are things called "ladies." Do they not wear hosiery, and woven undergarments, and cloaks, and boots? Is not provision

made for them at railroad stations, where rooms are set apart in which no smoking is allowed? Do we not hear of them as serving in various industrial capacities, ranging from the counter to the kitchen? Yes, and these, we are told, are the serious reasons, alluded to above, why the taboo has been placed upon a word otherwise inoffensive.

It is amusing to recall the admirable circumlocutory efforts made in my presence by a society woman to save herself from the necessity of uttering this hated word. The piteous gasp with which she at last let it fall from her lips suggested how the Bad Sister in the nursery tale must have appeared when about to open her mouth, knowing that a toad would instantly issue therefrom. There was, as it happened, no other term exactly to express the speaker's meaning; the point under discussion being one, not of sex, for which plain and unadorned "woman" would have served, nor of birth merely, to be sufficiently designated by "gentlewoman," but rather of that mysterious combination of character, temperament, education, and experience into one beautiful whole, which sex, nor birth, nor position, nor any single advantage, outward or inward, can assure, and for which, "up to date," no word has been found so expressive as "lady." Moreover, the speaker herself was notably one of that sort which Dante delicately describes as "those who are gentle, and are not women merely." Yet would she not, except under protest, employ the sole distinctive name of such gentle women.

And this, forsooth, because the name has been misapplied! Frankly I ask it, is this a good reason? Frankly, I do not think that it is. Does it derogate in the least from one's ladyhood that those who have no claim whatever to such estate choose to adopt the title? If it pleases them, can it harm you, my lady? I have heard a specious argument to the effect that it is better the word, as distinguishing a class, should go the way of all titles in this democratic land. But, unfortunately for such an argument, this name has been dropped solely by those who still insist upon retaining a certain show of

aristocracy. They have apparently dropped it, not to facilitate the leveling process, but rather to keep up distinctions; if the masses were to see fit to relinquish it, I should look to see it reinstated in glory among the classes, on the same principle that governs the fluctuations of the crease in the legs of trousers.

There is no doubt that it has been an ill-used word,—ill used by those, too, who should best know its real signification. I do not wince, I only smile, when a girl behind a counter directs me to "that other saleslady," or when Mary Cook tells me there is a "lady in the kitchen" to see me. But when an educated woman says, speaking of her husband, perhaps, "Gentlemen like their coffee hotter than ladies," or, "Gentlemen are more easily put out than ladies," then I do not smile, but wince.

Let us not ignore the word; let us all try to use it discriminatingly, and help others to do so. It is only those who truly deserve the name of "lady" who can teach its proper use. "Gentlewoman" does not quite take its place, for, as already intimated, that term most obviously expresses birth. Yet we all know gentlewomen in this sense who are in no other sense ladies, just as we know ladies who are not gentlewomen. The custom of employing the word "lady" for "woman," where a mere matter of sex is implied, is very old-fashioned indeed, and should long ago have fallen into desuetude.

I do not seriously fear the utter disappearance of the thing this noble word stands for. Surely there will always be true ladies, whether they call themselves so or not. But in a decade when the name is being intentionally hustled out into the cold by the very set of women which we should most expect to find cherishing every least thing belonging to the idea of lady, and when the members of another fast-growing set are, it may be unintentionally, so conducting themselves as to make men apprehensive lest the idea itself should be losing credit among the feminine half of creation, it seems well to sound a note of warning in regard to it, to urge a plea for its retention and for maintaining it in good repute.